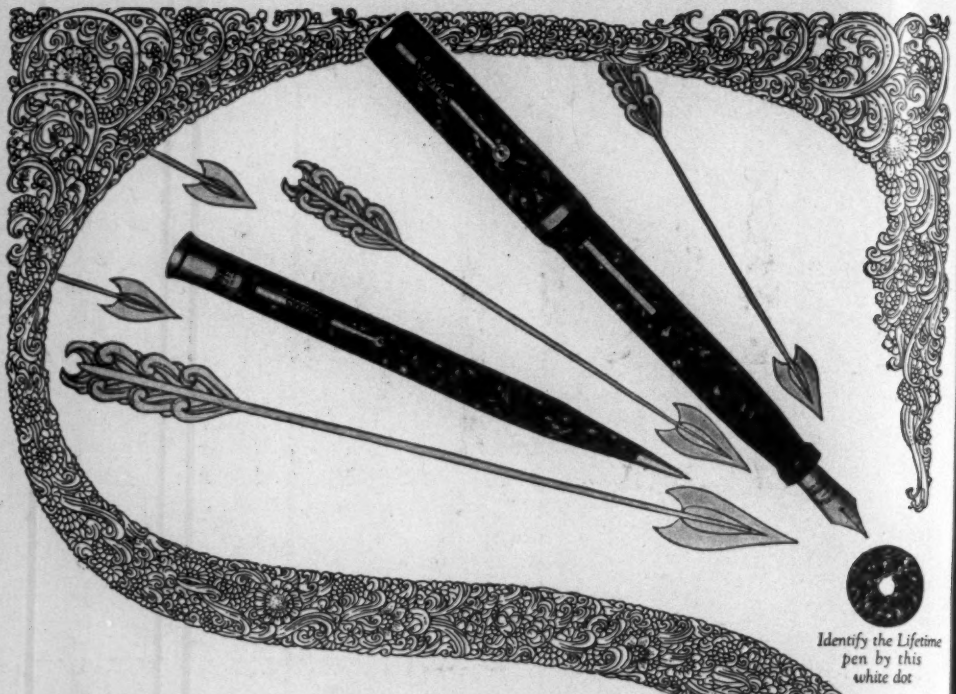
October

Harper's

MAGAZINE



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Harper's Magazine

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

MEANWHILE is less tract than novel, and for that many readers will be grateful. But H. G. Wells is an insidious propagandist, and few will be able to read this book without following the thoughts of Mrs. Rylands and wondering about the world she lives in. In this story we are introduced to a miscellaneous company who are visiting at the home of Philip and Mrs. Rylands on the Riviera and are endowed with such quaint names as Sempack, Colonel Bullace, Lord and Lady Tamar, Puppy Clarges, Lady Grieswold, and Plantagenet-Buchan, the latter supposed to be a Europeanized American. Sempack stirs up the company by his talk about future progress and the difficulty of getting people into this frame of mind. Although everyone looks forward to some sort of beneficent change, the remark is usually accompanied by "meanwhile." "Have I been living? Have I just been meanwhiling away my life?" gives the key to Wells's thought. One of those who have been "meanwhiling" is Philip Rylands, who owns mines in England but plays away his time. He had been "unscathed by sound learning of any sort." Mrs. Ryland's complacent acceptance of things as they are is somewhat disturbed when she detects her husband in an act of disloyalty. The fact that she is about to become a mother makes her receptive to thinking, although in the past this has been difficult for her. Philip realizes that he should be in England studying mining conditions during the coal strike. He goes, and becomes thoroughly convinced that the aristocracy, the upper layers of society, must wade in and work to help bring about that progress which is so often talked about without definite planning. Wells, through Philip, warns the reader that it will be long in coming, that there are obstacles ahead, stupidities, action and reaction. Philip writes his wife: "All the time that I have been away from you I have been thinking over myself and over my world and over our life as it spreads before us. I believe that this project of a sort of continuing resolute push toward one world system is a feasible project and the most sporting and invigorating invitation that has ever been made to mankind. I want to go in for it with everything I've got. If I find little chaps in black shirts or black coats or red coats starting in to stop me or my sort of people from going the way we mean to go, it's one of our lots will have to get right off the earth. What else is possible? How can we live in the same world with these castor-oil cads and their loaded canes? Still less with their cockney imitators! . . . We'll show all these infernal tories, stick-in-the-mud liberals, labor louts and labor gentilities, loafers and reactionaries, what two bright young people can do in the way of shoving at the wheels of progress." And so it goes. (George H. Doran Company.)

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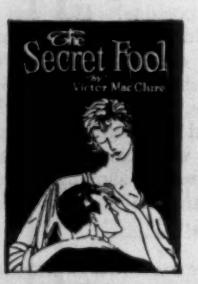

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By Sybil Norton

(*Mrs. John Cournos*)

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University writes, "THE WINTHROPS is an excellent novel, well worth reading. Its characterization is remarkable, its plot highly interesting, and the style has unusual distinction. I believe that the author will go far." High praise, indeed, for a first novel that has for its theme possessive mother-love and the resulting disaster of material possessiveness. ($2.50)

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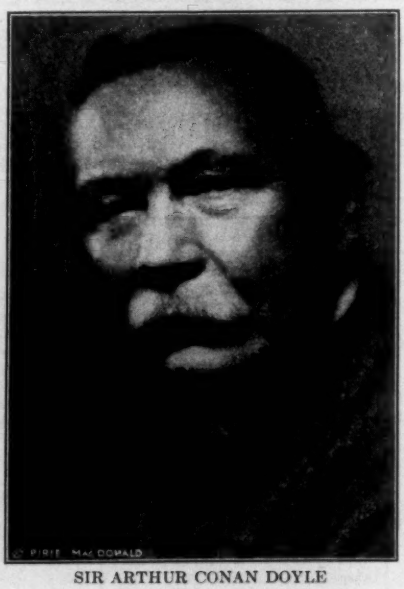
he would from countless guidebooks of undoubted accuracy. In this mountainous and barren land the peasants are trying to wring a bare living from the soil; the shopkeepers of the little towns barter or sleep away the hours; blood feuds occupy the mountaineers, and government is something to be feared. All Albania longs for the day when oil will be discovered beneath its soil and every poor man will wax rich; meantime life goes forward in the ancient ways. By setting down without distortion whatever seemed interesting and odd, the Gordons have made an interesting book of their passage through the land. They found the Albanian very proud of his hospitality, often referring to it; but it was of a primitive kind. No one wanted them to be robbed; once when they were overcharged for a meal the whole village learned of it, and the culprit made restitution before his guests had left the place. Albanians live with the "spice of danger" in their lives. In the mountain districts the travelers were provided with large and lagging escorts to make sure that they would meet with no disaster. The towns had an individuality and a picturesque quality; the people repaid acquaintance. There was the priest of Abata in the mountain country. "One half of his parish lay, as it were, at right angles to the other half—not horizontally, indeed, but vertically. His eastern boundary lay at Chafa Njermans Pass, some 3,000 feet above; his center line was down on the Shala River, some 1,200 feet below; and his western boundary lay over the Chafa Boshit Pass again, some 3,000 feet above the river. From north to south the valley was crumpled and rent, folded in and bulged out. There were also dangers other than those of the tracks, for prominent on the priest's table lay a heavy repeating pistol. This he clapped into his pocket even to take a short morning's climb with us next day up the mountain-side." Prefects, hetmen, bejs, officials, police, merchants, and tramps provided the Gordons with material for pen and pencil. The landscape had its own peculiarities. There was the town of Gjinokastro. "It has part of the elements of a fairyland—a battered, soiled fairyland that has seen better days. On all these steep and towering hillsides stand three-storied houses, ten windows broad across the front, with projecting wings, deep balcony between, eaves so broad that they are strutted out from the walls, each house surrounded by its own walled grounds. The upper stories of many of these mansions are painted with heraldic lions, decorative landscapes, flower-pieces or scrolls; the many, slender pillars of the deep balconies are carved; the balcony railings are gilt and painted." Half medieval, strongly influenced by the Turkish rule, Albania presents an aspect strangely different from its neighbors. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
Author of "Pheneas Speaks"

MORE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

The Turks of Asia Minor do not fare so badly in *Oriental Encounters* by Marmaduke Pickthall as one might imagine. There is a calm and quiet in this story that does not go well with tales of blood feuds and imbroglios. But war and massacre were far from their minds when, in 1894, Pickthall rode over Syria, visiting Lebanon and Damascus in an attempt to fraternize with the people and to learn from their own lips how they viewed life. He was then eighteen years old and had just failed to receive an appointment in the consular service. For two years he visited Asia Minor. This book reflects rich observation and a fine style, but it also shows much of the mentality of the East. Whereas Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert* is a book of wild rides and fighting, of modes and man-

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Roosevelt and the Caribbean

By HOWARD C. HILL

Harry Hansen in the *New York World* calls it "the sober second thought of the historian . . . . a very able study of this president's policies and politics." And the *Herald Tribune* says, "Professor Hill has turned the X-ray of historical criticism upon Roosevelt's Caribbean policy." *$2.50*

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Seventeenth-Century Lyrics

Edited by A. C. JUDSON

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may: Old time is still a-flying"

This sort of *carpe diem* philosophy is being repeated over and over again in much of our modern poetry. Re-read John Donne, Richard Lovelace, Robert Herrick, and the rest. They were more modern than they knew. *$2.50*

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ners, this deals almost wholly with the minds of the Syrians, their reasoning, their dispositions. Pickthall has given innumerable stories. His explanations of the fine points of judgment are not always clear to Western minds, but the humor with which we look upon the customs of other peoples is here, and it is a patient and generous observer who writes it down. Pickthall relates that he found great relief in living the life of a native in Sharon, Ramleh, Lydda, Gaza, Carmel, and Judea. "In all my previous years I had not seen happy people. These were happy. Poor they might be, but they had no dream of wealth; the very thought of competition was unknown to them and rivalry was still a matter of the horse and spear. Wages and rent were troubles they had never heard of. Class distinctions, as we understand them, were not. Everybody talked to everybody. With inequality they had a true fraternity. . . . I had a vision of the tortured peoples of the earth impelled by their own misery to desolate the happy peoples, a vision which grew clearer in after years." "A comic sketch-book of experience" Pickthall calls his story, but it is well worth reading. Many rich episodes are sprinkled through the text, and there is much to be said for the discussions that were carried on in the author's presence and the tales that were told him. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

CONRAD AIKEN
Author of "Blue Voyage"

THE MURRAY HILL BIOGRAPHIES

The Murray Hill biographies have been planned along the lines of the English Men of Letters series, and will include biographies of notable American literary men and women, living and dead. Floyd Dell and John Farrar are editing the series, of which two books have already been issued: *Upton Sinclair, A Study in Social Protest*, by Floyd Dell, and *Nathaniel Hawthorne, A Study in Solitude*, by Herbert Gorman. Later this fall will appear *Emerson*, by Robert M. Gay, and *Robert Frost*, by Gorham Munson. The next book will be *Amy Lowell*, by John Farrar. Frank Swinnerton is at work on a study of Louisa M. Alcott, and Grant Overton on one of O. Henry. A number of excellent studies of Hawthorne are already available, the most recent having been written by Lloyd Morris, who called Hawthorne "the rebellious Puritan," and set out to prove it. Gorman also sees Hawthorne as an enigmatic figure, out of tune with his times. "He was so unlike his contemporaries as to fit into no groove. He was neither of the Concord group, although he lived there for a while, nor of the Cambridge group, although he called some of them his friends. He cannot be classified as a Transcendentalist, although he became intimate with the leaders of that foggy idealism. He was a man whose mood was essentially dark, who was visited by small dæmons, who was haunted by spectres, who saw in time the horrors of eternity and yet who, in himself, was a dull, shy, quiet relic of iron-minded Puritan forebears." Gorman finds that Hawthorne's weakness and strength came from the same source—"his Puritan heritage, that still dark blood that flowed so mutely through his veins." And "an overpowering moralism" in his tales was also derived from "the old Puritan attitude toward life that sought the sinful speck in the fruit before it became manifest to the naked eye. However, it was from this same Puritan urge that Hawthorne's genius received its strength, that dark pondering on life, that essential gravity that constantly dug beneath the surfaces of the minds of men, that steady twilight glow that gave an almost spectral aspect

How The "Book-of-the-Month" Is Chosen Each Month

The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers, unless they specify that some other book be sent instead. Over 40,000 discriminating people have now subscribed to this service. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism. "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic, whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice among recommended books.

Observe what follows, after you are thus influenced, quite legitimately, to read a certain book. Sometimes — but sometimes only — you go right out, buy it and read it. More often, however, if you are the average person your fine intention goes to seed. In the end — all too frequently — you miss reading it altogether; you confess sadly to someone that you "never got around to it."

Now, what would be the difference, were you a Book-of-the-Month Club subscriber? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and above all you would actually *get* the books — without fail — that you decide to read. How?

How is the "Book-of-the-Month" chosen?

The Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a majority vote, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month. The theory is — and it works! — that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals of such good judgment and such differing tastes, is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

Subscribers, however, are not obliged to accept the choice of the Committee. Tastes vary greatly. Before the book comes to you, you receive a carefully written report, telling what sort of book it is. If you don't judge that you will like it, *you specify that some other new book be sent instead*, making your choice from a list of other important new books, *which are also carefully described to guide you in your choice*. On the other hand, if you let the "Book-of-the-Month" come to you and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for any other you prefer*. In other words, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with any book you obtain upon the recommendation of the Committee.

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you can actually, in practice, exercise a *wider* and more *discriminating* choice among the new books than you now do, under your present haphazard method of reading. More important still, you find that you *actually obtain* the books you intend to read.

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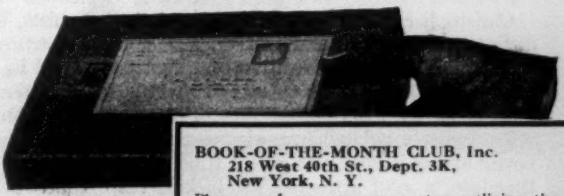

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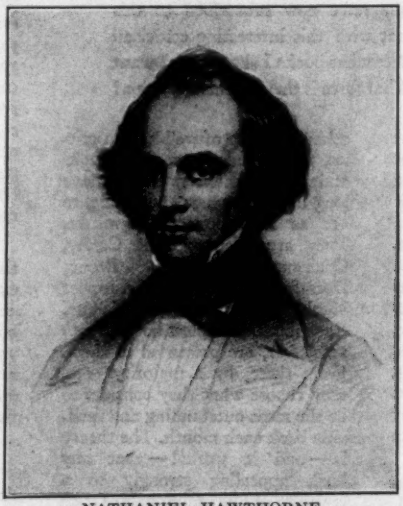
to the scenery and mortal beings who walked the town-streets of New England." Later on we read that "his Puritan inhibitions were curiously attenuated in him. They existed as dark deposits in the blood and they shaped his mind to some extent, but, for the most part, he could see them in a coldly detached manner. . . . He was, after all, a Puritan who had eaten of the lotus." It is in this light that Gorman has written this fine résumé of Hawthorne and his work and his relation to his times, a revaluation that carries in it the modern attitude toward the older American writers. The study of Upton Sinclair by Floyd Dell is sympathetic and explanatory. It uncovers new ground and gives us much information about this author, who has been novelist, pamphleteer, propagandist, social revolutionist, and a free lance generally. It sees Sinclair as a great fighter for the oppressed and for lost causes, yet admits that the man's changing viewpoints have at times obscured his attack. Dell analyzes Sinclair's art as a novelist and his force as a propagandist, and gives us a glimpse of a turbulent spirit that wavers constantly between the practical and the visionary, but has justice and tolerance at heart.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
"Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY IN UNIFORM EDITION

Christopher Morley has just achieved the distinction of a uniform edition. This is called the Haverford Edition, taking its name from the author's college. It will be limited to 1,001 numbered sets of twelve volumes each, printed in pocket-size books bound in scarlet cloth with gold. It becomes, therefore, a most attractive set, lacking the pretentiousness of books that are padded by the use of heavy paper, wide margins and big type. The edition opens with *Parnassus on Wheels* and *Kathleen*, in one volume, and the last two are *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left*. There are no learned introductions; apparently there won't be any. In other words a great deal of good taste seems to have gone into the planning of the set. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"ROOSEVELT AND THE CARIBBEAN"

The policies pursued by Theodore Roosevelt toward Central and South America come in for careful scrutiny in *Roosevelt and the Caribbean*, a study by Howard C. Hill just issued by the University of Chicago Press. The author finds that although the United States never was wholly separated from world affairs, "the old era of isolation passes forever and the new era of world influence comes to the full dawn" in the time of Roosevelt. He also finds that the president was an opportunist of a high order, a man who had the defenses of his country in mind when dealing with the West Indies, but who had no definite policy or set purpose beyond that and merely dealt with events as they came up. "In his course of action Roosevelt ever held in the foreground the needs of national defense. In his relations with the backward peoples of the tropics, with the exception of Colombia, his attitude was paternalistic, his policy that of benevolent imperialism." A great deal of attention is given to the Panama episode and, although the author is unable to find any connection between Roosevelt and the revolutionists, or any assurances from our State Department that the de facto government would be immediately recognized, he makes plain that Colombia lost Panama because American warships refused to let her use her own troops in defense of her own territory. The much-vaunted generosity and love of the United States for small peoples suffered eclipse in that episode, and American prestige received a blow from which it has not yet recovered. Hill's reading of the Venezuelan crisis also contradicts Roosevelt's statement, written a great many years later, and shows that Germany has been used as a political football and thoroughly misrepresented.

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The Atlantic Monthly $10,000 Prize Novel

JALNA

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Gertrude Atherton says: "My experience of prize stories had been invariably discouraging, but I found 'Jalna' not only unique and intensely interesting but singularly rich for these days when so few novels seem to have any background. It is a fine, first-rate, fascinating novel, full of life and character." (JALNA will be published on October 7.) $2.00

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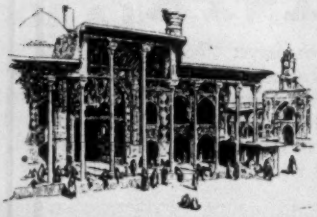

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making life so miserable for them that most of them left. He learns how the death of the negro lion tamer in his own cages was made capital of by the circus; how sharpers cheated the "hicks" of their money at the ticket wagon; and finally how the men even preyed upon each other, justifying themselves by a primitive code and declaring that a man deserves what he can get. The book is filled with action, and fights and brawls crowd each other. Yet the story is so fascinating that one reads to the end at a sitting. It might well be called "The Seamy Side of the Circus." It probably comes closer to what the small circus of the old days was like than many a romantic love story of the equestrienne and the clown. (A. and C. Boni.)

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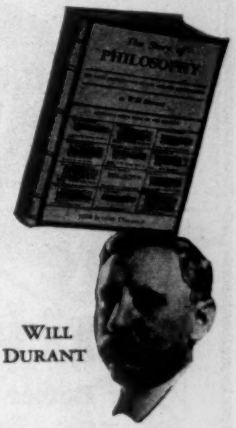

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JAMES CAMPBELL
Author of "Face Value"

accuracy of Aiken's observation, they are not necessary save as they affect the meditations of Demarest, for the book is largely a monologue. The author's wide knowledge of psychoanalysis, already apparent in his poetry, is made use of in this book. (Scribner's.)

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their fingers and feet in the soft clay beds of the caves—and there they lie to-day, for the study of modern man. These adventurers made the most of their opportunities. They dug in a cave at Montardit and came upon a prehistoric burial, exhuming the remains of two men whose bones had been lying in this ancient shelter from the end of the Stone Age until now. The most complete of these is known as the "Man of Montardit," and is the first of his kind to be found in France, corresponding to similar discoveries in Bavaria and Portugal. He was a mesocephalic, whereas the Stone Age people who made their tombs in the dolmens of France were all dolichocephalic. He was an ancestor of the present European. All these finds show the earliest men to have been long-headed; the shorter heads finally came from somewhere, and more and more they influenced the contours of the skull. *Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees* is a primer of prehistoric research, but it is also a splendid adventure.

"MORNINGS IN MEXICO"

Various essays describing the Mexican in his village and the Indian at his ceremonial dances have been grouped by D. H. Lawrence in a book called *Mornings in Mexico* (Knopf). It is a very lovely book, with Lawrence at his best when he describes the quiet, indolent Mexican and the slow-moving and slow-thinking Indian, and tries to account for their moods and their outlook on life. Lawrence, who has a fine feeling for color and contrasts, is also a searcher for those deeper forces that move men and give direction to their impulses and acts as groups. In the background of the Aztec religion he finds only cruelty, the appeasing of brutal gods by sacrifice. But when he describes the Hopi snake dance and the dance of the sprouting corn, he endeavors to tell what dancing means to the Indian. To him it is not a performance, or a ritual for show, but an actual living; not playing or representing, but being something. There are eight fine essays in the book.

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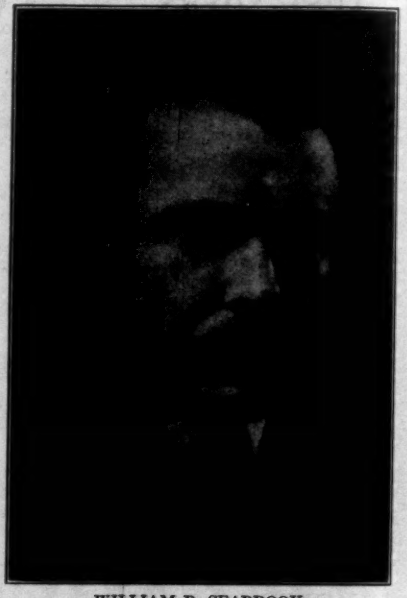
tion to Miss A. P. Tompkins, Tunkhannock, Pa. The title requested is *Interwoven Texts of the Gospels;* the author is unknown. We were able to find *Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony,* by Pittinger, formerly published by The Pilgrim Press and now out of print. Perhaps the writer refers to this and in some way has mixed the title. . . . From La Crosse, Wis., Miss Margaret H. Josten writes to ask for a group of recent books of various kinds about the Jew. We suggest that the following titles may be of use to Miss Josten in the work she thinks of doing: *I Am a Woman and a Jew,* by Leah Morton, $2.50, J. W. Sears Co., 40 West



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The History of the Jewish People, by M. Margolis, $4.00, The Jewish Publishing Society of America, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Mr. Henry P. Hill, Kittanning, Pa., asks numerous questions in his letter, some of which, being too long to answer here, have been taken care of in a personal letter. Among other things he wishes to know what magazines make up the Quality Group, and how one would go about purchasing them. This is a group of six magazines—Harper's Magazine; The Atlantic Monthly, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City; The Golden Book Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City; The Review of Reviews, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; and World's Work, 285 Madison Ave., New York City—and they can be purchased directly from the publishers, or from The American News Co., 131 Varick St., New York City. They are sold separately, not in a group, and the subscription prices can be had from the publishers or by writing to The American News Co. Mr. Hill also wishes to know who publishes a complete Victor Hugo. Thomas H. Nelson and Sons, New York City, publish an eight volume set in their Nelson Century Library of Standard Authors. They are small handy volumes on India paper, leather bound, selling at $2.00 per volume. This library can always be replaced, or any book may be purchased separately. It also comes in a de luxe edition, genuine black morocco, at $2.75 per volume. . . . A list of books was sent in by W. S. McMath, El Paso, Texas, with the request that we give him the name of the publisher of each. Since there were too many individual titles to repeat here, the information was given in a personal letter. In his letter he listed several Libraries, such as The Home University Library, published at $1.00 per volume by Henry Holt Co., 1 Park Ave., New York City; The Everyman's Library, published by E. P. Dutton Co., at 80 cents per volume in cloth and $1.60 per volume in leather; and The Wayfarer's Library, formerly published by E. P. Dutton Co., and now out of print.

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THE OVER-POPULATION OF THE COLLEGE

BY JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

President of Yale University

THE impression is widely prevalent that too many young Americans are going to college. The expressions of this opinion disclose an interesting conglomerate of prejudice, sentiment and sober thinking, ranging from the insistent complaint of the overwrought teacher crushed by classes of inordinate size, through the ringing pronouncements of the social reformer who achieves an exhilarating moral unction by writing letters of protest and exhortation to the press, up to and including the well-considered analyses of thoughtful and informed observers of our national development. But unhappily, whether too many young people are going to college or not—and of that more in a moment—there is no obvious method short of the enactment of some kind of educational Eighteenth Amendment by which this flow can be promptly stopped, or even measurably controlled; and the example of the Eighteenth Amendment is perhaps not wholly encouraging. The thirst for collegiate experience is almost as urgent with eager youth as is the craving for alcohol with arid middle age, and only by making education much less attractive, or by making some vital competitor much more attractive, are we likely to achieve any results of consequence—and either alternative requires time for its realization.

Were the conditions of college entrance to be made suddenly very much more severe, and were the intellectual requirements for a collegiate degree correspondingly increased in difficulty after entrance, undoubtedly there would be for a time, and perhaps indefinitely, a marked decline in the college population. But in the first place, students, alumni, and various influential citizens who have children headed toward college often complain bitterly that even the present standards of the stricter colleges are too severe. And in the second place, if existing institutions were instantly to increase the severity of their demands—which many of them could not if they would, and still more probably would not if they could—there would spring up overnight, like the national armies of which Mr.

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Bryan used to dream, new institutions to meet the ideals and demands of the present collegiate group. In other words, one cannot market an article on any large scale which nobody in particular appreciates or desires; and where exigent desire exists, a market for its satisfaction is likely to appear in short order. For the rank and file of our American public more drastic educational standards are articles of an essentially de luxe character—esoteric, narrowly appreciated, lacking in appeal to enthusiasm. Put the blame where you will, we have not developed in this country any general respect for scholarship as such, and many of our contemporary critics maintain that this is, in part at least, because we have so infrequently developed commanding scholarship itself. But in any event, the great public that ultimately supports our education has a good deal more appreciation of athletics, and especially of football and all that it symbolizes, than it has of distinguished Greek scholars. This may be a painful and disillusionizing fact, but a fact it is, nevertheless.

It would be surprising, I am sure, to many a single-minded educator living in the rarer atmosphere of scholarship to know how often and how unblushingly the parents of his youthful charges exhibit their preference for distinction on the athletic field over achievement in the field of science or letters; and the young man himself, however otherwise disregardful of parental prejudices, is sensitive to this opinion and still more sensitive to the similar views of his sweetheart and his college chums. Moreover, he is well aware that the so-called "hard-boiled business man" from whom he will presently be seeking a job, often shares this same prejudice. Mothers are generally proud of their sons' scholarly achievements, the fathers less regularly and effusively so. But both are thrilled if their boy makes the winning touchdown against State and the boy knows this, too. It is fair to say that the writer personally never knew a first-class college athlete entirely devoid of brains, though there may be such, and he has known some excellent football teams with a goodly representation of Φ B K men on them. But broadly speaking, the correlation between scholarship and football eminence, taking the country over, is depressingly low; and equally depressing in institutions committed to strict standards is the number of promising athletes debarred at any one time from intercollegiate competition by reason of scholarly shortcomings. Colleges which have high and severe standards are gravely handicapped by this circumstance. Football certainly could be immensely improved in many institutions by introducing a more generous conception of academic acceptability. Of course a few institutions exhibit the needed breadth of view and are at times rewarded with teams of amazing power. I recall, for example, one athletically brilliant youth who tried for years to enter a certain fairly well-known institution where he desired to shine, only to fail again and again. He subsequently went to another college whose admitting officials were more easily reconciled to the absence of book learning, with the result that he became the great athletic hero of his second love. Such are the minor chords sounding through our academic symphony.

II

Are we, then, to accept with pusillanimous lack of spirit the implication that we must always scale down our educational standards to the lower levels of existing public appreciation? Not altogether, and certainly not at all as respects a few favorably circumstanced institutions. But it is simply to enter a fool's paradise to suppose that one can overnight shift completely the educational level, or the educational procedure, which for some centuries we have been slowly developing on this continent. A few institutions have already made scholarship once more respectable

(among their students) and another few have managed to make a beginning in the introduction into scholarship of some of the snap and fire of competitive sport. Moreover, many institutions have been slowly but steadily advancing their standards. But it is a tedious business and we still have a long way to go before we shall reach an altogether satisfactory condition, and meantime there is certainly no procedure in sight which will instantly check the flow of students now clamoring for admission to the colleges. Indeed, it remains to be shown that on any large scale such a reduction is socially expedient.

Those who now speak most volubly on the subject are apt to represent the conservative and educationally aristocratic attitude. They see frivolous young males and females crowding into the colleges for any obvious purpose except education in the old-fashioned sense, and the sight outrages their feelings of the fitness of things and leads them to make harsh observations about the vulgarizing of college standards, the deplorable ambitions of college executives, and the evasion of educational responsibility. It is clear to these critics, past all need of demonstration, that a large proportion of the collegiate young folk of to-day are quite unfitted to profit by the opportunity of higher education, that they are wasting the time of their teachers and themselves by undertaking it, that they are lowering the real standards of the college by the dead-weight of their presence, and that they ought to be engaged in some worth-while practical occupation within the range of their abilities. And perhaps the critics are right. But obviously this indictment runs against the failure of the college to enforce appropriate entrance standards, rather than against the sheer number of students. It is the quality rather than the quantity of these students that is thus objected to. Moreover, it is most unfair to forget that whatever the shortcomings of colleges in the quality of certain of their students, there are still very many students of first-class ability who are working intelligently and conscientiously to make the most of their opportunities. Nevertheless, there is a real quantitative difficulty. When, for example, we hear of an institution attempting to teach Freshman English to a class of 3,000, we realize that the automobile industry is not the only exemplar of quantity production methods.

Yet who can say, except in terms of proved capacity, what percentage of the young people of any generation should be clerks, or lawyers, or doctors, or skilled mechanics, or day laborers, much less what percentage should be given the opportunity for collegiate education? The answer to such questions implies a whole social philosophy of which few persons possess even the beginnings, to say nothing of masses of statistical information regarding the needs of agriculture, industry and commerce which are at present wholly to seek. The interest of society in having a proportion of its youth given collegiate education is obvious, but just what this proportion is it would be difficult to say, nor are there any criteria to which one can confidently turn. We know too little of what the absorption index may be in a modern society like ours and too little of what the reflex effects of the present tendencies may be on the whole trend and temper of education and social organization. The manufacturer naturally wants enough labor, skilled and unskilled, to run his factory, and the merchant wants the required number of competent clerks to serve his customers; but it does not follow that either will have his desires gratified by any device which would arbitrarily and without regard to intrinsic ability deny the opportunities of a college education to the sons and daughters of John Smith and August Heil and Patrick McCarthy, nor under the conditions of our democracy will these young persons placidly accede to any such arbitrary decision.

With a rapidly growing population (in the decade 1910–20 the increase was

approximately 16%) and with enormous gains in national wealth, quite beyond the dreams of avarice, much of which is distributed over wide ranges of the population, it is inevitable that as compared with the conditions of a decade or two ago, we should have a tremendous increase in the number of young people who can financially afford to go to college and who are perfectly certain to wish to do so. Be it remarked, however, that only a fraction of 1% of the population now get into institutions which could reasonably be graded as colleges and only a fraction of those who enter ever graduate. There are few, if any, institutions in this country graduation from which carries such general recognition as does in England a degree with honors from Oxford or Cambridge. But for all that, there is a certain social réclame derived from possessing the degree of a respectable college and especially from the attainment of some social or athletic distinction in the college. Add to this the prevailing impression that the college experience itself is the most agreeable that a young American can hope for between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, offering opportunity for making many advantageous acquaintances and achieving kudos of various kinds, and top it all off with the belief widely, if not universally, held that the training received at a good college is really intrinsically very much worth while, admittedly for certain careers indispensable, and you have a group of motives calculated to keep college attendance at a high level for a long time to come.

If our occasional business friends who charge that a college education is an almost fatal handicap to a man in the practical affairs of life could only get a hearing, things might be better. But apparently nobody will listen to them, and anyhow, there are unfortunately many more business men who insist on taking an opposite view. It is very discouraging.

Too many young people going to college? Yes, perhaps, if you mean that too many go simply for a good time and for the purely social advantages supposed to accrue, for the country club conception of the college is by no means wholly extinct among certain of our fashionables, and in one way or another this constituency will find institutions to harbor its scions. Yes, probably, if you mean that the entrance standards in many colleges are too lax to exercise an educationally desirable filtration of candidates, though many would demur to this verdict. Again, yes, if you mean that there are too many who show by subsequent careers that they got little or nothing of substantial value from their college training. When has that not been true? Yes, also, if you mean too many for the occasional college to teach well, though this is a difficulty which obviously can be overcome granted time and money to secure additional teachers.

Irrational protests are frequent. On the one hand, is the claim that: "Dear old Siwash isn't what she used to be in my day, when every feller in the class knew every other feller and the profs knew us all by our first names." And in the next breath the same bucolic Jeremiah is protesting because "dear old Siwash" refused to accept his son who had passed only half of his entrance examinations. "Yes, sir, by gum, these modern profs seem to think there is nothing to the old college but marks and classes. Why, I got twice as much good out of my mixing with the boys on the team and around the frat house as I ever did from the old ganders who taught us Latin and Math. And Charley Fox in my class had eight conditions when he came in and he graduated at the head of the class, too. These college folks certainly give me an acute pain." Thus spoke a graduate of a well-known institution not many miles from the Atlantic seaboard, not knowing into what sympathetic ears his smoking-car tale was falling. Thus is wisdom justified of her children and thus doth culture flourish among the graduates of our institutions of so-called higher learning.

III

It is not uncommon to meet the assumption that limiting the number of students attending a particular institution is forthwith an unequivocal advantage for all concerned. But this is far from true and certain of the advantages and disadvantages may well be reviewed and compared.

It will be seen on the most superficial reflection that limitation is a futile proceeding except in relation to certain specific considerations such as the type of organization represented by the institution in question, its aims and ideals, its resources in the matter of teaching staff, libraries, laboratories, and housing facilities. Two hundred students might seriously strain the resources of one institution in all these respects, where one thousand students would not do so in another institution of similar ideals and purposes. To limit the latter to two hundred students might well prove stupid and wasteful.

Broadly speaking, the considerations which have led to the policy of limitation now widely in vogue have been partly of a purely practical character, but partly educational and social in a large sense. If it is essential, or if you regard it highly desirable, to house all your students, then obviously you can receive only so many as your residence halls will accommodate. But few, if any, American institutions of collegiate grade are rigidly controlled by this circumstance. Many of them wish to approximate a complete housing of the student body, but they make concessions to the applicants who come too late to get into the halls. They are likely to be somewhat influenced by the size of the teaching staff they think they can afford, the accommodations of their laboratories, and similar matters. Some have persuaded themselves that there is an unqualifiedly ideal number for a college—the number they have chosen. More or less would be disadvantageous. Others set a number which appears to cynical outsiders to be about the maximum they could hope to attract, at least without a frank lowering of standards.

Now it will be accounted by some college men an advantage to have a student body sufficiently small in size to assure that the teaching shall be done for the most part in classes numbering from fifteen to thirty. Other things being equal, the smaller the class, the more intimate the contact of teacher and pupil; and again, other things equal (as they never are), the more intimate this contact, the more intelligent and more stimulating may be the contribution which the teacher can make, and the more thorough and confident may the student's mastery become. This procedure finds its logical climax in the English tutorial system where the student and his tutor are commonly face to face alone one or more hours in the week.

Obviously, there is under this latter system in its extreme form a real peril lest the process may at times descend to what the English designate as "spoon feeding," as a result of which the boy comes to depend much too completely on his tutor for guidance. Moreover, this system, were it used exclusively, might be extremely wasteful of the talents of the occasional brilliant lecturer who may make a real contribution to large groups of students, a contribution which would be almost wholly sacrificed if the lecturer were obliged to deal only with the small tutorial group. This is not the place to discuss the matter in detail, but I venture dogmatically to assert that there are certain subjects and certain stages of advancement in perhaps all subjects where the lecture procedure, granted a competent lecturer, is educationally preferable, both from the point of view of economy and from the point of view of the intellectual stimulation of students. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly subjects, and stages of development in probably all subjects, where something closely resembling the tutorial procedure is from the educational point of view most

effective. But in between these extremes there are many opportunities for classroom exercises, especially such as involve a skillful use of the Socratic method, where classes gain by being large enough to have a wide range of mental attitudes represented. The small class may suffer from a dead level of mediocrity, or at least intellectual similarity, a danger to which a larger group is less exposed. Every experienced teacher recognizes this fact. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that some men are excellent lecturers who adapt themselves poorly to the tutorial procedure; and more frequently perhaps is it true, that a man skillful in tutorial duties is a very indifferent lecturer. There is, then, to be borne in mind the most effective utilization of the peculiar capacities of the instructing staff. In the last analysis the final educational outcome always comes back to the amount of ordered intellectual effort put forth by the student himself. Teachers and books and all the rest of the educational equipment are simply adjuvants to this end. Essentially education is always self-education.

On the more strictly social side of college life it is maintained that both the students and the teaching staff are benefited by working in an organization so small that presumably everyone knows everyone else, as was maintained by my smoking-car companion whom I quoted a moment ago. A highly developed *esprit de corps* may grow up under such circumstances, especially if it be reinforced as in the Oxford and Cambridge colleges by social and athletic relationships of an intimate and significant kind, whereas with large numbers it is secured only with great difficulty, if at all.

Over against this latter set of supposed advantages must be frankly set the dangers which arise when a small group of this kind lacks in social variety, or in intellectual vitality and distinction—and this not only *may* happen, it frequently *does* happen. It is said to have happened repeatedly in the English colleges and may well be happening in some of them to-day. There ensues, in consequence, a lack of stimulating companionship and an inevitable decline in scholarly morale, which may find no adequate offset whatever in any intimacy of friendly contacts incident to the more restricted academic circle. There should, therefore, be little patience with the dogmatic misconception so widely prevalent that small student numbers in a college and a small teaching staff are as such, and without more ado, unmitigated blessings. They may be, or they may not, depending upon the quality of those concerned and on many varying circumstances.

On the other hand, it is unquestionably possible to have student numbers so large that the whole collegiate organization becomes top-heavy and sacrifices some or all of these values upon which we have just been commenting. There is no logical difficulty in supplying a sufficient amount of instruction to keep the size of the classes in an institution down to any point thought desirable, although the larger the total student attendance, the more difficult practically it is to bring this to pass. Nevertheless it is done measurably well in many large institutions characterized by a virility of intellectual life and interest most stimulating to those within their walls.

IV

Although it was not originally developed with this consideration particularly in view, the collegiate system at Oxford and Cambridge, now being adopted at certain other English universities, offers a very happy solution of the problem at present faced by our larger American institutions. The English college of moderate size (some of them are really very large) offers all the advantages of intimacy of contact among the members of the academic community, while the unique advantages of participation in the larger university life

are not sacrificed. When the pressure of numbers becomes too great, it is possible to add a new college without prejudice to the interests of the existing colleges. Undoubtedly American education which has historically much in common with these ancient seats of learning will adopt from time to time certain of the residential features of this English procedure, as it has already taken over at points something of the tutorial system and something approximating the system of examinations for honors.

For the most part our colleges have dealt with the limitation problem in a highly individualistic manner, generally directed to their own supposed protection and not always altogether unselfishly. If they have thought it necessary or expedient to restrict their attendance, they have usually attached no special importance to the fact that their action might throw a disproportionately heavy burden on other institutions which for various reasons might be unable to set a limit. Faculties in institutions of the former type are apt to say: "We mean to take the best students we can command and only a limited number of them. If the remainder are to have a college education, other institutions must give it. That is no affair of ours. If necessary, society must create new institutions or enlarge such existing ones as are willing to be enlarged. As for us, we propose to remain as we are—and let the devil take the hindmost."

Under our decentralized American educational system one can perhaps take no reasonable exception to this position; and if too many students are really going to college, such a trend toward limitation, assuming that the principles employed to select the favored candidates are socially and educationally sound, must be welcomed.

V

One often meets a bland assumption that to limit your student attendance all you have to do is to announce the number you will accept and forthwith the trick is done. Unhappily, when you have decided on the number you will take, your troubles have hardly begun. That certainly is the easiest and simplest step in the entire transaction. Certain private schools in the early days of limitation used to proceed on the principle, "first come, first served." Whereupon as soon as a child was born, his parents entered him instantly for Barchester-on-Sea. Children had to be born early to avoid the rush. But this principle is less applicable in the colleges, and in those which have *really* had to face the question of choosing a certain number from a much larger number of applicants, all of them intrinsically acceptable, the problem presents extraordinary difficulties.

Some colleges have formulated fairly definite principles by which they are ostensibly guided in choosing. Others are less frank, or at least more vague, and apparently choose in the light of nature, with some eye perhaps to social and other benefits to be expected, such as are not ordinarily entered on the application cards. One college, at least, has tried to recognize geographical, social and professional family distinctions in the effort to secure a thoroughly representative student group. Some colleges give preference to the children of graduates. There is doubtless something to be said for all of these procedures; but experience is too limited to warrant, as yet, any very confident generalizations, and no matter what the principles set up, the actual choosing, if the number fixed be appreciably below the number of genuinely qualified applicants, is extremely difficult.

The naïve, cocksure type of advisor will at once urge you to "take those whose grades are highest until your list is filled." As though grades were like the units of a currency which could be exchanged one for another without hesitation or loss! Here, for example, is a boy who is brilliant in the classical

languages and in the field of literature in general, but whose work in science and mathematics is barely passing. If a strict numerical average be taken, he may have to give way to a boy who gets along just respectably in all his subjects but gives no indication of qualities of distinction in any direction. Surely, you will hardly advise the excluding of the first lad and the acceptance of the second, if the choice lies between the two. Or again, here is a boy who has had to earn his own way and beside that to furnish some support for his widowed mother. He has a respectable passing record but not much more. His school teachers are unanimous in reporting that the moment he is freed from the exhaustion and distraction of working for self-support, he does brilliantly. Will you exclude this boy in favor of the lad who stands a fraction of a point higher but who has had everything in his favor with no obstacles to face except his own inertia? Probably not; but if not, then your criterion of a rigid adherence to grades alone is gone—as doubtless it should be.

In addition to the entrance examinations now employed by a very small number of institutions as the regular method of securing admission, all sorts of supplementary sources of information are being tapped. Recourse is had to "special aptitude tests," to a careful scrutiny of the school record of the student, to detailed statements from masters and, where feasible, to the results of personal conference with the student by the admitting officers. In the data thus secured, physique, character, temperament, intellectual ability, actual scholarly achievement, ideals and aims, are all weighed and correlated in the effort to secure a substantially accurate and just impression of the candidate and his probable ability to carry and profit by the college work.

We are told that the colleges are unduly severe upon the slow boy and put far too much emphasis on speed and brilliancy. There may be isolated instances of this sort of thing, but one may well doubt if it is very general, and in any event, if the college is ever to break loose from the bonds of mediocrity which have long threatened it, it must explicitly stress intellectual distinction at the risk of an occasional hardship for the boy whose mind always operates in low gear. Most institutions that are not seeking more students (as a few are, and some of them very energetically) attempt to adjust their procedure through the results disclosed by their own mortality statistics. If, for example, they find that over a period of five or ten years students admitted with grades lower than $a+b$ fail in a large percentage of the cases and are dropped from college within six months or a year, they naturally feel justified in putting their standard at $a+b+x$, or whatever their records show to be the grades at which on entering a student has more than an outside chance to survive. There is really no kindness to the student in allowing him to come into college for a few months only to drop out again with the depressing odium of failure to take with him. Skillfully conducted institutions are managing to set their requirements at a point which reduces this mortality fairly near to zero and still permits the institution to maintain the internal standards of achievement which it has set for itself.

The slow boy may be excluded or admitted, but his ability to survive after he is admitted is, under present conditions, the matter of prime consequence. The really troublesome person is not apt to be the slow, persistent youth, who is often, as a matter of fact, accepted. It is the smart, plausible chap who can make a respectable showing on very little work and who comes to college for a thousand good and sufficient reasons quite distinct from any results to be anticipated from a classroom. Some colleges hope to eradicate the type of youth just described by drastic personal interview before admission. Sometimes, no doubt, they succeed; but, duly

warned, this variety of young man can make out an extraordinary case for himself. And anyhow, how can one be sure in advance that he may not both give and receive elements of great value in the course of a college career? Such are some of the perplexities with which admitting officials are confronted.

If I may comment on the results of restricting attendance in the light of the experience of one institution which has for some years practiced the principle, I should say that from the standpoint of scholarly achievement the outcome at Yale has been distinctly gratifying. The entering classes have exhibited better preparation than formerly, they have done better work in college, the number of outstanding scholars has increased, and the mortality from academic deficiency has markedly declined. No doubt other factors have contributed to these results, notably improved teaching. Nevertheless, no one familiar with the facts can doubt that the selective competition for entrance has exercised a tonic effect on the entire situation. In the professional schools where we have introduced the same principle, the results are equally gratifying. Meantime we have to confess that the process by which we select is doubtless open to many improvements and the whole procedure is too new to permit a confident judgment as to its ultimate effects. We may be sacrificing values which are not superficially obvious, but so far as we can judge, we fulfill our obligation to the students we are accepting more effectively than we could with a larger number. To the best of my knowledge, our experience in all these directions is substantially similar to that of other institutions which have also adopted the principle of limitation.

VI

After all, the question whether a few thousand students more or less are in colleges who would better be somewhere else is of relatively minor importance for society as a whole. What is of crucial consequence is that the education which the colleges are offering to these young people shall be thoroughly sound and fruitful and that if it be not so, feasible methods be discovered for introducing into it elements of more unequivocal worth. It is certainly doubtful whether, if the aims and achievements of our educational system approved themselves to the great majority of our cultivated and thoughtful people, we should hear any substantial protest simply because the number of our college and university students was large. Individual institutions might well have to limit attendance in order to achieve their own special purposes, but the general situation would surely be less likely to occasion irritation and alarm. It is because our present education is thought by many persons to be shoddy and superficial (as much of it probably is), permitting young people of the slenderest and most meager intellectual powers and achievements to go forward indefinitely in it, that the misgivings deserving serious consideration really arise. Satisfactorily to meet this type of apprehension involves a reconstruction of our whole educational program from the kindergarten up, with the more persistent stressing of strictly intellectual standards and the introduction, into the upper ranges at least, of far more of the principle of competitive selection. Such a procedure might well culminate in a university college vastly more committed than is the present college to severe intellectual discipline and far less tolerant of the choking undergrowth of so-called student activities which have sprung up largely because the college has not itself furnished channels adequate to drain off all, or even the larger part, of the available energies of its students. Whether the American public can be persuaded to accept on any large scale this conception of the college and the underlying education essential to its realization, in place of the present procedure with its frank desire to deal

out a strictly democratic equality of educational opportunity to all, too often in grotesque disregard of native ability, remains to be seen. But we shall secure no enduring relief from our existing embarrassments until the present loose standards of educational accomplishment, which would not be tolerated for a moment in commerce or industry, or even in college athletics, are replaced by rigorous ideals of solid achievement based on the prolonged intensive training of genuine ability.

Meantime, under our essentially decentralized system, progress will have to be sought largely from the initiative of the individual institutions, which means that it will be slow, although the stronger ones have recently made notable advances; and it must not be forgotten that ultimately the college problem hangs together with that of the high school and the academy. The college cannot alter its standards very far or very fast without the co-operation of the secondary school. Unlike France and some other continental countries, we have no governmental authority which may by edict change the educational practices throughout the land. Possibly a great financial crisis might quickly empty our colleges of students, but it would presumably leave academic standards unimproved and at best it would surely be an expensive method whereby to purchase educational reform.

BACK TRAIL

BY ELEANOR BRENNAN PLUMMER

I HAVE forgotten; it's only
This place—this time and this place—
The sun's reluctant setting,
The mountains, the pines and the space;
The creak of saddle and bridle,
The little wind on my face.

I have forgotten; it's only
The hint of smoke on the air,
Smell of a pitch fire burning
And the sound that is everywhere
Of wind in the pines—these hurt me
More than my heart can bear.

What if at the brown road's turning
I should see him *riding there?*

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF CRŒSUS

BY OWEN WISTER

THE home voyage promised no dullness. Next my chair on deck was that of André Renaud; and the talk of this lively minded Frenchman would cheer the densest fog. Below in the dining-saloon my companions at table were: a gentle lady with eyes full of the past and an unmarried voice; a handsome brute with an important necktie and teeth of strength; a Harvard boy, graduate of the Law School, home-bound for the bottom rung in a busy office, after a wise holiday with work flung to the winds and Europe in his arms; and the youthful editor of *Cute Cracks*, bald before his time, with a blue vital alertness beaming behind his spectacles.

"And so you have been Seeing America First?"

This was Renaud to me, both tucked in our rugs, and the coast fading behind us.

"Not seeing it at all," I replied. "I've made a point of keeping clear of Americans."

"Of that I was sure. And so you should be able to tell me where it is that wicked Americans go when they die. When good ones die, they go to Paris. A wise Bostonian announced this many years ago."

"So you believe in immortality?"

"Completely. If Paris is your American Paradise, what is your American Hell?"

Well, he was up to something. André Renaud was often up to something. He had come from his French University to teach at mine during the Great War, and between us all we had persuaded him to remain.

He now continued, "I had been not yet six months in your inexpressibly amusing country, when I discovered where it is that the wicked Americans go."

"Out with it," said I.

"No. You shall meditate."

The coast of France was fading, fading; a spring and summer of delight were over; a not quite extinct sense of duty was dragging me back to the Statue of Liberty and all that it misrepresents. Out of my memories I spoke to André:

"Once in my travels I met rudeness. It was in a train. They were Americans. Nobody I saw anywhere was drunk, except several Americans in Paris. But since travel-agencies have turned the vulgar Briton loose on lake and mountain, the American voice has dropped to the third instead of the second worst noise in Europe."

"I heard no noises," said André, "after one reception at your American Library in the rue de l'Elysée. To that I was compelled officially to go. I had to welcome one of your popular novelists. When I asked what he was writing, he answered, 'I am waking them up.' Was it not characteristic? Then I went to my mother, who is very old. I hid myself deep in my *petit pays*. I walked among poppies and vineyards, listening to larks in the sky and to the bell of our little beautiful ancient church. And, ah, I met leisure once more!" And he spoke of certain Greek poets and of Horace's debt to them. He spoke with that grace which drapes the symmetry of the Gallic mind. Beside it, our

shoulder-padded education flaps round us like a marked-down suit. "But I am certain," he concluded, "that you have been Seeing America First."

"Won't you explain your paradox?"

"My dear fellow! You have been six months away from your country. Where is the paradox? How has mankind ever learned the characteristics of anything except through comparing it with something else? How should we have discovered that night is dark if we had never seen day? If the dog were the only domestic animal in our households would it strike us that dogs cannot climb trees? To arrive at that generalization we must have had an opportunity to observe the cat. Look here. What did you say to me just now about the American voice?"

"That's hearing America. Even the deaf can't help that."

"You quibble. When the travel posters of your splendid railways (through comparison they show me the strong and weak points of our own)—when the posters urge you in all colors of the rainbow to 'See America First,' what they are really advising is that you shall never see America at all. In selling you tickets to places where you will merely meet your own people and your own customs and standards day after day, they make it virtually impossible for you to appreciate how good or how bad your customs are—and, like all the rest of the world, you have plenty of both."

"You perfectly explain," said I, "the impregnable incompetence of every provincial French bank in cashing a letter of credit."

Renaud laughed. "Yes, we French stick too much at home and are interested only in ourselves. If we do not get over that . . . Well, your Henry James has called us Chinese. What are you? Come, find an epithet for the occasionally great American people."

"One epithet? There isn't any."

"You will not even try?"

"It can't be done. Nothing comes uppermost."

"Perhaps nothing *stays* uppermost. But if we groped among your present characteristics and then groped about in the dictionary—"

"Where is the word that will fit Manhattan, San Francisco, Kansas, Charles Eliot, Bryan, and all the rest of our miscellaneous jungle? What's the meaning of one hundred per cent American? We coined the phrase to hide the facts."

"You're looking at it too close. Of course you cannot see the wood for the trees. Stand back. View it from Europe—as you have done already in the case of the voices and the quack thinking."

"Quack thinking?"

"Haven't you just virtually said that Americans paste names on the outside of bottles and consider this makes the contents correspond to the label? Go on seeing America first. I observe many flowers and many weeds in your jungle—but I'm ready with my main epithet."

"Is your main epithet a flower or a weed?"

"Subconsciously you know it already—it remains for you to become conscious of it. You have nine days. When you find it you'll find also where it is that wicked Americans go when they die."

"Well, perhaps I will try. Hm. Another Bostonian said about 1860 that America's mission was to vulgarize the world. Hardly flattering. But Emerson said our destiny was to legislate for mankind. Highly flattering. Hm. Of course, Emerson resembled Wordsworth in being at times an inspired prophet and at other times an old ass. Well. Of course the typical American resents everything but flattery."

"Go on!" cried André. "Go on! I think, as the children say in their game, you are getting warm."

But now the trumpeter sounded his call to dress for dinner. So we got out of our rugs and went to our cabins.

Something had gone on before I reached our table: a misty distress was in the face of the gentle lady (she came from St. Paul); the Editor's eyes were brilliant; an alert and roguish mockery sported in the smile of the Harvard boy; and the important man was saying in a voice like heavy bronze:

"Sure we won the War for 'em. But it appears there is such a thing as being too proud to pay."

I saw the St. Paul lady clasp her hands under the tablecloth.

"England is paying us quite a lot." This was the Editor.

"I know the figures."

"But do you think Belgium . . . Doesn't it seem as if we ought? . . . The French surely—" The poor lady left it there.

"Business is business. Loans are loans," asserted the important man and ceased attending to the conversation. I certainly did envy him his teeth.

"Not Uncle Shylock, then?" inquired the Harvard boy.

But the important man was far away. "Not Uncle Shylock," repeated the boy, looking innocently at him. "Just Uncle Sham."

The lady's hands were clasped again. She looked as if she would like to leave the table.

"This your first trip?" asked the important man, coming back, but not waiting to hear. "My home's in Los Angeles. I sailed January 29th. Cunard to Cherbourg. Made no stop in New York. Never was east of Chicago before. There's nothing east of Chicago for us Californians. My company manufactures the greatest nerve food on earth. Here's our new ad."

He dealt leaflets about the table, somewhat as if they were cards. They varied as cards do; some said, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Doctor"; others, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Dentist"; or, "Eat Muscatol and forget Worry"; or "Forget Wakefulness"; or Cold Feet, or Drab Thoughts—there must have been a dozen things which eating Muscatol would make you forget. It was Nature's Nerve Food, the cards said.

"Most interesting," murmured the lady from St. Paul, drawing away from her leaflet as if it were a beetle.

"But forgetting so many things—mightn't it make you absent-minded?" suggested the boy.

"It's a grape product," said the man. "Nature's Nerve Food. I've been pushing it among those folks." And he jerked his large head toward Europe. "Slow. That's what I call the British. If they don't drop their 'We've never done it that way,' they'll drop out. They're dense. Los Angeles has one million one hundred thousand inhabitants to-day. By 1935, we'll hit the two million mark."

"Superb!" exclaimed the boy. "Inspirational. Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet make a mile. Allow five feet per capita as the average length of your population." We watched him pencil a rapid sum. "Well, if you park your population end to end in 1935, they'll make a string of Los Angelians 1,893 miles long. Most of the way to Chicago. Simply inspirational!"

"Will you say that again?" asked Muscatol, attentively. Certain words and topics rang up his attention like a telephone.

The Harvard boy said it again. Muscatol whipped a pencil from where it was hooked in his vest pocket, and made some quick notes on his cuff.

"That's good publicity stuff," he remarked with approval. "Mind if I work it up?"

"Delighted!" said the boy, heartily.

"I sailed on January 29th," continued Muscatol. "Cunard to Cherbourg. Europe must have been alive once. I've seen it all I want—London, Paris, Rome, their whole show. I've got specifications for a pan-Christian temple for our employees to read, swim, exercise, worship, and lunch in. All denominations. Surface area bigger

than St. Peter's. Those cathedrals and Michael Angelos are fair bric-à-brac. We'll buy some and move 'em here, maybe. I guess their Reims cathedral would advertise our products among the high brows—if properly handled. Say, the blue water off our California coast makes their Mediterranean look white. This your first trip? I landed at Cherbourg."

"My seventh," said the boy.

"Well, their hotels are falling over one another putting in bathrooms. We're telling Europe where to get off."

"Isn't it glorious to lead the world in plumbing!" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh!" protested the gentle lady. "We lead it in kindness and generosity to all in misfortune."

"And in Art and Letters," said the boy.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"And in enterprise," said the Editor. "And energy. And resourcefulness."

She looked at him gratefully.

"And in charm of manner," said the boy, "and courtesy to all nations."

"I can't bear to hear you say those things!" exclaimed the lady.

Muscatol had not been attentive to any of this. Possibly he was planning how to handle Reims for publicity. But he caught the words "manner," and "courtesy," and spoke abruptly.

"Say. Those Europeans are too polite."

"But," said the boy earnestly, "which is the more ethical, to be rude and not to mean it, or polite and not to mean it?"

"Surely we all believe in sincerity!" hurried in the lady, quite needlessly. Muscatol had hung up again.

"Well," smiled the boy, disarmingly, "if it's insincere to say 'pardon,' and touch your hat, and keep your criticisms to yourself instead of yelling them across space, I'll give you all the sincerity—if you'll let me have the agreeableness."

"Give us time," pleaded the lady. "We're so young." And she looked at him with pleading affection.

"Oh!" said he, "don't you think we overplay our youth?"

"This your first trip?" suddenly inquired Muscatol.

"My twelfth," replied the boy immediately.

"Well, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles. See our city grow overnight. We'll help you make up the time Harvard wasted for you. If those colleges back East don't drop their highbrow stuff and teach our boys how to make money, they'll be dead as Europe. It's Europe's jealousy that calls us dollar-chasers. When a European catches sight of an American dollar he develops a speed that puts us among the Also Rans."

Just then André Renaud passed us on his way out. He glanced curiously at Muscatol.

"What does America need most?" I inquired, reminded of the main epithet I was to find.

"Bigger and better publicity," said Muscatol, hitting the cloth with his fist.

"Our compartment sleeping-cars are un-American," said the Harvard boy. "They're too private. Undemocratic."

"Well," said Muscatol, dubiously, "maybe the sixteen-section sleeper is more typically American. Those Europeans build high walls round their places. Shut the public out. Americans like to look at one another's yards. Have a right to."

"Where in Europe can we see our neighbor's Monday wash wave in the wind?" asked the boy. "Once a week I pass the shirts and drawers of fifty Homes of Distinction a contractor has just put up outside our gate. Every neighbor can see through his neighbor's window what they're having for dinner and hear the tunes of their phonograph. Publicity, sir, is the breath of our national soul."

The lady of St. Paul seemed to struggle for gravity; but Muscatol had already hung up, and wouldn't have understood anyhow.

"What does America need most?" I repeated, to fill the silence.

"Perhaps—perhaps—a little humility?" ventured the lady.

"Perhaps a little discipline?" I offered.

"How to get it?" demanded the Editor.

"Eat Muscatol and get it," said the boy.

"Not get: *for*get," corrected the man. The word had rung his number.

"In God we trust; it also pays to advertise," said the boy.

"You bet it pays!"

"Who, I ask you," and the boy looked at us all, "who cares for scenery? What message have the woods? Will a bald rock tell you what soups you need? When a road-side board informs you that you are in Ophelia, the town that built the first Chinese laundry in Petroleum County, why waste money on school histories?"

"We want no books," said Muscatol. "Literature is what the American people want, and our company is handing it to them right now. One million spent on literature this year. Free educational literature. By 1937 I'll have the American people educated up to eating Muscatol three times a day. This your first trip?"

"My fifteenth," said the boy.

The lady pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Take a card," said Muscatol to the boy, handing him one. "I'm head of our publicity department. My name is Cartwell Ross Cartwell."

"Call me Home Sweet Home," said the boy. "Glad to meet you."

"Please excuse me," said the lady, rising hastily, with strange sounds. And she left us.

Cartwell Ross Cartwell stared after her with surprise; then he lighted a handsome cigar.

"Would you think," he inquired, "that little lady would be seasick on a day like this? Too bad. Nice little lady. Well, Mr. Home, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles." And he and his cigar also departed.

"Kindly brush me off," said the boy to the Editor, and turned his back.

"Well," said the Editor, "I would do it, since it's you. But I see nothing to brush. Perhaps you want me to praise your English clothes."

"They speak for themselves," said the boy. "I thought our friend might have chalked Eat and Forget on me."

"He wants bigger and better publicity," said the Editor.

"But she's a sweet old dear," said the boy, pointing to the lady's empty chair.

"Sentimental, though," said I.

"Typical," said the Editor. "We're the super-sentimentalists of the world. Sentimentalism is the mildew of American intelligence. I'll not live to see the day when we no longer burst into sobs over a child that has shot its grandmother in order to be featured on the front page. But you may," he added to the boy.

"You're an optimist!" said the boy.

"No. Nor a pessimist either. I avoid excess. In that I'm un-American. Bryan, our great apostle of temperance, died from over-eating. It's the most humorous event in American history. I doubt if any nation has ever been more mentally preposterous."

"Do you say that sort of thing in your magazines?" the boy inquired.

"Not on your life."

"What do you give them?"

"Any lie they want to hear, and not a truth that they don't. We've doubled our circulation in two years. Advertisers have to pay us top figures."

"Top figures?" said a voice at our backs.

It was Muscatol, come for a pack of leaflets he had left by his plate.

"What's top figures?" he repeated.

"What I charge for one whole-page insertion."

"What do you charge?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Meet me in the smoking room. Maybe I'll talk to you. Where do you put your apex at?"

"Of circulation?"

"Your own. Are you forty?"

"Forty-one."

"You've got fourteen years yet. Apexes vary according to a man's vocational nerve output during the period he is capitalizing his personality. When any man under me touches his apex, out he drops, and a younger man gets the job."

"When will a younger man get yours?" asked the Harvard boy.

"In twenty years. I'm thirty-five. Now an editor's job is advertisements. Up to his apex he is out to increase his advertisements, and his policy is aggressive. After his apex, he is afraid of decreasing his advertisements, and his policy is timid. Time to stop. His personality has been capitalized." And with this, away went Muscatol with his leaflets and his cigar.

"Bet he extends his apex when he gets there," said the boy.

"I don't know why he likes you," said the Editor. "But he does."

"He likes everybody," said the boy. "That's what I hate." And he finished his bottle of Pommard.

When I sat down by André in the smoking room that night, he said:

"Who is your Roman?"

And then, before I took his meaning, he went on:

"His words I did not catch, but his conquering voice reached me as I passed your table."

"He does not speak loud," said I.

"He has no need. He possesses the voice of the conqueror. He comes from your West, is it not so?"

"Los Angeles."

"I could not be precise as to his city or state; but I begin to observe many like him, all from your West. There he comes."

Muscatol was taking a snug corner with the Editor, behind a table. They were plainly talking business, and at length plainly struck a bargain. The Harvard boy was across the room, sipping a lonely liqueur. Muscatol beckoned him to come over, and the steward brought them further refreshments, and continued to do so.

"I do not desire the society of your Roman," said André. "I have met several superior to him. That is more than enough. But I admire the predatory power of his eye, and the massive breadth of his brow, and his vital hair, and his battering-ram expression. From head to foot he is able, ruthless, and sensual—the stuff of the eternal conqueror. See them listen to him! They bend their heads closer, because he is telling them an intimate anecdote, very probably from his recent European experience. Now they grow confidential and impart anecdotes to him. Your Charles Eliot type is extinct. Don't look disgusted, my friend. The Romans were rough-necks when they started, and in a thousand years your American type will have developed a magnificent civilization. His chief delusion at present is to think that he has invented short cuts to experience."

"A thousand years!" said I. "You talk as if I could wait."

"I am not offering consolation; I am reminding you that Rome was not built in a day. If the Romans when Athens was at her zenith in the fifth century before Christ had claimed that they were civilized, all Greece would have smiled—as Europe smiles at you to-day—except when your bad manners provoke a less indulgent emotion."

"Don't you think our prosperity provokes some emotion, too?"

"But of course!"

"Do you think anybody ever loves a creditor?"

"Never! Of course Europe is human. I am speaking of civilization, of which your masses—and you are a land of masses, not of Charles Eliots—do not yet comprehend the A B C. But you will have your turn as Europe has had hers—and it will be splendid. It is your bad luck to be living in a time of transition, which is always restless and ugly."

"What do you call the A B C of civilization?"

"Tolerance. Intellectual and moral tolerance, and to know the difference between idleness and leisure. Intolerance and aimless haste have always marked the savage, as they mark your masses. Christ was tolerant, and He admired the lilies of the field 'which toil not, neither do they spin.' Consider carefully the Roman at your table. He illustrates the main epithet."

"Pushing?" I hazarded at once. "Superficial?"

But André laughed. "And he will go where all wicked Americans go. What a jolly time he is having with that charming Harvard student and that acute Editor! He is taking the whole smoking room into his vast confidence. All attend to him. Therefore, he is happy. Yes, he will go to—you'll tell me where, before we land. As for me, I shall go to bed."

I soon followed his example; and later was dimly roused by the sound of persons tumbling downstairs to bed, and singing as they fell.

André proved partly right—Muscatol did do his bit toward my finding the main epithet—but a younger and greater than he precipitated the solution.

Wireless brought the news. All other news was struck dumb. No ear listened but to this, no tongue spoke but of it. Under its spell passengers and crew were magically made one beating heart for a while. The emotion of it lingered among us; we might talk of other things, but throughout the days following we came back to it like the burden of a ballad or a song. Our ship steamed west across a sea over which from the west had passed a boy on wings, unknown, alone, unadvertised, with silent daring, without a boast. Out of the world's noise and murk he had sailed up to where the vikings are, and Hector of the glancing helm, and the swift-footed Achilles—an apparition, he and his airship, swimming into our ken like Lohengrin and his swan. Like a breath from the heights he had come and breathed upon our drugged ideals, and they lived. And an American! And already among the legends! Without a Homer to sustain him there, could he remain? Ten thousand arms would reach out to pull down this quiet star that shone so clear above the glare of our hissing fireworks.

I heard the sonorous voice of the clergyman we had on board, saying that with that boy on the platform he could sell religion to South Dakota.

"Always hit it while it's hot."

This was Muscatol, frowning for some reason.

Wireless brought more news. The nations were choiring anthems to the young viking of the air.

"Only twenty-five!" said the lady at table; and her lips trembled. "When I think of his mother! . . . It makes the world seem brighter."

"He's not being handled right," said Muscatol. And he shook his head somberly.

"Does seem as if unpractical people had got hold of him," said the Editor. He, too, was glum.

"What would be your idea of right handling?" inquired the Harvard boy.

"If he doesn't watch out," declared Muscatol, "he'll overstay his apex. They're not used to him yet. But they'll get used. They'll start thinking about somebody else—and there goes the biggest publicity value we'll ever see."

"Then here's to his being handled wrong!" exclaimed the boy; and he finished a second bottle of stout. "You'll get none ashore," he explained.

"See here," said Muscatol to him, kindly and with true concern, "you don't want him handled wrong. You don't want to talk that high-brow stuff. It's un-American. Sounds snobbish."

"I hope I'm a snob!"

"Now, boy, you know you don't mean that. You've got a big potential asset. Your personality is crying to be

capitalized. Honest. You're one of us, only you don't know it. If I had the handling of you—"

"Spare my blushes," laughed the boy, and suddenly fired a random shot. He looked from Muscatol to the Editor and back, paused, and took aim. "I know what's the matter with you two! He turned you down!"

There was a thunder-clap of silence.

"A bull's eye!" I shouted.

The gentle lady did not grasp it.

"They both wirelessed," the boy explained.

Still it failed to get home to her.

"Wirelessed Lindbergh. Tried to harness him to their own carts. Wanted to capitalize his personality."

"Oh," breathed the lady, taking it in at length.

"Bet he didn't spend any cash on answering," added the boy. "I'm afraid somebody is handling him wrong."

It was the Editor who first found his speech again.

"I have to be on my job, don't you see? I'd have met any figures he wanted for five thousand words."

All this while Muscatol had been eyeing the boy with considerable intensity.

"You're a peach!" he now broke out. "Put yourself in my hands, and it wouldn't take me two months—"

"To change the subject," said the boy, "what's this new Women of the West movement?"

Everybody attended.

"The fifty thousand earnest Women of the West. You've heard about it? The next amendment to the Constitution?"

Nobody had heard.

"Why, they're going to change the name of the Battle of the Brandywine to the Battle of Sarsaparilla."

"What battle was that?" inquired Muscatol; so we told him.

Lunch was over, and as we separated the lady said to me:

"I wish to scold you."

"Yes, ma'am," said I meekly.

So we sat down together, and she began, with a sweet smile, quite pink with her effort to be bold.

"I am a woman of the West."

"Oh, he didn't mean your kind! You mustn't scold him, too."

"I've no intention of it. My people are from New England. My grandfather—but never mind about me. He's a lovely boy."

"I like him very much."

"Who could help it? And yet you feel no responsibility for him."

"Why, no. Why should I?"

"He is too much in the company of that dreadful man."

"I haven't noticed that. But how should I stop it?"

"You have a bond with him. Didn't you go to Harvard?"

"Yes, ma'am. Some forty years before he did."

"It's more of a bond than he has with that dreadful man, listening to his polluting stories in the smoking room. An insidious influence."

"Dear lady, he's twenty-five years old!"

"Twenty-five. Just the age of the boy who flew over the ocean and uplifted us all. Do you think that other boy would put up with that advertising monster and his quack food? He's true American."

"Who? The monster?"

"No, no, no, never!"

"But he seems so to me."

"I hate to hear you say that!"

"Dear lady, I thank whatever gods there be that a boy I can claim as my fellow-countryman has made me feel again as I used at times to feel in the Great War, and have not felt since till now. I thank whatever gods there be that an American boy has done this thing in an un-American way."

"How can you call his courage un-American?"

"Have Americans a monopoly in courage? Have you never heard of English courage, or French courage? Courage is everywhere. But this boy took thought about every need, tested

every inch and bolt, made ready without haste, set off without noise, arrived as if he had done nothing, stood the strain of mobs and kings and medals without a single break, and has flatly declined to capitalize his publicity, as our friend from Los Angeles puts it. How many like him can you count against our native legion of Muscatols?"

"It's terrible to hear you talk as if you didn't love your country!"

"If I didn't love her what should I care what she did? It's like having your mother make a guy of herself in the street."

"Well, it's because you're old that you feel this way."

I just caught myself in time not to say, "You must be sixty yourself," and instead I replied:

"The lovely boy you're so concerned about is only twenty-five, and he feels very much as I do."

And then as she groped, baffled, but not refuted, for some supporting plausibility to go on with, all sorts of memories rose to support me, facts, experiences, weaving a steady pattern through the years.

"Listen, dear lady," I said. "If any country has a better heart than ours I've yet to learn its name. A better heart, or a more generous hand, or a higher aim. But if you, and people like you, 'can't bear to hear' a word in criticism, isn't that a sort of complacent paralysis? Do you wish the Muscatols to prevail? It's the chip too often on our shoulder, the manner too often bumptious, the too constant showing off, the too ready loquacity, the overflowing bluster—if we were only as sure of ourselves as the English are we'd not mention our superiority so frequently; we'd take ourselves ever so much more for granted! Listen. When I was thirteen I came back from a winter in Rome, and was standing in Chestnut Hill near my town, watching the sun set across a valley called Whitemarsh.

"'And has thee seen,' said a Quaker lady beside me as she pointed to the crimson sky, 'in thy European travels anything equal to that?'

"'Have you ever,' I answered, 'stood on the Pincian Hill and seen the sun set behind the dome of St. Peters?'

"In Paris when I was twenty-two, a very rich American lady gave a ball in her house facing the Arc de Triomphe. Wishing to break the record, she planned to illuminate the Arc as a feature for her party. When they told her that she couldn't use a public monument for a private purpose she offered to hire the Arc for the evening.

"You will recall that a private American citizen undertook to explain to Germany that peace was better than war.

"You will recall that another private American citizen organized a peace ship when pretty much all Europe was fighting for its life, and expected a dozen armies and several fleets to stop on his account. 'History is bunk,' he had said; and he was going to 'have the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.'

"You may recall that a group of American females sent word to Europe that if Europe gave up wine and took to water we might forgive their war debt. There's Monroe Doctrine for you!

"Do you remember that when the French franc was sinking to nothing and France was wrung with misery a young American lighted his cigarette with a French bank-note? . . . That other young Americans pasted French banknotes on their valises, like hotel labels? . . . That a young American girl went to a fancy ball in Paris with a costume made of French money?"

I had a dozen other illustrations ready, but these seemed sufficient. They were too much for the poor lady.

"But democracy," she faltered, "surely we must expect—surely we ought to have patience!"

"Did it do much good to be patient about slavery? Do you want our democracy to become a thing which can turn any silk purse into a sow's ear?"

She clapped her hands over her ears. "I'll not hear such things!" she exclaimed, and she hurried away.

Well, thought I, her plea for patience made me impatient. But is impatience always a bad thing? There's too much excuse-making everywhere. There's a lot of shirking disagreeable facts in the name of optimism or patriotism or something. Just like the days of the old Cunard line, before the White Star competition made them sit up. You'd say to your cabin steward, "You haven't given me a clean towel." And he'd say, "Yes, but we have never lost a passenger." You'd say to your saloon steward, "Take these scrambled eggs away, I've found a cockroach in them." And he'd say, "Yes, but we have never lost a passenger." Why eternally be making excuses that don't excuse? Better to be impatient now and then, and speak out your meaning in hotter terms than you mean it. It's overstatement that puts a truth across. Our good qualities are no answer to our bad manners. It's these that set the pace at home and give offense abroad. I'm sorry, though, that I made her mad. No, I'm not. Say what you think when you know you think it. And she believed that boy's modesty about his ocean flight was typically American! Why, it's not our idealism that's so visible to Europe just now; it's the huge glare of our immodesty.

"By jingo!" I said aloud. "I believe I've got André's main epithet. But where do wicked Americans go when they die?"

For a while I walked the deck, and after this exceedingly dull performance in the name of exercise, during which I passed and repassed the Harvard boy and Muscatol and the Editor playing shuffle-board, I settled in my chair to read a detective story. André's chair was vacant.

In time, I found myself at the two-hundredth page of the detective story, and quite unaware of what had so far happened in the plot. At this point I saw the Harvard boy coming along the deck alone, very slowly, very pensively.

"Look here a minute," I said.

He quickened his walk towards me. What was the matter with him?

"Well, sir?" said he, civil, but still preoccupied. Was he reflecting that his student days were over, his last long holiday at an end?

"Tell me where wicked Americans go when they die," I said.

He broke into a smile, and whatever had been in his face left it.

"How much time am I allowed?" he asked.

"Take time, and a cocktail with me."

"Here's with you, sir."

We met André, and I suggested that he join us.

"A cocktail? Yes, indeed. Ah, that is not the least of America's gifts to humanity!"

Before drinking he lifted his glass to the student.

"May I congratulate you on your high honors at graduation?"

"Why, how do you come to know that?"

"We professors hear things. You were recommended as secretary to the most distinguished member of your Supreme Court at Washington."

"Yes."

"He is a great master of English. He can write his opinions short, yet leave nothing unsaid."

"My father wished me to get down to work." The cloud was in his face again. "By the time I'm thirty-five, I suppose I may be making ten thousand a year. That's an income you can't see with the naked eye in these days."

"It's a long ladder," said I. "But one reaches the top."

"Oh, yes. In some forty years." His eye went to the door, and he frowned.

Muscatol was standing there and hailed him very audibly, so that heads turned to see what it was.

"Not just now," he answered, rather curtly; and Muscatol disappeared.

"When did he start calling you by your first name?" I asked.

"I didn't invite him to. But he needs no invitations. His salary is one hundred thousand a year." Suddenly the brightness of his look revived. "I know where they go!"

"Meaning the wicked Americans?"

"Ah!" exclaimed André, "You have asked his help. Take care. I allow you only one guess."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said the smoking-room steward. "If you wish anything to drink to-morrow please order it to-night on account of the twelve-mile limit. You can pay cash, and it shall be sent to your cabins."

He waited for our reply as I spoke to André.

"How many guesses do you give me for the main epithet?"

"One."

"A bottle of champagne to you if I fail, you to pay if I win?"

"Agreed."

"Another between us on similar terms?" said the boy.

"Young sir, I must land sober!"

"Between three strong men what's two bottles?"

"I agree, I agree."

As we ordered the wine, the trumpet sounded for dressing; and there stood Muscatol again at the door.

The boy nodded to him impatiently and rose.

"We'll do our guessing over the coffee," said I; and we separated.

The lady from St. Paul and I were the first at table, the others came some ten minutes late. She noticed their entrance and said to me:

"And so you're leaving him to his evil angel!"

"The Harvard boy? I'm not his good angel!"

"You might have been. I wish I could be."

When the three had sat down with us, the background of further cocktails was plainly discernible.

"Ten thousand when I'm thirty-five," said the boy to the lady, without preamble, and speaking with great care, as if he feared he might fumble it.

"I told you so," said she to me.

"How wonderful of you!" he said to her. "How did you guess it?"

"Fifty thousand in half the time," asserted Muscatol. "Unless I misjudge you. And I don't misjudge usually. Steward, two bottles of Pommery for the last dinner on board."

"To-morrow night we'll be dining in God's Country," said the boy with deliberate fervor.

Muscatol took him literally, of course.

"You bet we will!"

The lady declined the champagne with a cold firmness that made the Editor stare.

"She knows her mind when she chooses," he whispered to me with a cocktail nudge in my ribs.

"Here's to God's Country!" said Muscatol.

The boy would drink but one glass. "I've an ath-ath-letic contest on to-night," he explained. "In-tell-ectional athletics. Intellectual, I mean. Sorry. I give you one toast. Are your glasses charged?" He lifted his without spilling a drop, and said slowly and steadily: "To the chap who flew over the sea. Don't forget I drank to him!" he added earnestly, almost poignantly to me. "Never forget that." A curious effect of cocktails.

"I'll drink to his grit," said Muscatol. "Not to his brains."

"Let—letting himself be handled wrong?" suggested the boy.

"Sure he is."

"Might have leaped at a bound to the top of the ladder," the boy again suggested.

"Sure. He's a business failure."

"I'll drink to him again," whispered the boy to himself; and then to Muscatol, "Ain't it lucky for Am-America there are so few like him and so many like you!"

"That should get under his hide!" I said jocosely.

"He's got no hide to get under," laughed the Editor, with another confidential nudge against my ribs. "Neither have I." And his blue eyes shone like steel drills behind his spectacles.

"I hate—" began the lady, and stopped. Then she rose and left us.

"Why," said Muscatol in surprise, "it's as smooth as a billiard table."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is not the sea that has made her sick."

The athletic contest followed in due time. The boy had recovered from his cocktails, and his thoughts and utterance were clean-cut once more. We sat in a soft-padded leather corner, behind our coffee cups, he, André, and I.

"May the youngest begin?" he asked, charmingly. Tipsy or sober, he was irresistible. "It flashed on me like an inspiration. Just as if I were a genius! But let me lead up to it. There's America, I thought. There's George Washington. He always wanted to retire beneath his vine and fig tree. First in war and first in peace, but he only spoke once during the whole Constitutional convention. Do Americans want to retire anywhere? Watch 'em parade. Always parading. Elks, Mystic Shriners; and Muscatol is a parade all by himself, all the time. Do Americans speak only once? Listen to 'em. Do you notice much silence? Then the boosters. Publicity. If you're giving a dinner, put it in the paper. If you're getting hanged, put it in the paper. So I said to myself, What do most Americans love most? Answer, Publicity. Therefore, my guess is: Wicked Americans when they die go to Eternal Privacy. Why, that's a poem!" he cried, and chanted it rhythmically. "Milton might have written it."

"I pay for your bottle," said André. "And I know you will succeed in life."

"Oh, yes, I shall succeed!" And a sudden tragic hardness aged his youthful face.

"Your turn," said André to me.

"Well, it took me some time. I'm not a genius."

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean I was!"

"I know you didn't. But in the end it sort of flashed on me, too. The main epithet for America just now is *immodest*."

"I am not sure that I pay for your bottle."

"Understand, I don't mean indecent. We're a decent people—though our young writers are trying hard to be indecent—but they can't do it gracefully. I mean immodest, self-praising, self-advertising, loud."

"I must pay for your bottle also," said André.

But only we two drank them next day—or rather, drank part of one in the seclusion of André's cabin.

The fog which lay thick over the smooth sea during that last night did not seriously delay our ship, for it had lifted when the sun rose. I dislike seeing sunrises, but the fog-horn had kept me sleepless; and in the dark hours I heard people tumbling downstairs, and singing as they fell. Had they done it every night? I don't know. I went to sleep after sunrise and slept sound and late. The steward made me get up for quarantine, and passports, and packing, and all the rest of it that goes on during those final restless hours of bustle as one steams up toward the operatic skyscrapers.

Only the lady and I were at lunch, and the messages which André sent to the boy to come to his cabin for the champagne brought no boy, and no answer. Whether he was sleeping his night off or not, I now believe he hid himself on purpose. At any rate, after our guessing contest over the coffee, I never had another word with him. One further sight of him I did have.

When we had docked, and the gangway was lowered, and the passengers were moving down its slant from the deck to the wharf, I saw him descending in the company of the Editor and Mus-

catol. And just then, as I waited among the crowded passengers and the stewards and the hand baggage, a gentle hand was laid upon my arm. It was the lady from St. Paul.

"I am to deliver a message to you. He asked me to tell you that he has decided not to practice law in Boston. He is going into that grape-food company in Los Angeles."

We stood looking at each other.

"Going to capitalize his personality," I said after some silence.

"And you could have stopped it!" she exclaimed. Tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, no. The Roman of the West carries heavier guns than mine."

"Deplorable!" she said.

"He's in great luck," I replied. "He will be handled right."

"I do hate to hear you say those things!"

It was the last thing that she did hear me say. The gangway, the wharf's great shed, the trunks and customs presently separated and absorbed us all, and we scattered on our several ways. I caught the six o'clock train for Philadelphia, daylight saving.

Scarce six months later a brilliant Muscatol literature was blazing in every magazine and every landscape. It held the eye, it caught the brain. Quite obviously the boy was being handled right.

GIVE ME A KISS TO KEEP

BY STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

GIVE me a kiss to keep, dear.
(Mind!) No merry fugitive now,
Onset of bantering lips
Elvish, acquisitive, withdrawn to pout—
Give me a smileless kiss, a sedulous kiss,
Your eyes unlidded to mine.

I'll hide it close. . . .
Hide it with my mother's whispering hair,
My father's last handclasp on his death bed,
My first glance fused with yours.

It is no gage I ask:
You're not to pledge yourself (mind),
Not to project your spirit one thrill's beat
Beyond this moment culled for treasure:
I will not have the kiss burdened with meanings,
Seal of God knows what blurred surrender,
But pure, intrinsic, neither prayer nor promise
Nor purpose right or left to turn a key.

I'll guard it close, dear,
Twined with my mother's lisping hair,
Archived of my father's last handclasp.
You'll never have it back (mind)?. . .
Then—ah—give me a kiss to keep.

FEMINIST—NEW STYLE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!

Is it not high time that we laid the ghost of the so-called feminist?

"Feminism" has become a term of opprobrium to the modern young woman. For the word suggests either the old school of fighting feminists who wore flat heels and had very little feminine charm, or the current species who antagonize men with their constant clamor about maiden names, equal rights, woman's place in the world, and many another cause . . . *ad infinitum.* Indeed, if a blundering male assumes that a young woman is a feminist simply because she happens to have a job or a profession of her own, she will be highly—and quite justifiably insulted: for the word evokes the antithesis of what she flatters herself to be. Yet she and her kind can hardly be dubbed "old-fashioned" women. What *are* they, then?

The pioneer feminists were hard-hitting individuals, and the modern young woman admires them for their courage—even while she judges them for their zealotry and their inartistic methods. Furthermore, she pays all honor to them, for they fought her battle. But *she* does not want to wear their mantle (indeed, she thinks they should have been buried in it), and she has to smile at those women who wear it to-day—with the battle-cry still on their lips. The worst of the fight is over, yet this second generation of feminists are still throwing hand grenades. They bear a grudge against men, either secretly or openly; they make an issue of little things as well as big; they exploit their sex for the sake of publicity; they rant about equality when they might better prove their ability. Yet it is these women—the ones who do more talking than acting—on whom the average man focuses his microscope when he sits down to dissect the "new woman." For like his less educated brethren, he labors under the delusion that there are only two types of women, the creature of instinct who is content to be a "home-maker" and the "sterile intellectual" who cares solely about "expressing herself"—home and children be damned.

But what of the constantly increasing group of young women in their twenties and thirties who are the truly modern ones, those who admit that a full life calls for marriage and children as well as a career? These women if they launch upon marriage are keen to make a success of it and an art of child-rearing. But *at the same time* they are moved by an inescapable inner compulsion to be individuals in their own right. And in this era of simplified housekeeping they see their opportunity, for it is obvious that a woman who plans intelligently can salvage some time for her own pursuits. Furthermore, they are convinced that they will be better wives and mothers for the breadth they gain from functioning outside the home. In short, they are highly conscious creatures who feel obliged to plumb their own resources to the very depths, despite the fact that they are under no delusions as to the present inferior status of their sex in most fields of endeavor.

Numbers of these honest, spirited young women have made themselves

heard in article and story. But since men must have things pointed out to them in black and white, we beg leave to enunciate the tenets of the modern woman's credo. Let us call her "Feminist—New Style."

First Tenet. Our modern young woman freely admits that American women have so far achieved but little in the arts, sciences, and professions as compared with men. In the field of the drama, for instance, the sex can boast of no dramatist who even approaches Eugene O'Neill, although in the art of acting women are more than holding their own with men. In the realm of music they offer no composers of great note, although they count among their number a galaxy of brilliant opera stars. In painting and etching they can point to no woman who has been recognized as the peer of the best men, although Mary Cassatt and Cecilia Beaux have done distinguished work, while Peggy Bacon is creating a genre of her own, and Georgia O'Keefe is a compellingly original figure. In sculpture the names of Malvina Hoffmann, Gertrude Whitney, Adastenia Eberle, and Janet Scudder come to mind; yet even their admirers do not claim that they rank with the leading men. In literary criticism the sex loses still another count, for there is no woman who ranks high as a critic, although the late Amy Lowell undoubtedly exercised a formative influence on the new poetry.

At the same time women are very nearly the peers of men in the field of creative literature. Indeed Edna St. Vincent Millay stands out as unquestionably America's most distinguished and gifted lyrist, whose work is extolled by the critics of both America and England, and bought by the public probably in greater thousands than any other recognized poet of the day. And in fiction it can fairly be claimed that there are no men who are doing more significant work than Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, and Elinor Wylie.

Yet in the field of science—both inventive and pure science—the sex can claim no Edison, nor even any lesser American lights, although it can point with pride to Madame Curie in France. In medical research, however, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor of Industrial Medicine at Harvard, stands out as a most eminent authority, although in practicing medicine there is only one woman who is nationally known—Dr. Josephine Baker, the children's specialist; while there is none who has made a name for herself in obstetrics, the one branch of the profession for which women would seem especially well fitted. (Yet it must be remembered that there are many excellent women physicians who are serving mankind conscientiously and effectively—even though they have not won fame for themselves.) In law only two or three women are known outside of their own states and only one ranks high as a jurist, Judge Florence Allen of the Ohio Supreme Court. In politics the advent of women has done little to change the machine line-up, for they are seldom accorded high position or real authority. In the field of publishing there are but two women who control large enterprises—one who virtually directs a great metropolitan newspaper, and another who shapes the policy of a leading women's magazine. (It is an anomalous fact that the other large women's magazines are controlled by men.) Finally, in business more women have obtained high rewards than in any field, although the great majority appear to be content with average mediocrity.

What conclusions, then, are to be drawn from this brief survey? So far as the arts are concerned, it cannot be stated categorically that women lack creative power, in view of their original work in fiction, poetry, and the plastic arts. As for their status in the professions, it might fairly be claimed that they have scarcely had time to get a running start. And their limited success in business would prove that they have

not yet cast off their age-old habit of over-emphasizing detail and, as a consequence, they have not yet learned to grasp the larger issues.

But it remains true that a small percentage of women have proved the capacity, even the creative power of the feminine mind. Or have they not rather proved the fallacy of drawing a hard and fast distinction between the quality of men's minds and the quality of women's minds? It should be remembered that no contemporary psychologist will concede that there is any fundamental difference between the intellectual *capacity* of men and that of women, although their *pursuits* may vary. Furthermore, there are a number of scientists who hold that the absolutely masculine and the completely feminine type are comparatively rare, and that most individuals fall in between these poles and are thus endowed with mental qualities of both sexes.

To illustrate this theory, one finds a woman here and there who is gifted with the so-called masculine aptitude for clear thinking and for forming abstract conceptions; while one comes upon an occasional man who possesses those subtle senses of perception and that quality of imaginative intuition which have generally been considered feminine traits (and which, be it noted, are part and parcel of the artist's endowment).

Nor does it necessarily follow, scientists tell us, that a woman with a flair for the creative or the scientific, or with a genius for abstract thought will have a masculine physique; in fact, we are told that a person's mental qualities may be quite the opposite of his or her physical qualities. One glance, for instance, at the unmistakably feminine figures of Edith Wharton, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Madame Curie, Elinor Wylie, and Edna St. Vincent Millay would prove that a woman does not have to look a George Sand to be a brilliant success.

But whether or no the masculine mind is biologically superior to the feminine mind, it is obvious that women in America are progressing much faster in their mental evolution than men are. And that is the reason, no doubt, why the average man is either on the defensive or on the fence, as regards his relationship with the modern woman.

Second Tenet. Why, then, does the modern woman care about a career or a job if she doubts the quality and scope of women's achievement to date? There are three good reasons why she cares immensely: first, she may be of that rare and fortunate breed of persons who find a certain art, science, or profession as inevitable a part of their lives as breathing; second, she may feel the need of a satisfying outlet for her energy whether or no she possesses creative ability; third, she may have no other means of securing her economic independence. And the latter she prizes above all else, for it spells her freedom as an individual, enabling her to marry or not to marry, as she chooses—to terminate a marriage that has become unbearable, and to support and educate her children if necessary.

There appears to be no good reason why a woman who has a marked talent for a certain art or science should give up before she starts, simply because she has been told innumerable times that "women cannot hope to excel any place but in the home" and that "her sex always has and always will be second-rate in the arts and sciences." Perhaps they *will* be for some time to come. But that is not to say that they have no contribution to make. Science, it must be remembered, depends for its progress upon the cumulative work of hundreds of scientists, not on the work of one or two geniuses alone. In a similar fashion, although in a lesser measure, the arts profit from the contributions made by talent. Indeed it takes a courageous person to be "second-rate" here: to be able to compare his own work with that of genius and yet not give up. It is true, of course, that the woods are full of scatterbrained women whose attempts at

poetry, painting, acting, and writing are ludicrous, to say the least, but these are for the most part untrained creatures who have never been taught the rudiments of criticism. In an altogether different class are those women who are gifted with genuine talent; it would be as ridiculous to insist that *they* "go back to the kitchen" as it would be to order one of their men detractors, such as Mr. John Macy, to go back to the hoe. The same applies to those women who are born with marked ability and aptitude for one of the professions: they, too, must follow their star.

But even though Feminist—New Style may not see her own course so clearly marked out before her, and even if she should happen to have an income, she will make a determined effort to fit her abilities to some kind of work. For she has observed that it is only the rare American of either sex who can resist the mentally demoralizing effect of idleness. She has seen too many women who have let what minds they have go to seed, so that by the time they are forty or forty-five they are profoundly uninteresting to their husbands, their children, and themselves. Occasionally one of these women will wake up when it is too late and grope desperately for any sort of a "job" to fill her time now that her children need her no longer. Her next-door neighbor who has gone in for philanthropies may not be quite so lonely, but the pity is that she has seldom had to sharpen her mind against the wits of people who think any straighter than she does.

Only less pathetic is the younger married woman who came out of college with an active mind excellently trained, but who in five or ten years' time has allowed that mind to grow shallow for lack of cultivation and fresh planting. This type of woman is avid for excitement, even if it depends on nothing more than the innocuous attentions of a man considerably younger than herself. So she goes round and round the vicious circle, grasping for outside stimuli, never once realizing that her satisfaction with life depends upon her inner resources and the active living they make possible.

Yet if a woman can add to her own resources and thereby live a rich and full life without the stimulus of a job she is to be congratulated and admired as a really civilized person. However, if she remains financially dependent upon her husband she may be mortgaging her own future happiness and liberty of action; for as one frank man admitted the other day, there is hardly a man who will never take advantage of his wife's economic dependence upon him or who will never assume that it gives him special prerogatives.

In brief, Feminist—New Style reasons that if she is economically independent, and if she has, to boot, a vital interest in some work of her own she will have given as few hostages to Fate as it is humanly possible to give. Love may die, and children may grow up, but one's work goes on forever.

Third Tenet. She will not, however, live for her job alone, for she considers that a woman who talks and thinks only shop has just as narrow a horizon as the housewife who talks and thinks only husband and children—perhaps more so, for the latter may have a deeper understanding of human nature. She will therefore refuse to give up all of her personal interests, year in and year out, for the sake of her work. In this respect she no doubt will fall short of the masculine ideal of commercial success, for the simple reason that she has never felt the economic compulsion which drives men on to build up fortunes for the sake of their growing families.

Yet she is not one of the many women who look upon their jobs as tolerable meal-tickets or as interesting pastimes to be dropped whenever they may wish. On the contrary, she takes great pride in becoming a vital factor in whatever enterprise she has chosen, and she therefore expects to work long hours when the occasion demands.

But rather than make the mistake

that some women do of domesticating their jobs, *i.e.*, burying all of their affections and interests in them, or the mistake that many men make of milking their youth dry for the sake of building up a fortune to be spent in a fatigued middle-age, she will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and energy can attain a fair amount of success—perhaps even a high degree of success—by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life, as well as by working with concentration.

Fourth Tenet. Nor has she become hostile to the other sex in the course of her struggle to orient herself. On the contrary, she frankly likes men and is grateful to more than a few for the encouragement and help they have given her.

In the business and professional worlds, for instance, Feminist—New Style has observed that more and more men are coming to accord women as much responsibility as they show themselves able to carry. She and her generation have never found it necessary to bludgeon their way, and she is inclined to think that certain of the pioneers would have got farther if they had relied on their ability rather than on their militant methods. To tell the truth, she enjoys working with men, more than with women, for their methods are more direct and their view larger, and she finds that she can deal with them on a basis of frank comradeship.

When she meets men socially she is not inclined to air her knowledge and argue about woman's right to a place in the sun. On the contrary, she either talks with a man because he has ideas that interest her or because she finds it amusing to flirt with him—and she will naturally find it doubly amusing if the flirtation involves the swift interplay of wits. She will not waste many engagements on a dull-witted man, although it must be admitted that she finds fewer men with stagnant minds than she does women.

When all is said and done, most of the men of her world are such a decent likable lot that she is hard put to it to understand the sex antagonism which actuates certain "advanced" women who secretly look upon their husbands—and all men—as their natural enemies from whom they must wrest every privilege and advantage possible. Such tactics are a futile waste of energy; now that men have admitted that women can be valuable partners not only in the home, but also in business and civic life, the best thing for women to do is to prove their value.

Fifth Tenet. By the same corollary, Feminist—New Style professes no loyalty to women *en masse*, although she staunchly believes in individual women. Surveying her sex as a whole, she finds their actions petty, their range of interests narrow, their talk trivial and repetitious. As for those who set themselves up as leaders of the sex, they are either strident creatures of so little ability and balance that they have won no chance to "express themselves" (to use their own hackneyed phrase) in a man-made world; or they are brilliant, restless individuals who too often battle for women's rights for the sake of personal glory.

But when a woman in the professions or in public life proves herself really capable, Feminist—New Style will be the first to cheer, and to help her along still farther, by proferring her own support and co-operation. Indeed, she feels that there is to-day a stronger bond among thinking women than ever before. Reaching out, as they are, for new adjustments and conceptions, each can profit by the experience of the other; whereas in ages past women had nothing in common other than their jealousy of one another. So it happens that the modern woman is capable of a high order of friendship with other women. In this connection a visiting Frenchwoman paid a very pretty compliment to American women (we choose to accept it as such!) when she exclaimed, "*You* are friends with one another, while *we* would not trust one another for a minute."

Sixth Tenet. There is, however, one

thing which Feminist—New Style envies Frenchwomen, and that is their sense of "chic." Indeed, she is so far removed from the early feminists that she is altogether baffled by the psychology which led some of them to abjure men in the same voice with which they aped them. Certainly their vanity must have been anæsthetized, she tells herself, as she pictures them with their short hair, so different from her own shingle, and dressed in their unflattering mannish clothes—quite the antithesis of her own boyish effects which are subtly designed to set off feminine charms. She may not be quite as smartly gowned as the society woman, for she cannot afford so great an expenditure of time and money; yet every year sees her better dressed and infinitely better groomed than the erstwhile professional and business woman.

As regards manners and mannerisms she has not the slightest desire to imitate men. On the contrary, she prefers to keep the intonations of her voice and the quality of her gestures purely feminine, as nature intended them to be. (If she makes no attempt to be a "perfect lady" it is for the simple reason that it would cramp her style too much as an individual: she prefers to call a spade a spade and to feel free to discuss scientific facts impersonally with men or women.)

Seventh Tenet. Empty slogans seem to Feminist—New Style just as bad taste as masculine dress and manners. They serve only to prolong the war between the sexes and to prevent women from learning to think straight. Take these, for instance, "Keep your maiden name." "Come out of the kitchen." "Never darn a sock." After all, what's in a name or in a sock? Madame Curie managed to become one of the world's geniuses even though she suffered the terrible handicap of bearing her husband's name, and it is altogether likely that she darned a sock or two of Monsieur Curie's when there was no servant at hand to do it.

"Keep your maiden name," the slogan which the members of the Lucy Stone League cry from the housetops so lustily, would seem the most inane of all. Will someone kindly tell us why these women don't prove their individuality —and their independence of their husbands—by some sort of real achievement? And would it not be more consistent for them to require that every member not only keep her maiden name but *that she support herself?*

But perhaps they aim not to be consistent—only to get publicity. For instance, one of their members recently married and registered with her husband at a highly respectable New York hotel as Miss Jones and Mr. Smith. Naturally the manager objected, with the result that reporters got wind of the incident and wrote it up, thus giving the clever couple columns of free publicity.

The story also is told that a famous British woman lawyer visiting these shores was fêted one night by the Lucy Stone League and the New York Women Lawyers' Association. The Lucy Stoners made their speeches on the same old subject of nomenclature, and when one was asked how she managed with the tradespeople, she replied haughtily, "Oh, I am Mrs. to my butcher, but to *no* one else!" When the visitor expressed a desire to hear from the women lawyers on the subject, it developed that most of those who were married bore their husbands' names and did not consider the subject worthy of argument. Naturally, if a woman has made a name for herself in a business or a profession before her marriage—as was the case with the visitor—it would seem expedient for her to keep that name, or if she is not sure how long she is going to remain married. But when all is said and done, Feminist—New Style considers that it is hardly a matter to go to meeting about.

As for sock-darning, our modern young woman dislikes to darn a man's socks as much as she dislikes to darn her own. If possible she will have a servant

do both. But if that is impractical, and if her husband is properly appreciative, she will do the darning herself, and will expect him to relieve her of a few tasks in return.

"Come out of the kitchen" is a fair enough slogan if a woman makes sure that she has left someone capable in her stead. Feminist—New Style likes to know how to cook so that she can direct a servant intelligently and economically; and furthermore she occasionally enjoys preparing a meal herself because it is fun to use her own skill. Unlike the old order of feminists, she is not afraid that if she understands the culinary arts she will get stuck in the kitchen for the rest of her life, for she knows that she can earn more than enough to pay a cook's wages.

Eighth Tenet. As for "free love," she thinks that it is impractical rather than immoral. With society organized as it is, the average man and woman cannot carry on a free union with any degree of tranquillity.

Incidentally, she is sick of hearing that modern young women are cheapening themselves by their laxity of morals. As a matter of fact, all those who have done any thinking, and who have any innate refinement, live by an æsthetic standard of morals which would make promiscuity inconceivable. She readily agrees that the Greenwich Village vogue for experimenting with the emotions is a tawdry thing. The individuals who thus experiment are not "living" as much as they think they are, for their emotions are all on the surface. Feminist—New Style is sophisticated enough to know that one does not get real experience by grabbing for it.

But whether she marries—or does not marry—she is liable to have a pagan attitude toward love itself. She believes with George Santayana that "We last as a strain of music lasts; and we go where it goes"; also that "To come to an end is a virtue when one has had one's day."

So if a love-affair comes to an end she will not be surprised or embittered. She will be more greatly surprised if it miraculously flowers into a lifelong affection.

Ninth Tenet. She readily concedes that a husband and children are necessary to the average woman's fullest development, although she knows well enough that women are endowed with varying degrees of passion and of maternal instinct. Some women, for instance, feel the need of a man very intensely, while others want children more than they want a husband, want them so much, in fact, that they vow they would have one or two out of wedlock if it were not for the penalty that society would exact from the child, and if it were not for the fact that a child needs a father as much as a mother.

But no matter how much she may desire the sanction of marriage for the sake of having children, she will not take any man who offers. First of all a man must satisfy her as a lover and a companion. And second, he must have the mental and physical traits which she would like her children to inherit. She has seen too many women engulfed in tragedy simply because they let their instincts rush them into an ill-advised marriage and into the bearing of one child after another, each one handicapped by a bad physical or moral heritage. Instincts are an excellent thing in their place, but they must be guided by reason if disaster is not to follow.

In fact, it seems to Feminist—New Style that a woman who gratifies her desire to have children without being sure that she can give them a sound heritage and a harmonious home environment is unjustifiably selfish. A child should be an end in itself, not merely an extension of the parent's ego, or an object to be loved fiercely and tyrannously; nor should it be a means of keeping a shattered home intact, or of salvaging the health of a woman who is a semi-invalid—even though some doctors are benighted enough to prescribe child-bearing as a cure for all ills.

If Feminist—New Style finds it practicable to have children she will resolve from the start not to sacrifice everything to them—for their sake as well as her own. During the years of their babyhood she may find it necessary to give up her work, either partially or wholly; but as soon as possible she will organize the family life so as to resume her own interests.

This business of combining two careers presents its grave difficulties. In fact, it is a bigger job than any man has ever attempted. But because it *is* a big job, and because she has seen a few women succeed at it, Feminist—New Style will rise to the challenge, provided that she has a normal amount of physical energy.

When she looks into the homes of a few women of the leisure class she will console herself with the thought that she cannot possibly do a worse job than they have done. Spoiled and sickly, the children in these homes dominate the scene and will inevitably grow up to be impossible egotists.

Of a very different temper are the children of the woman who has a job of her own and has therefore put her children in a nursery-school run by a specialist in child education. They appear to be happy, obedient creatures who actually have a closer bond with their mother than the children of another woman who is conscientiously devoting every hour of her life to their training, but who makes the mistake of giving her emotions free rein when it comes to discipline, whereas the nursery-school teacher treats every child with impersonal fairness.

But whether or no the nursery-school is the solution, the fact remains that the mother who has managed in one way or another to retain her own special interest will have a growing fund of wisdom and experience to share with her children. And, furthermore, she will avoid the sin of struggling to possess them body and soul and of expecting them to make great sacrifices for her later in life because she once gave up everything for them.

To treat a child as a complete individual: that would be the ideal of Feminist—New Style, even as it was of the parents of William and Henry James, who allowed their sons—nay encouraged them—to range as far from home as their imaginations would carry them.

Tenth Tenet. But even while she admits that a home and children may be necessary to her complete happiness, she will insist upon *more freedom and honesty within the marriage relation.*

She considers that the ordinary middle-class marriage is stifling in that it allows the wife little chance to know other men, and the husband little chance to know other women—except surreptitiously. It seems vital to her that both should have a certain amount of leisure to use exactly as they see fit, without feeling that they have neglected the other.

She looks at some of the married couples she knows and feels consummate pity for the wives who have exhibited such childish streaks of jealousy that their husbands are no longer frank with them. One husband, for instance, has a great zest for knowing all kinds of people; but he has discovered that his wife is so hurt by his friendships with other women that he dare not tell her about them. A second wife declares that she must have *all or nothing.* As though anyone could own all of another person, or any part of him!

Feminist—New Style would consider it a tragedy if she or her husband were to limit the range of each other's lives in any way. Arguing from the fact that she herself can be interested in other men without wanting to exchange them for her husband, she assumes that she has something to give him that he may not find in other women. But if the time should come when it was obvious that he preferred another woman to her or that he preferred to live alone, she would accept the fact courageously, just as she would expect him to accept a

similar announcement from her; although she would hope that they would both try to preserve the relationship if it were worth preserving, or if there were children to be considered. But if the marriage should become so inharmonious as to make its continuation a nightmare, she would face the tragedy, and not be submerged by it. For life would still hold many other things—and people—and interests.

Finally, Feminist—New Style proclaims that men and children shall no longer circumscribe her world, although they may constitute a large part of it. She is intensely self-conscious whereas the feminists were intensely sex-conscious. Aware of possessing a mind, she takes a keen pleasure in using that mind for some definite purpose; and also in learning to think clearly and cogently against a background of historical and scientific knowledge. She aspires to understand the meaning of the twentieth century as she sees it expressed in the skyscrapers, the rapid pace of city life, the expressionistic drama, the abstract conceptions of art, the new music, the Joycian novel. She is acutely conscious that she is being carried along in the current of these sweeping forces, that she and her sex are in the vanguard of change. She knows that it is her American, her twentieth-century birthright to emerge from a creature of instinct into a full-fledged individual who is capable of molding her own life. And in this respect she holds that she is becoming man's equal.

If this be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it.

SHADOWS

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

SHADOWS are soft and cool and reticent,
The tender hands of Beauty, comforting
Her chosen lovers; gently vigilant
With sway of branch and whir of evening wing.
Oh, I have loved the shadows, for the store
Of life grows richer in their dusky bloom,
The cherished faces that I most adore
Seem fairer in a softly darkened room.
When this dear mystery of living ends
I shall keep safe some memories of my own,
Of tree, and flower, and cloud, and treasured friends,
And ask of Beauty this, and this alone,
To raise me up from dust in wind-swept grass
That I may feel their long-loved shadows pass.

PROHIBITION

A STORY

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

OLD RILEY lay, without hands or feet, on a red tapestry couch in the dirty sitting room, and blinked happily at the sunshine and at a bottle which stood in it beside him. An exceptionally hairy white dog crouched under his outstretched arm. All around him there were geraniums and begonias in rusty tin pails on dry-goods boxes. Through the window one could see little slatternly groves here and there, and a hill hollowed out on one side by a gravel pit like a great empty grave. Though no one asked him to, Old Riley sang a song. A child, standing as near the door as he could without being asked where he was going, stared reverently at the little drunkard, now crippled and famous and apparently happier than ever before.

Though the temperance movement had gained strength in that part of the country long before drink was prohibited by law, Old Riley was not the only notorious drunkard in the township. There was a farmer named Theodore Osten who was said to have broken off a bull's horns with his bare hands. He often pounded on the district schoolhouse door in the afternoon, demanded as many of his six children as were there, and took them whimpering home with him. Once he came back from the village with a butcher's knife in his hand. His wife escaped through the back yard, leaving her sixth baby behind. When she brought a crowd of the neighbors to rescue the child, he stuck somebody's hired man in the leg and, bursting into gloomy laughter, threw the knife at them all. But his wife would not be separated from him or let the neighbors have him sent to jail, and complained bitterly about the fines he was obliged to pay.

There was also the sickly old bachelor, Charlie Fox, who got drunk only in bad weather. He began to complain whenever clouds came up, but after five or six bottles of beer ceased to mind the elements. He would wander up and down in the worst blizzards, murmuring to anyone he met, "Hell of a storm we're having—suits me!" Or he would sit down in the mud outside a saloon window, his arms folded, his eyes shut, the rain streaming over his cheeks and under his wet wing-collar, the lamplight shining on his white, serene, weak face.

Even before the accident which had confined him to his bed, Old Riley had never been melancholy or dangerous. At his very worst he amused himself by letting young cattle out of pasture, by pushing over shocks of grain, chicken-coops, and beehives until he got tired. In spite of his practical jokes and his bad example to the young, the sober God-fearing farmers and their wives could not hate him; neither could they pity him at any time. The mingling of joy and catastrophe in his life confused even the most opinionated among them. They regarded him as something less than a man, an irresponsible animal in human form.

To their children, on the other hand, he always seemed more than human,

and began to charm and frighten them even before he came into sight. Through the harvest fields at dusk they would hear a song coming toward them as if it were stumbling over the fields without a singer. Out of hollows or from the far side of hills, there would come the revolving thunder of his lumber-wagon wheels, the hiss and crack of the whip which he flourished like a long leather snake, and strangely melodious shouts—the shouts of a hunter or a jockey, the cries of a drunken hunter or a jockey on a wild horse. "Holy this" or "Holy that," he cried—this or that being one of those short words which mean more in sound to children than in sense to their elders. Children never had the courage to inquire about anything he did or said.

Dissipated happiness and a tragic accident. . . . His happiness, while it lasted, was injurious to others and furnished the community with a token of its inner desperation, the inarticulate fields and farmhouses with an appalling voice. Disaster, when it overtook him, made him a symbol of every abnormal delight, of the durability of character, of contentment with catastrophe, and saved his family from the consequences of his pleasures. Roistering joy on summer afternoons and evenings, a terrible event among deep snowdrifts, in the starlight. . . . It is no wonder that the neighbors made no attempt to explain the meaning of Old Riley's story to their children, for a tragedy was its happy ending.

He usually went to a saloon in one of the adjacent villages about four o'clock in the afternoon. Sawing on the mouths of his nervous mares, he brought them to a standstill, clambered down from the high seat, gathered some flowers along the fence, tearing them up by the root, pinned them to the lid of his lamentable greasy cap with a nail, clambered back up, and started his team again with a good deal of shouting.

Some children on their way home from school, undaunted by his curses and his wild driving, climbed into the back of the lumber-wagon. Old Riley turned about and shouted, "Open yer mouths and shut yer eyes," and amused himself greatly by dropping pennies, nickels, and dimes into their mouths with one hand, cracking the whip over their heads with the other. When he missed his aim one youngster or another dropped to the ground instantaneously, like a little warrior picked off a vehicle by a sharpshooter, to spend the rest of the afternoon hunting the coins in the dust and gravel and among the nettles by the side of the road.

A few hours later, drunk enough and ready to go home, his pockets were empty. "I must 'a' gave it all to the brats on the way," he explained to the bartender. "What a blasted fool I am! Now wouldn't ye know I'd do that. Ye know me anyway, Bill."

The bartender did know him: the next day or the day after he would deny his indebtedness; but his boys also knew their father and could be made to pay what was due—secretly, lest he give them a beating.

In his boyhood the eldest son, who was called Young Riley, had indeed followed his father into saloons in hope of getting him home sober. During this period the incorrigible man lost less of his money and did somewhat less damage to other people's property, but otherwise the youngster's presence put no restraint on him. And he was fonder of his boys than of other men and liked to drink with them; so little by little, Young Riley and eventually the other son, Terrie, adopted the old man's ways. But Young Riley had some principles, and would not leave the farm in the afternoon or permit his brother to do so; together they pretended to do the work in the fields which their father optimistically neglected.

All alone, therefore, in the early evening, Old Riley started home, too drunk to care when he arrived. He saw the open gate of a neighbor's barnyard and swung through it, shouting and flourishing his black-snake whip. He tied the team to a heavy pig trough, but

they pulled it along the ground until they could eat from a haystack.

As he entered the warm stable where men were milking, boys and little girls throwing down corn fodder and feeding the calves, Old Riley swayed and bowed ceremoniously. In his hand he was carrying a length of wild grapevine in blossom, and he knotted it under his chin like a necktie. "Gad," he said, "wild grapes smell like a snake."

A small boy who heard him say this spent much of his time in hunting the delicate brilliant grass-snakes, and resolved to kill another to-morrow to find out how it smelled.

Then Old Riley sat down on a milk-stool and gave an account of what had happened to him lately, boasting and putting on airs and reciting in conclusion a long list of curse words, softly, rather mechanically, like a priest telling his beads. He nodded his head as old hens do when they have a certain sickness and kept on shaking his fist in the air while his tired body sagged lower and lower, lurching a little from side to side. He fell off the milk-stool; and there at last he lay, on a pile of clean straw for bedding the animals, taking a short nap, the one belligerent arm still raised above him.

The farmer and his young hired men, laughing uneasily, went on with their work. They also might have taken to drink; this was the moral lesson of the ridiculous. The youngsters were enchanted, as if the old fellow were a small dancing bear or the monkey of an invisible organ-grinder whose music only they could hear; and they gazed at him with starry, disgusted, incredulous eyes —the admirable eyes of children born and bred in the country.

He was tolerated thus in the evening in the barns even of his most self-respecting neighbors because, when all was said and done, he did no harm. Not, at least, to anyone but his own flesh and blood, wife and children, and that was the sort of harm which seemed appropriate to them, or which they deserved. The worst gossips in the community said, "They're all kind o' heartless, those Rileys. Heaven knows what could happen to make such as them unhappy"; and their faces lighted up as if they had discovered a recipe for simplifying life; some people have no hearts to break. . . . Perhaps they found Old Riley sympathetic because he had as little patience with human disappointments as they.

So when he had rested and cheered himself by the seeming benevolence of some neighbor or another, he would set out again, disputing with himself as he untied his horses whether he was hungrier than he was thirsty; his thirst was never altogether quenched, but it was always hunger which brought him home. He remembered that he had forgotten the groceries he had promised his wife to buy, and the money she had given him was gone. She would upbraid him; he would probably have to beat her to put her in the wrong.

May Riley was a pleasant, shiftless woman who had been frightened for so many years that she had begun to seem a little weak in her mind. People believed that he did not actually hurt her; at any rate, she hid her face in her skirts without crying out, and never whimpered or showed any bruises after it was over. But she gave her entire time to shivering anticipation of his next drunken return from the village, and so neglected her housework, cooked badly, and wore her dresses, petticoats, and shawls in mere tatters wound around her loose-jointed body. Sometimes it was because she cooked badly that he abused her, or because she was not as pretty as she had been on their wedding day.

In those days, years before, she had looked like their daughter Angeline. Her brothers called her Candy on account of her hair, which hung in curls the color of taffy all around her pretty, pale face.

Driving home through the bland summer evening, Old Riley meditated on the weather or the landscape or the poor farms he passed. The weather

was an entertainment, the landscape never seemed tedious, the farmhouses never mean and melancholy—because he was always drunk. Alcohol saved him from the mediocrity of the world.

His younger son, Terence or Terrie, the lovable Riley, was like him in this respect. He also drank for fun, and being drunk was an enchantment; then even the banal saloons, the poor farmers' women with dirty hair and sagging bodies who knew only too well how to take care of themselves, the lonely sheds and stables took on a bright and distorted appearance. But unlike his father, he could not be drunk all the time. His brother, for the pleasure of governing him, allowed him little money to spend, little time to make love to such women as there were; and he dreamed of a life which would have that shining, deformed appearance even in broad daylight when he was sober. He wanted to join the navy, talking to others and even to himself about the places where the battleship would probably stop—the shore of the sea covered with odd buildings, the hundreds of sailors as good but no better than he, the welcoming women crying out and agitating their shawls. . . . What a wild life he would lead in those places, buying what he liked, fed and clothed like a child by the government! He thought it would be the most agreeable thing in the world, and perhaps he was not wrong.

Driving home, sitting up very straight and gesturing with the whip or the long reins as if the road were lined with people with their eyes fixed on him, Old Riley thought of a quarrel he had been engaged in. A great anger arose in his heart and, forgetting the quarrel in the storm of his emotion, he searched his mind for another pretext, an object or person upon whom it might be spent. If his sons were arguing about the navy when he got home, he would thrash them and they would see.

For Young Riley would not let his brother enlist, indeed threatened to kill him if he did—perhaps out of jealous affection, perhaps in dread of the tedium of his own experience if he were left alone. Nor would he go away with the boy, somehow unwilling to leave the scene of an honest, laborious life, though not leading it or likely to. He was ashamed of keeping Terrie back, but as long as he suffered from alcoholic stomach trouble could make no sacrifices; blamed everything, including his own selfishness, on their father; and turned for forgetfulness to the very cup which he wanted to forget. Then, drunk or sober, his anger arose and confused him about everything.

It wore itself out like any other forbidden passion, and was succeeded by a heavy anxiety and a sense of guilt. He had no right to blame his father and brother; he was equally good for nothing; but he had too much common sense to be so cheerful about the results of their dissipation. The farm had been mortgaged twice; no one knew what would happen to the old people if it came to a foreclosure; and Young Riley, especially in the early morning after a night's drinking, thought desperately about the future.

Old Riley did not. Driving home he brooded upon a stupendous lie that he was preparing to tell, a song that he might sing or was singing. Though to his regret he had no bottle in his pocket, he seemed to be getting more and more drunk and was not sure that he knew his way home; it did not matter, his horses knew. And in a vague way he foresaw that he would be surprised to find his wife and children in the house that could scarcely be called his home, though he had been born in it, and looked forward with vague pleasure to falling upon them in instantaneous fury, and chasing one or another outdoors or indoors, and spoiling all their plans.

In and about that house there was an atmosphere of slatternly grace and peace until he came. Neglect had contributed to the ordinary building and the barn and sheds its ramshackle beauty, the great comfort of idle men. The gables

were sway-backed, the weathervane twisted; the barn doors hung from one hinge apiece; the half-wild fowls had learned to fly up on the rotten branches; and two or three sheep that were left of a large flock lay at the doorstep with the dogs. The moon was coming up and filled the yard with liquid brightness and clean shadows tossed about by the weeds and the grass. All about stood slim poplars whose little branches hung down in rows of curls as perfect as Angeline's. The soft moon rose higher, stirred up new odors, warmed the dew. The balm, the dust, the summer, drifting down, clouded the faces of May Riley and her children.

The old woman crouched on the doorstep, asleep, with her fists full of goose feathers she was sorting to put in a pillow. A little way away, on a dry-goods box, her sons sat close together, with a whiskey bottle on the ground within reach. They had a large accordion which each played in turn, the other singing, or even, with a good deal of laughter, both playing at once—one large ruddy hand fingering the keys, one manipulating the bellows out of which some of the air escaped with a sigh.

Angeline was hiding in the haymow with her beau. It had always been the same one, a young man named Andie Roy. He had been going with her less of late, or seemed, at least, to be less serious in his intentions. Angeline blamed her father and brothers and determined to have him, in spite of their bad reputation, in spite of his scruples. They hid in the haymow now because Andie was pretending to be afraid of Young Riley, who knew, of course, that he was there—actually because he was trying to be there without thinking of it himself, having made up his mind not to come.

At a pause in the music the brothers, hearing their whispers and laughter, shook their fists in that direction and winked at each other. Then the throbbing of music ran out again in the blood-heat of the air, far out, their unskilled, heavy, palpitating voices joining it now and then. Over the drowsy countryside these sounds troubled young girls lying ill at ease, and reawakened the ambitions, the shames and grievances, the homesickness for places unseen, of boys more finely bred than the Rileys, and set overworked mothers weeping for dead children. But in the Irish yard there was no sadness in the music nor in anything else: Terrie had forgotten the navy for the moment; his brother had forgotten the mortgages, was neither drunk nor sober, and did not care; the mother was asleep; Angeline was in her young man's arms; and they all enjoyed the music and the time of night as if there were no past or future.

Then the lumber-wagon rolled into the yard. Old Riley clambered down, threw the reins on the ground, shouted a few curses, picked up a good-sized stick, and strode into the midst of his family. He made a lunge at the boys with the stick. They took refuge in the wagon-shed, knowing that their father, in his condition, would not be able to find his way in the dark among the wheels and thills and harness lying about. The accordion sank to the ground and cried one hopeless note like a dying swan's as the breath went out of it and it collapsed. The whiskey bottle tipped over, the whiskey gurgled out, the dry earth drank it up.

Then the old man turned his attention to his wife, shaking out the bag of goose feathers in her face. She woke in a sort of little winter of its contents, and at first did not know where she was. Just as he was about to strike her for her complaints, his sons, from the shadow of the house, jumped on his back, and tied his hands and feet with some pieces of rope. He roared and his wife wept, and then he began to sing a song. The boys squatted at his feet in menacing attitudes, but they listened to the song, and it was evident that they loved him.

Angeline came out of the barn into the

moonlight, rubbing her forehead where the curls caressed it. Terrie shouted, "Where's your beau, Candy?"

"He ain't been here, has he?" she answered craftily. "I been asleep. What's the matter with pa?"

"You're a liar," the boys said, "but wha' do we care?"

Andie Roy was not there then. At the first of her father's shouts the girl had whispered to him, "You better skip, there's trouble." He had slid down out of the haymow, mistaken a trap-door for the ladder into the stable, and landed heavily on a pile of hay in the bull's manger. The little old bull, which smelled like a lion, had snuffled him, and he got up and hurried out through the barnyard.

Andie Roy was so much excited and so much in love that he wondered if he were going to die, and there was pain in several parts of his body. So he lay down by the side of the road and, for a while, cried like a small boy, pressing his mouth against the knuckles of his fists. It seemed to be one of the greatest sorrows in the world that night. The night grew more and more fair. The tree over his head dropped now and then a burned or withered leaf. The lovelier the weather the more the boy suffered from his feelings about Angeline, which seemed to lead nowhere.

His widowed mother and the Catholic priest, Father Hoyle, had encouraged his determination not to marry her. Father Hoyle said over and again that Andie was one of the most superior boys in his parish, so he ought not to mix with disobedient riffraff like the Rileys. He was particularly anxious that his young men should not drink, since the Protestants favored prohibition and made of the excesses of the Irish Catholics both a political and a doctrinal issue. Andie knew that he was inclined to liquor and that Terrie and Young Riley had too much power over him.

During the spring of that year, having loitered in a saloon with those two, he had been going down a lane which led through one corner of a woods. And a voice had said to him, "Andrew, Andrew—get you!" He had been infinitely moved and frightened, not so much by the sound of the voice which had been no more alarming than that of a tom-cat or a hoot-owl or anything else one may hear when one has had too much to drink, as by the meaning of what it said in relation to the bad company he had been keeping, his temptations, his mother's grievances.

He had told Father Hoyle about it, and the superstitious old man, not knowing what to believe himself and hoping for a matter-of-fact explanation, had repeated the story to a number of his parishioners. Thereafter when Andie saw the two Rileys, out with girls or in a saloon, they had shouted at him, "Andrew, Andrew—get you!" If they got him he would be as bad as they were. His mother had assured him that if he did not reform their little farm would have to be mortgaged before long, and he would probably beat her, and they would be looked down upon by everybody. So Andie had told Father Hoyle that he meant to give no more thought to Angeline Riley.

The old priest had said, "Now if ye don't mean to marry the girl, keep away from there. I know what you young Irish are. There's the Old Nick in yuh."

Andie had tried to keep away, but a sort of fixed idea of Candy's pale yellow curls and her eyes of a melted, diluted blue tempted him back in the evening very often. He had tried to persuade himself that he was getting over it by degrees, but he was not. Instead, his disapproval of her family was wearing away; he was beginning to enjoy their kind of happiness. But for his mother he would not have hesitated to drive the girl into another township and get married before another priest. He did not dare to try to seduce her, and she would not let him go any farther than so far, fearing that he would cease to care for her as soon as he had had his own way. That was a good thing, for he

knew that he would care all the more and cared too much as it was.

So as he went back home from her house he shed tears, gnawed at the back of his hand, and even cursed a little.

He stopped his sniffling just in time, for his mother was leaning over the garden fence in the moonlight, and like an echo she began to cry where he had left off. "You don't look at things right. You been off havin' a good time with those wild Rileys, and little you care whether I've been here cryin' my eyes out or not."

Before he went to bed Andie spent an hour defending the Rileys and trying to prove that he had a right to marry whomever he liked, though he realized that there was not a particle of honesty in what he said, for at bottom his mother and he were always of the same opinion. Since he could not free his heart or change his mind, matters went from bad to worse for him the rest of the summer and all fall.

The Rileys also began to look at the seamy side of things. The man who held the mortgages would give them only until spring, and obviously money could not be raised during the winter. May began to fail in health. Terrie told his sister, "I guess Bud is getting funny in his head"; by which he meant that Young Riley was growing infinitely sad and bad-tempered. Terrie himself grew more and more sullen about the navy; on one occasion he struck his mother, and his father and brother took turns punishing him. Angeline lost hope of getting Andie to marry her. They all grew older and looked faded. Only Old Riley never changed in appearance or behavior—he seemed immortal.

The winter set in early, frosting the corn before it was ripe and spoiling good pasture, as if to make sure that they should be unable to meet the mortgage. Old Riley had to begin to sell the pigs and cows as money was needed for food and drink.

There was a heavy fall of snow just before Christmas, and at that time a special election was held in Belleville. Riley left home with his boys right after the noonday meal, Young Riley and Terrie with the bobsleigh and the team, he himself following alone in the cutter. They always made of any political occasion a carnival of drinking.

Under the sleigh runners the crisp snow made a loud chirruping; the sleigh bells left behind them in the air their flurry of jangling notes. Around the muzzles of the horses and the mouths of the men the breath floated like visible souls about to vanish. Where there had been masses of living flowers, there lay a vast garden of dead-white and blue-white—the wind having twisted the tops of all the snow-banks into bloom.

In Belleville the Rileys established themselves at Schimmel's saloon, the one nearest the town hall. The boys began by playing cards, and earned a good many drinks. The men of the country came in before or after voting; since it was bitterly cold, all drank more than usual for the warmth. Old Riley wedged himself between a barrel and the bar so that he did not have to depend entirely on his legs, and there made eloquent speeches for all the factions in turn, tossing off the rewards of his eloquence.

Smoke, hanging in warm layers, blotted out the eyes or hands or mouths of men on the other side of the room, and mixed in a vague sparkle the shining of varnished wood, glasses, lighted matches. Outside the temperature fell below zero. Men shuddered when it came time to go; the Rileys felt fortunate to be too drunk to have to think of it. They ate some sausages from the bar and let the time pass. At last they were alone in the foul, clouded, warm place amid the debris of refreshment, fatigue, argument; and the bar-keeper wanted to go to bed.

So, cursing and stumbling about in their sheepskin coats, they went down to the stables over the crunching snow, over the frosted filth, and through the

stiff, echoing cold. The boys were engaged in another argument about the navy and hitched up their horses without paying any attention to the old man, expecting him to follow them with his cutter. But instead he rolled into the back of their bobsleigh and fell asleep there before they drove out of the yard.

There were dazzling stars. The snow-drifts over the land looked like innumerable ghosts lying side by side. Terrie and Young Riley were angry with each other; but after all, it was an arctic night and they were young and warm, so they drew close together under the blankets and ceased to argue.

Behind them their father did not snore, because he was lying face down in the straw, and they did not discover him. The road rose in a hump over every drift that had been blown up; the sleigh lifted on the crest, lurched into the trough of wave after wave of snow.

About half way home, Old Riley rolled out in the road. Perhaps he did not wake up; at least he was not sufficiently sobered by the fall to shout or to rise and follow his boys on foot.

The next day at dawn the first farmer on that road to go to the cheese factory found him there and brought him home. The doctor who was called in found it necessary to remove his feet at the ankles and his hands at the wrist.

In due time it became evident that it was a happy ending for them all. His wife was no longer afraid of him, and became quite a capable woman. The effort of ministering to his pain until the amputations healed, of clothing and feeding him and giving him drink roused her from her apathy of years—years of waiting at home to be abused.

Shaken to the bottom of his sluggish heart, Young Riley had no difficulty now in ceasing to drink. He went to a Ladies' Aid supper at the Methodist Church, stole a temperance pledge, signed it without telling anyone, and kept it hidden in his bedroom. Refreshed by disaster, his fleshy face, once inanimate and middle-aged with gloom, lighted up. To all intents and purposes he had inherited the farm, and he would make it profitable. The banker who owned the mortgages was persuaded to give them another year to begin paying their debts.

Young Riley was glad to let his brother go away somewhere to make a fresh start in life. So Terrie joined the navy in the spring, and sent home picture postal cards from Villefranche, Cardiff, and Kiel.

Since the Rileys were a changed family, there was nothing to keep Angeline and Andie apart. They were married and were happy in the most ordinary way in the world. In a little less than due time a child was born; they named it after Old Riley, whose given name had been forgotten for years.

The prohibition law was passed. Some of Old Riley's temperance neighbors, greatly elated, wanted to ask him what he thought of that. They found the little mutilated man who had been the terror of the community lying in a bay-window, and forgot what they had come for. The room was filled with an atmosphere of patience, indolence, and lawlessness. Sword ferns, begonias, and radiant geraniums stood all about his couch. Over his head one could see out over the countryside, and there was a hill hollowed out like the grave of a giant who has come to life, dug himself up, and wandered away. A child who had come in with the neighbors shrank in terror toward the door, shrank from the little man's air of happiness. For he was drunk, though he had been punished by a divine law against it and though a law on earth had been passed. His arms came to an end inside his sleeves, his legs inside his tattered trouser-legs. He seemed to enjoy the scrutiny due him as an object lesson and not to care what the lesson was. His smiling wife went on giving him whiskey, setting the glass with a straw in it on a chair within reach of his mouth.

AMERICAN TASTE

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

IN THE Metropolitan Museum in New York is a series of reconstructed rooms which record the waves of taste—usually bad taste—that marked the nineteenth century. It is easy to laugh at them—the horsehair sofa, the rococo mirror, the elaborate wall paper, the air of righteous ugliness—but I am not at all sure that we to-day are not providing materials for a dozen such comic exhibitions.

The entertainment that American taste is now concocting cannot perhaps be fully appreciated when one views a single, disconnected apartment in a modern home; but take a dozen such rooms, "Spanish," "Early American," "Georgian," and place them side by side in a yet unbuilt wing of the Metropolitan and the joke will become a little more evident. The modern American house can be tritely described as a house that is neither modern nor American. A gallery that to-day exhibited American taste would be a miscellany of antiquities. The pictures we put on our walls, our cretonnes and brocades and wall papers, our china, our silverware, our furniture, are all copies or close adaptations of things we have found on their historic sites in Europe and America, or, at one remove, in the museums. Meanwhile the art and workmanship of our own day remain unappreciated because they have not yet aged sufficiently to be embraced by the museum.

What is it that has made American taste sickly and derivative, a mere echo of old notes which reverberate in the halls of museums or tremble dimly in ancient houses and forgotten attics? Why is there no comparison for freshness and æsthetic strength between the living room of a seventeenth-century farmhouse (which one may also see in another wing of the Metropolitan) and all the tortured, stuffy, badly designed interiors that characterized the nineteenth century? What caused the collapse of taste during the last hundred years, and what is responsible for its present anæmia—a pathetic state in which beauty lives for us only through repeated "transfusions" from other cultures?

Before we discuss the failings of American taste to-day let us agree about what has happened to taste during the last century; for there has been a general debacle of taste, and our disgrace is not that we suffered in the collapse, but that we have not sufficiently shared in the contemporary recovery.

II

Everyone is more or less conscious of the great change that took place sometime during the Renaissance in our physical conception of the universe, in our knowledge of the world, and, at a later period, in the processes of manufacture. The inner harmony of medieval culture broke up; a new outlook on life arose; new conditions challenged men, and new ideas and habits of adaptation came into existence.

It would have been remarkable if these transformations could have taken place in our political and industrial institutions without affecting the practice of the arts and the formation of taste; and the fact is, taste was mightily affected. Archi-

tecture disintegrated; instead of building *with* style, the architect sought to design *in* a style; sculpture and painting ceased to be integral parts of building: the artist was left in solitude with his easel picture or his bust; all the various crafts which had once worked with a single spirit lost that unity of ideas which had made co-operation possible, and the engineer and the artist split apart into separate personalities, the utilitarian and the æsthete.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the disintegration was fairly complete. Instead of recognizing that beauty entered into every gesture or object, as the final mark of its expression of the human spirit, the Philistine relegated beauty to the museum. What remained outside might be "useful" or "comfortable" or "serviceable" or "profitable," but it must not at any cost be subject to the canons of good taste. Divorced from all the vital activities of the modern age, taste grew childish and capricious: the love of beauty at best developed into a sort of spiritual jamboree which saved one from the perpetual dullness of celebrating merely useful things. Mr. Claude Bragdon, writing in the light of a more positive philosophy of æsthetics, has referred to the Beautiful Necessity; but as long as "necessities" were considered in a limited and sordid fashion the beautiful was essentially an escape from necessity.

Now, when the arts lack a common philosophy and a common approach to life, they lose their power; for the single artist must then manufacture out of his own limited taste and experience what under more favorable circumstances is provided by a tradition. In order to overcome this lack the artists of the later Renaissance turned to the past, not as Brunelleschi and Michelangelo had done, for stimulus, but for fixed models which could arbitrarily set the limits of tradition and take the place of a coherent system of ideas. The seventeenth-century American farmhouse, with its usable kettles and pans, its neatly panelled walls with a simple checkered molding, its furniture designed primarily for compactness—writing-desk chairs and table-settles—was the last consistent example in America of a healthy tradition, untainted by foreign modes and meaningless precedents and strange fashions.

In the eighteenth century the signs of the breakup began definitely to appear. Here is a Chinese lacquered cabinet, standing against a wall covered not by plaster or panelling but by Chinese wall paper; there is a Turkish rug; yonder in the garden is a little Greek temple or a pagoda; the niche in the wall by the landing holds a classic bust or a vase. Once the habit of borrowing pretty objects took hold, it could not be restricted to classic sources: the Middle Ages themselves, which had lingered in the seventeenth century in such weak forms as the Tom Tower in Oxford, or St. Dunstan's in London, were now dead enough to serve as models, too; the Brothers Adam in Edinburgh and Latrobe in America sought to create a picture-book architecture of pointed arches and inane turrets.

Instead of a common tradition and a common art, all that remained was a common respect for the past, and a desire to pick and choose among its rubbish heaps. The nearest thing to a common taste like that which prevailed in the Middle Ages existed for an historic moment in the eighteenth century when the architecture of Chambers and Adam, the china of Wedgwood, the designs of Flaxman, the early landscapes of Turner reflected both the interests and the necessities of the leisured classes in England. But classical taste was a feeble foundation. None of the historic conventions —Roman, Renaissance, Gothic, Greek— was capable of dominating any single country, to say nothing of providing an æsthetic basis for the whole range of new arts which machine production and the extensive use of iron were opening up.

The reason for this failure is fairly plain. Taste, regarded in the large, is not something that can be cultivated in an old curiosity shop or a museum: it is a much more robust and fundamental

matter than this, and it has its roots not in historic treatises and guidebooks, but in the myths of religion, the needs of social life, the technic of industry, and the daily habits of a people. All the fine historic models of the past, just because they were historic, had no base in contemporary civilization: so far from springing out of modern necessities, they shrank from them. In this situation the arts, instead of advancing more or less abreast, followed different lines of development: the painter, if he were a Turner or a Corot, could not be sure that his picture would not hang in a pseudo-Gothic house, designed by a follower of Pugin; if he were a sculptor, taken with the contemporary interest in natural science, he might create magnificent animal figures, as Barye did, but for all he knew, they would become only paperweights on a Victorian ormolu desk; if he were an architect, he discovered that his client shrank in horror from any direct and honest form of building and insisted upon the addition of historic bric-a-brac —as an evidence of true art.

The symbol of nineteenth-century æsthetics was the whatnot; and the only question the artist could legitimately ask was: What next? This period did not lack great painters; it had its Corots, its Delacroixs, its Manets and Redons; it had a few remarkable sculptors like Alfred Stevens the Englishman and Rodin; it even now and again, although this was more difficult, produced a commanding architect, like Bentley, the designer of the Westminster Cathedral. What it did lack, and what it could not produce, was taste, which was the spirit which would have brought together and utilized these talents, and infused their æsthetic sense throughout engineering and the industrial arts, in furniture, silverware, crockery, as well as in isolated pictures and statues. Art was dismembered; taste was dead. The æsthetes were slow to recognize that the Brooklyn Bridge, Albert Hall, the Eiffel Tower, the work of engineers, were interesting pieces of art; the utilitarians would not admit that most of the products of industrialism were so far painfully insignificant.

III

The inner necessity for synthesis is so great that perhaps no period has entirely lacked it; and I should do the Victorian period an injustice if I insisted merely upon the chaos and dispersion. The fact is that it achieved an æsthetic synthesis; but the common spirit it embodied was on a low plane, and its achievement was not beauty and excellence but a certain complacent shoddiness in design.

We reached such a low common level in America during the seventies. Its mark is the brownstone town house or the jig-saw villa, the black-marble fireplace that didn't work, the enormously flowered carpet, the gilt clock under a glass case, the walnut whatnot, the mixture of French and Japanese vases, the eloquent oil painting in the manner of Landseer, the stuffed and marvellously carved chair—a combination of objects of art which had its equivalent in the furnishing of river steamboats and pullman cars, in the architectural characteristics of elevated railroad stations and United States post offices, and in the surface decoration of the earlier typewriters and cash-registers. The dominant color of this period was a murky brown; it was an appropriate reflection of the smudged and muddled civilization now known to history as the Gilded Age; and the total effect on the eye was so thickly depressing that one wonders how even the Victorian love of comfort could have made it tolerable.

There was a time when we were proud of these lower depths in æsthetics; and although I have no desire to defend them, I do not believe our present generation is entitled to laugh very heartily at their mere absurdity. In the uncompromising ugliness of the seventies there was a positive quality which is less antagonistic to contemporary art than the cultivated neutrality of our present tastes. The creators of these Gilded

Age atrocities had the courage to live in their own time; their age was a wretched one, perhaps, but they were not afraid of it. That courage not merely produced bad buildings like our post offices but magnificent ones, like the Monadnock Building in Chicago, one of our few masterly skyscrapers; it not only produced ugly furniture, but it manufactured, as "sports" and fresh patterns, some remarkably honest and handsome stuff. Roebling's Brooklyn Bridge, Richardson's railroad stations and his Marshall Field Warehouse, John Root's Monadnock Building, Louis Sullivan's Auditorium Building, the paintings of Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder—these works shared the Cimmerian colors of the period; they faced the actual conditions of American life, and expressed them in the mode of art; and in the act of expression, grew out of them and developed beyond them into things that were independently fine. I am not sure but that we should look upon these various æsthetic achievements as the beginnings of a new synthesis in American art and taste.

Unfortunately, these achievements were only sporadic, and before they could be consolidated, before the synthesis could be established, the more vigorous artists and architects were overwhelmed by alien forces, in particular by the financial exhibitionism which developed in the nineties. Do I exaggerate the significance of the eighties? I think not, for I have taken account of all the ugly houses and the jerry-built designs that made the greater part of the environment; and I am calling attention only to the one or two young shoots that thrust their positive green against the ashen fields and the leaden sky. Before the Chicago World's Fair American art had begun to escape from its romantic leading strings. The proof of its power is the great stimulus given to the architects of Europe by the actual achievements of Chicago; for while Americans took back to their towns the memories of a grand White City of a derivative Classic and Renaissance art, the Europeans brought home the stimulating originality of Root's office buildings and Louis Sullivan's ornament; and out of these contacts came, a little later, the Dutch and German appreciation of Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright's innovations in ornament and design.

By this contact with the new experimental æsthetic of the modern age the Europeans were led to their discovery of a basis for contemporary taste in all the arts; so that to-day, for example, in France there is a recognizable kinship between the paintings of Picasso and Matisse, the glass of Lalique, and the furniture, the ironwork, and the ensemble of modern architecture. In Europe, the architect can rely upon the craftsman for intelligent co-operation and harmonious design; the painter can in turn rely upon the architect for an environment favorable to his pictures. Meanwhile in America we dropped out of the procession, lost the courage of our convictions, and went completely astray. The Europeans became creators; we in America became collectors, adaptors, imitators, and we lost the power to appreciate and elaborate further our own honest creations.

IV

My point is that during the nineties American taste was faced with a critical alternative. It could either have accepted the forces of its own age, and sought to humanize them and turn them to æsthetic ends, as Richardson, Sullivan, and Frank Lloyd Wright were doing in architecture; or it could shirk the problem of contemporary taste altogether, neglecting the lessons to be drawn from engineering and the sciences, neglecting all the vital impulses of the American scene itself—and take refuge in the taste and products of other periods and other cultures, no matter how remote or dissimilar they were.

The first path was the path of adventure. Its foundations were sunk in the

powerful ugliness of contemporary design; those who followed it recognized and did not flinch from the turbid industrial environment of the railroad age; and sought to take from this environment the materials and forms that were capable of sustaining the growth of the arts, mixing them with the general human heritage from the past, so that the raw and formidable forces of modern existence might be transformed into a new cultural form. Enough artists set forth on this path to assure us, by their achievements, that it was not a blind alley. Perhaps the most successful expression of this effort was the shingled cottages first designed by Richardson. With their full windows, their broad roofs, their rich harmonies in russet, green, and black, they were as native to the seaboard as sumach, wild aster, and goldenrod; they were American in a much deeper sense than our eighteenth-century Georgian mixtures ever were.

In the Middle West, a little later, there was a similar efflorescence of fresh, indigenous designs. The low-lying, many-windowed, wide-roofed, horizontally spacious country houses designed by Mr. Wright were as much a part of the prairies as the cornfields themselves; moreover, the design was carried through in every detail, in the furniture, in the lighting fixtures, in the delicate tracery and iridescence of Mr. Wright's windows. In houses such as those of Richardson and Wright and the more adept of their followers it was impossible to think of reviving periods or imitating certified brands of European or early American culture; these buildings were too thoroughly a part of their own day to be disguised in borrowed clothes and threadbare costumes.

Had American taste been sufficiently adventurous, as it was originally in Chicago—or sufficiently sure of itself—to follow the trail marked out by these artists and designers we might have created a milieu in which all the arts could have flourished on a parity; incidentally, we might have developed something positive enough to be called American taste—a flavor as robust and definite as French taste or German taste. At the very least, we should have been spared the whited sepulchres that began to parade as the seal and hallmark of sound æsthetics, the dull porticoes, the feeble massive pillars that support nothing and express nothing, the half-timbered work that is backed by steel, the French chateau in New England and the Spanish palace in the midst of the prairie—all these fatuities might never have existed. What is more, we should have wasted no time in gutting European palaces or in imitating, by machinery, the great productions of a vanished handicraft. Unfortunately, we lacked both the spirit of adventure and confidence; and in the nineties the scaffold of taste collapsed again.

We took the easier way. Horrified by the ugliness around us, and unable to command the forces that were producing it, American taste retreated from the contemporary stage, and sought to build up little ivory towers of "good taste" by putting together the fragments of the past. The architects led this retreat, particularly the successful Eastern architects; but they were anticipated by the great patrons of art, like Mrs. Jack Gardner; and presently our homes and our buildings ceased to have any fundamental relation to the American scene: they became fragments of the museum. This retreat into the past did not, however, preserve even the temporary and artificial unity that was fostered by the seventeenth-century interest in classical culture; here it lifted a building from a colonial seaport, fitted to the needs of a merchant captain; there it took over bodily a Florentine palace or a chateau from the Loire region; in another place it copied a church by Wren. Art was reduced to tit-bits; plagiarism became an emblem of reputability.

Needless to say, in touching on these large ventures in adaptation and reproduction I am discussing only the works of the very well-to-do; but the middle

classes followed at a distance, possessed by the same mood, if unable to translate their desires so grandly into actual houses, furnishings, paintings. A walk through almost any suburban street, or a tour of the furniture section of a department store will give one a more concrete notion of the weird medley of designs produced by this attempt to stamp the present with the counterfeit image of the past.

There have been much uglier periods of design than the last twenty years; for the habit of stylicizing our decorations swept out automatically large quantities of maleficent bric-a-brac and junk; in the negative sense there is now much less to offend the eye in the typical American home than there has been, perhaps, at any time since 1830. But I doubt if any period has ever exhibited so much spurious taste as the present one; that is, so much taste derived from hearsay, from imitation, and from the desire to make it appear that mechanical industry has no part in our lives and that we are all blessed with heirlooms testifying to a long and prosperous ancestry in the Old World. Our taste, to put it brutally, is the taste of parvenus. The last touch of absurdity to this hunt for antiques was given in a government bulletin which suggested that every American house should have at least one "early American" room. Splendid advice for a population a hundred times as numerous as that of the Thirteen Colonies!

V

The effect of this retreat has been not alone to produce an architecture of absurdity and affectation; it has had a debilitating effect upon the other arts; and the wonder is that the damage is not more serious than it has actually been. Obviously, in an imitation French hunting lodge or a Tudor manor all the interior fixtures and decorations must be more or less faked into a resemblance of the dominant style. Perhaps the most remarkable example of this effort is the French fifteenth-century manor house in which the architect designed the sort of bathroom which would have been placed in such a house if French landowners in the fifteenth century had ever taken baths. But one does not have to look so far afield; in the meanest Bronx apartment—it is a result of the same general process—one is sure to find an arrangement of electric lights suspended from the ceiling in which the bulbs are mounted upon candlesticks; an arrangement that looks ridiculous and provides an irritating glare of light, since a single electric bulb has many times the candle power of the actual candle to which such an exposed chandelier was perhaps well adapted.

But the mischief does not end here. In houses that are decorated in a historic style, or that contain an assemblage of historic styles, as is the more frequent and subtle practice of the modern decorator, the arts which are produced in our own day simply do not fit; the contrast is too sharp and uncomfortable. What is the outcome? The outcome is that the owner of such a house either spends lavishly to acquire historic pictures, which were produced for a similar environment, or, at a lower economic level, buys colored reproductions of these great pictures; or, finally, since anything is art if only it be old enough, according to our prevailing canons of taste, the decorator uses copperplate maps or crude broadsides and lithographs, which apart from fashion would have no interest to anyone except the historical student. The lengths to which this last effort at style can be carried when the purse tightens and the desire to remain in the swim remains are remarkable: I myself have beheld in a furniture showroom a painted "Venetian" screen, decorated with Rand, McNally maps, dating from the dim days of antiquity known as the Harding administration, and duly covered with heavy layers of brown varnish, to disguise the fact that electrotype printing is not quite the equivalent of copperplate, nor are all of our commercial

mapmakers the adepts in beautiful draughtsmanship that the ancient cartographer was.

This delicate scramble to get hold of the paintings and decorations of the past makes it difficult for the modern artist in America to occupy anything like the assured economic place that he held elsewhere up to the nineteenth century. While the best modern art, as Mr. Walter Pach has convincingly shown, has always been part of the main tradition of European art, it is neither retrospective nor servile; on the contrary, our most distinguished artists have embodied all the positive forces of their own day, from the love of Nature which moved Turner and Corot in the same generation that produced the great geologists and biologists, down to the celebration of the more austere forms of science and mechanics, which was perhaps the major intellectual impulse in back of Cubism.

One cannot put a piece of vital modern painting or sculpture in a studiously retrospective room without making such a room seem doubly shabby and uninteresting; if the picture does not, by its own compulsion, obliterate the room, the room is likely to spoil the picture. The Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington—perhaps the finest large collection of modern pictures to which the public has access—is an excellent place in which to test this truth. The upper floors of this gallery have been adapted to the presentation of pictures; and there Marin's rich water colors and Bonnard's juicy landscapes appear at full value, ennobling the room itself; the main gallery on the lower floor, on the contrary, remains part of an older scheme of heavy, stylistic furniture and decoration, which becomes infinitely antique as soon as the eye takes in a single picture. The fact is that a good part of modern art demands clean surfaces and large unbroken masses; it cannot be housed in rooms or galleries which echo and re-echo with ancient harmonies; and if we value these echoes more than we value the music our own day can produce, it follows that we shall turn our backs upon the best modern artists, quite as fiercely as we do upon the honest efforts of contemporary technology.

VI

If our anæmic taste excludes the contemporary imaginative artist on one hand, it is equally inhospitable to the industrial arts on the other: the greatest achievement of the modern American building is to exclude or stick in a corner any suggestion of the subtle machinery and the delicate apparatus upon which a great part of our life now depends. I do not refer to such manifest idiocies as dolls' dresses to cover telephones—fortunately one does not see many of these; but radio sets made to look like Florentine or Georgian cabinets are examples of this habit of mind; while the rest of our furniture, instead of being adapted to machine construction and simplified in line and detail to the last degree, is frequently cheapened in the things that make for true quality—the excellence of the wood, the seasoning of the stock, the close setting of joints—while the exterior design is elaborated in machine-carved curlycues, in imported marquetry, in feebly painted flowers, or in imitations of age and use, in a fashion that annuls all the economies and beauties effected by the machine.

This contempt for the quality of machine work and for the necessary lines fostered by machine-production would be bad enough in itself; it becomes even more contemptible when we consider that none of our arty decorations and adaptations can approach for sheer beauty of line and color a modern automobile or a simple tiled bathroom or the fixtures of a modern kitchen. In motors and in porcelain bathroom fixtures we have, by designing steadily for beauty through the imaginative modification of useful instruments, produced objects of art which stand on the same plane as the handicraft productions of earlier ages.

If our taste were well-formed our chief effort would be to make all our interior fittings—our furniture, our walls, our carpets, our lamps—with the same spirit as we design our automobiles and bathtubs. We would use the machine not to counterfeit handicraft, but to produce its equivalent by another method. This does not necessarily mean complete standardization; for machine-tools now turn out a bewildering variety of "styles," and if the design of our furniture were really adapted to modern methods of production, and to our modern feeling for line and color, there is no inherent reason why it should produce but a single pattern. Here and there, in the design of textiles for instance, we are moving haltingly away from our subservience to ancient styles; but there is a perpetual danger, in the present infirmity of our taste, of a retrogression: every year I tremble lest a distinguished collector of antiques in Detroit should attempt to turn out an "early American" motor car; and at a recent exhibition of the Architectural League in New York I must record with regret the appearance of a stylicized bathroom, with various arty and retrospective notes in its fittings. An occasional exhibition of expensive furniture in *le style moderne* is not very reassuring, either; for honest machine work is not hopelessly expensive; and our American designers, instead of designing directly for our needs and tastes, are now prepared to copy French modernism, if it becomes fashionable, just as they habitually copy antiques. In short, we shrink from the logic of the machine; yet without accepting it we cannot achieve new beauties, nor can we incorporate human purpose into the fabric of our present civilization.

On this point, European taste is now relatively cultivated; while American taste, by a paradox, has become antipathetic to machinery and tearfully sentimental about ages which did not boast our technical resources. Since the nineties our taste and art have been the product of a divided mind. On one hand we wanted labor-saving devices, we wanted machine production, we wanted the telephone, the auto, the radio; in particular, we wanted the profits and dividends that could be derived from exploiting these technological ingenuities. Once we achieved these financial rewards, however, we turned an ostrich head to the process and all its contrivances; we use the means we have acquired to counterfeit, by hook or crook, the environment of the candle, the link-boy, the town-crier, and the log fire.

Our present habits of design are not so much dishonest, perhaps, as weak-minded. We have learned about the physiological value of sunlight, and we design windows that require curtains and hangings to shut it out; we know a little about the stimulus of color, and we throw brown varnish and dust over a good part of our furniture; we have machines that will produce clean surfaces and slick finishes, and wherever we have the opportunity we attempt to hack away this finish or to bespatter the surface with antique textures or with plasterer's smears. The architect who attempts to create an honest beauty in this environment is confronted by the necessity for designing afresh almost every fixture and article of furniture he needs; and although he may face the task boldly, as Mr. Wright has done in his country houses, as Mr. Barry Byrne has done in his churches, as Mr. Irving Pond did in the Michigan Union, as the late Bertram G. Goodhue did in his great public buildings—the odds are against him. Such a task is too big for any single individual; it needs a common æsthetic philosophy, a common tradition. A modern building requires the co-operation of about twenty crafts and technologies; and unless there is some general foundation of taste, the building will not, æsthetically, hold together. Is it an accident that we so often have twentieth-century kitchens, eighteenth-century dining rooms, and sixteenth-century studies?

American taste has a long journey

ahead of it before it catches up with its own leaders. Until we are ready to accept our limitations as living men and women, until we are willing to make our own mistakes, instead of clutching, for safety first, at our ancestors' achievements, we shall not go very far toward creating a coherent æsthetics and a significant art. Living primarily in its own time, an active taste must despise connoisseurship; it must show its respect for the past by leaving it where it belongs. Instead of sampling and gormandizing among the ancient banquets of art, taste must rather appreciate the healthy fare of its own day, touch all the products of its own day, and create for its own day. No object is too mean to receive the stamp of imaginative art; and one can only hope that the spirit of modern design will spread outward from our bathrooms and our kitchens into other departments!

When American taste recognizes that there is more æsthetic promise in a McAn shoe store front, or in a Blue Kitchen sandwich palace than there is in the most sumptuous showroom of antiques, when it recognizes that such humble efforts are akin to good modern designs like Goodhue's Los Angeles Public Library or like Mr. Harmon's Shelton, we shall, perhaps, have the opportunity to create form throughout our civilization. Clean, devoid of archaic ornament, polished, efficient, carefully adapted to every human need, humane, friendly, a new sort of architecture—the architecture of the State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska, or the Hill Auditorium interior in Ann Arbor—has already begun to raise its head again in America, throwing off the tedious compromises and the pseudo-culture of the museum. With a little candor and a little sincerity such buildings and such art will perhaps flourish more widely, except where the canons of finance and the desire for "conspicuous waste" exert more urgent claims.

REALISM: THE TRUE CHALLENGE OF FASCISM

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

THAT Fascism militant challenges our times is generally understood. Yet the full extent of the challenge is hardly appreciated. Most persons see in Fascism a disturbing political portent. Few observers perceive that it also interrogates certain established ideas and ideals in startlingly novel fashion.

The reason for this inadequate appreciation is that, outside Italy, Fascism's critics and admirers alike err in neglecting its intellectual side. Fascist acts and policies are closely watched, and pronouncements of Mussolini are carefully read. But the logic of Fascist thought is seldom accorded the attention it deserves.

The prevailing opinion in the world to-day is that, while Fascism can act a-plenty, it has little new or constructive to say. In America, for instance, many people visualize the Fascisti as a bunch of political rough-necks, violently assaulting the Goddess of Liberty, and then adding insult to injury by giving her a dose of castor oil. Others look at Fascism as a strictly one-man show, with Mussolini cast in a role varying between Napoleon and the Kaiser. Still others regard Fascism as a sort of "White" Bolshevism, and see no essential difference between the present governments of Rome and Moscow. Even those who heartily endorse Fascism usually do so because of material benefits such as order and efficiency, and not because of any novel contribution to the stock of human ideas.

To the writer all this seems short-sighted, because his studies of Fascist thought and his personal contact with Fascist leaders have alike convinced him that Fascism has something to say which is bound to challenge our traditional thinking, regardless of how the present Fascist regime in Italy turns out. Mussolini may lead his people to disaster, and the Fascist government may collapse. Nevertheless, the intellectual challenge of Fascism as an attitude and philosophy of life will remain, and will have to be reckoned with throughout the civilized world.

II

What, then, is this novel element which constitutes Fascism's true challenge to our times? It can be expressed in one word: *Realism*. The keynote of the Fascist philosophy (as distinguished from mere propagandist screeds or popular outbursts of emotion) is a thoroughgoing revolt against the sentimentality and phrase-worship of our age. Indeed, no better illustration of this realism can be given than by stating that, should any of Fascism's accredited spokesmen read these lines, they will undoubtedly register a mental protest against my use of the word "philosophy"; because so sternly realistic are the Fascisti that they deny having any such thing! Opposed to theorizing as they are, they consistently try to keep their minds from crystallizing around formulas of any kind, except as working hypotheses which they may scrap to-mor-

row. Similarly, tradition and emotion are recognized as useful tools and powerful stimuli; yet these are to be valued in a relative, not an absolute, sense.

That such uncompromising realism should enthrone itself in Italy may to many persons appear a singular paradox. Yet a moment's reflection should make it seem less exotic. Realism is not foreign to the Italian spirit. Beneath the luxuriant emotionalism of the Italian temperament there runs a strain of hard-headed practicality which often disconcerts those who do not know their Italians really well. Italian history is full of striking examples, from the cold diagnostics of Machiavelli to the shrewd *Realpolitik* of Cavour. And in the late war, when the other belligerents vied with one another in high-sounding slogans like "Kultur," "Rights of Small Nations," and "Making the World Safe for Democracy," was it not an Italian statesman who announced that "Sacred Egoism" determined his country's policy?

No, the Fascisti are genuine Italian products. What renders them especially noteworthy is that they stress and exalt one aspect of the national temperament which had hitherto been deemed of minor or occasional import. Yet their intellectual significance transcends Italy, since in formulating their realistic doctrine they have borrowed freely from other lands—from thinkers as far apart as Bismarck, Georges Sorel the syndicalist apostle, and our own William James. It is interesting to note the effect of James' "pragmatic" philosophy upon Fascist thought. James tersely defined pragmatism as: "Does it work?" Now that terse phrase is precisely the acid-test continually employed by Fascist leaders in considering their problems. Indeed, it largely characterizes Fascism's intellectual attitude toward the entire scheme of things.

Let us see how Fascist thinkers view our age. In their eyes the world has long been going on a wrong tack—especially since the days of Rousseau and his fellows. For the past century and more, say the Fascisti, we have become increasingly obsessed by theoretical abstractions condensed into phrases or single words which we have set up like idols and to which we have superstitiously bowed down.

Consider some of our present-day idols. Their names are Democracy, Liberty, Equality, Inalienable Rights, Parliamentary Government, and more besides. Look at them closely. What do they really mean? In themselves, they mean nothing. Theoretical abstractions that they are, they have no concrete significance. Yet there they sit, like Gods in a heathen temple, paralyzing the creative thought and energy of mankind! Before them we meekly lay our problems.

Is this not so? Look you! A situation confronts us. What do we do? Do we study the special facts of the case and then act according to those facts in the light of our common sense? We may do this in our private lives, but we rarely act thus in public matters. Instead, we seek the will of our idols! In other words we strive to find a solution which shall be "democratic" or which will not offend such "sacred principles" as liberty and equality.

"What arrant nonsense!" cries Fascismo. "And—what dangerous nonsense, too! Such idolatrous blindness gets us nowhere; or, rather, lands us in a bog of troubles. Wherefore: Down with our idols! Down with Democracy! Down with Equality! Trample the somewhat decomposed body of Liberty! Out with the word 'Rights'—save, perchance, when coupled with the word 'Duties'! Sweep these false gods into the dust-bin along with the other fallen idols of the past! Thus, and thus only, may we clear our vision, free our common sense, and regain the path of true progress."

Such is the uncompromising "pragmatism" of Fascismo—a fierce revolt against precedent, formal logic, doctrinal authority, and phrase-worship of every

kind. To be sure, the Fascisti do not hesitate to use such things for propagandist purposes, to arouse popular enthusiasm and subdue the fickle passions of the crowd. But they do it with the tongue in the cheek, and this cynical disregard of consistency is, after all, another proof of their basic realism.

Here, indeed, is something new! For stark realism has often characterized closeted philosophers, and has even been enthroned in the person of an "enlightened despot" like Frederick the Great. But when has it inspired the ruling class in a modern State? There is a phenomenon with which our world must seriously reckon. It is a portent of far-reaching significance.

In the light of all this, how absurd appear current assertions that Fascism and Bolshevism spring from the same root. Despite certain similarities in method, the two movements are philosophically far asunder. For the Bolsheviks are not realists—they are subject to the most rigid dogmatism. No mediæval Schoolmen were more bound by Scriptural texts and the authority of the Church Fathers than the Bolsheviks are by the gospel of Karl Marx, the glosses of Lenin, and the doctrine of economic determinism. Here again we see how necessary it is to go behind the acts and propaganda of the Fascist Government if we are to grasp the underlying spirit of Fascist thought and understand Fascism as a movement in the intellectual realm.

III

With this aim in view, let us consider some of the matters wherein Fascism most sharply challenges traditional ideas. Perhaps the most striking instance is the Fascist attitude towards the doctrine of Nationalism. The outstanding feature of traditional nationalism has everywhere been a tendency to become a *doctrine*, suffused with patriotic mysticism and buttressed by *ex parte* historical precedents. From Ireland to Anatolia, your typical nationalist recognizes no historical "statute of limitations" and sublimely ignores present-day realities. A French nationalist eloquently arguing his "right" to the left bank of the Rhine by citing the geography of Ancient Gaul and Charlemagne is just as dogmatic as Greek, Bulgarian, and Serbian nationalists "proving" their rival claims to Macedonia by dragging in everybody from Alexander the Great to Stephen Dushan. And the extraordinary thing is that these folk usually so persuade themselves by their own arguments that they really believe what they say.

Amid this general trend, Fascist nationalism presents an interesting variation. Of course, Fascism's nationalist aspirations are as grandiose as any others. The Fascisti are nothing if not patriotic; the power and glory of Italy are ever in their minds. And equally, of course, the Fascisti realize the emotional appeal of traditional methods and use them freely for propagandist purposes. The whole classic panoply to-day spread over Italy, with its symbolic fasces—the axe bound with rods, its legions, and its continual evoking of the imperial past are skillfully employed to get and keep the Italian people in what Fascist spokesmen describe as "a Roman mood."

And yet, despite all this, the fact remains that here as elsewhere the Fascist attitude is rooted in realism, so that at bottom Fascist nationalism is neither mystic nor dogmatic like that of its neighbors. To illustrate the difference I cannot do better than quote the remarks of a Fascist thinker, made to me during a conversation on this very point.

"I will explain to you," said he, "how our nationalism differs from the nationalism of most other peoples. Elsewhere you will find nationalism largely based upon abstract rights and historical precedents. We Fascisti disregard all this as beside the point. For us there are no abstract rights—not even the right of a nation to bare existence. A nation, like an individual, must deserve its existence—and must continue to deserve it. For example: We Fascisti do not claim that

our Italy acquires any special rights because, on this geographical area, there was a Rome, a *Cinquecento*, a *Risorgimento;* because its soil nourished a Dante or a Julius Cæsar. No. Our belief in Italy's present and future greatness rests upon what we living Italians are, do, and will do."

Cynical? "Machiavellian"? Certainly. But also—how bold—and how refreshingly novel! Here again we encounter a strain of original thinking which the world must take into account.

From Nationalism, let us turn to another field, that of Government. Here again we find Fascism entering the temple and laying profane hands upon another cherished idol—Parliamentary Democracy. During the past century popular representative government came to be regarded as a panacea for all political ills. Best developed and most successfully practiced by the English-speaking peoples, this type of government gained immense prestige throughout the world. In Continental Europe, in Latin America, and in the Orient it was the same story. Everywhere peoples aspired to set up legislatures elected by popular suffrage as the goal of political well-being. England was termed "The Mother of Parliaments," and the American Congress furnished a kindred model which was widely copied.

Unfortunately, many of these copyings did not yield the success of their Anglo-Saxon models. With some, the political machinery creaked badly, while others were obvious failures. In Italy parliamentarism was not a brilliant success. Political life was at once usurped by a caste of professional politicians who evolved the system known as *trasformismo*—a sublimated "pork barrel" which ate the heart out of the parliamentary regime. Divided into a number of political cliques based on personalities rather than principles, ministries were made up of shifting *blocs*—temporary party groupings, bound together more by desire for the spoils of office than by intention or ability to do anything constructive once they were in power. The upshot was that Italian political life was extravagant, inefficient, and, above all, purposeless. As for the general public, it became increasingly bored and disgusted, but for a long time no practical alternative to the parliamentary regime suggested itself.

The war and its aftermath showed up the hollowness of Italian political life. Deeply disillusioned, Italy fell a prey to profound disorders threatening civil war or social revolution. The old political caste did nothing but temporize and play politics, thus proving itself wholly unable to cope with the situation. Then the Fascisti took a hand, overthrew the tottering government, and established a frank dictatorship.

Nowhere is Fascism's stark realism more strikingly exemplified than by its reflections upon government. Discarding phrases and getting down to the brass tacks of actuality, it asserts the following propositions: That the true aim of and reason for government is to do things and do things worth while; that the test of "good" government is, not abstract forms or particular institutions, but a government that will *work* in the above-stated sense; that the parliamentary regime adopted from England has not worked in Italy, but got steadily worse over more than half a century until the Fascisti threw it into the discard; that this long record of failure apparently proves that Anglo-Saxon parliamentarism is not suited to Italy; finally, that the only hope for the future is to face facts, study them, and try to evolve new political ideals and institutions more in harmony with the Italian mind and temperament. For the present, add the Fascisti, their dictatorship must continue, not only in order to imbue the Italian people with the Fascist philosophy but also because the post-war world is such a dangerous place and Italy is so badly situated therein that only a strong, patriotic regime can put Italy where she belongs or even save her from disaster.

IV

Now, whether the Fascisti are right or wrong in their particular diagnosis of Italian politics does not here concern us. What we are interested in is the pragmatic, realistic view of government in general which is implied. To most Anglo Saxons, especially, such a view is apt to come as a rather startling novelty. Down to a few years ago, shortcomings in democratic institutions anywhere were wont to be ascribed, not to limitations in the idea itself, but to faulty or partial application. To critics of the democratic theory one stock answer was ordinarily made: "The remedy for democracy is more democracy!"

To-day we are not so sure. The ill-success of our institutions when transplanted to Latin America, the Orient, and even many parts of Europe, culminating in the downright repudiation of parliamentary democracy both in Fascist Italy and Bolshevik Russia, gives much food for reflection. After all, why should we assume that what is politically good for us is necessarily good for everyone else? May not the truth be that the world is big enough for several distinct types of government, suited to the respective temperaments and capacities of the various human groups? In other words, is not the pragmatic attitude toward government the only sound one to assume? But, once we adopt that attitude, the old shibboleth about the remedy for democracy being more democracy will (as applied to peoples of different caliber) be about as sensible as to assert: "The remedy for fits is more fits!"

Certainly, a dispassionate survey of the world would seem to show that capacity for our sort of government is really marked only in those peoples among whom it spontaneously arose. These are the peoples of North-European stock—the stock to-day best represented by the Anglo Saxons, the Scandinavians, and the Dutch. Throughout their history the North-European peoples have shown an instinctive tendency towards democratic self-government. The constitutional history of England is a commonplace, and wherever Anglo Saxons have gone it has been the same story. One of the most significant lines ever penned on this matter is the casual remark of an early English colonial official that, a few years after the colony was founded, "a House of Burgesses *broke out* in Virginia." No legislature had been specified in the colony's charter, but, almost immediately, one *happened!* Those transplanted Englishmen *broke out* into self-government as spontaneously and inevitably as a bird breaks forth into song.

Furthermore, this political tendency is not confined to Anglo Saxons, but is shared by their blood-relatives of kindred stocks, as is abundantly shown by the history of the Dutch and Scandinavian peoples. Indeed, the most extreme example of democratic self-government in all human annals is furnished, not by the Anglo Saxons, but by the purely Scandinavian people of Iceland.

Iceland is by nature about the last place that one would look for a record in democratic self-government. This strange island of snow-fields and volcanoes, lying far away in the recesses of the Arctic Ocean, is so poor and barren that it might seem offhand as though its sparse, scattered population would be too oppressed by the struggle for bare existence to have time for corporate life or thought. Also, the first Norse settlers were culturally on a very primitive level. They were rude viking-farers, addicted to piracy, worshipping heathen gods, and quite out of touch with European civilization. Yet those rough barbarians who landed on the bleak Icelandic coasts over a thousand years ago had in their blood a strain of political efficiency which enabled them to found a republic of a most extraordinary kind. This republic had as its sole organs of government a legislature and a court. Neither an executive nor a police force was needed. The elected representa-

tives of the people met and decided what should be done and how the law should read. The court interpreted disputed questions arising under the law. The people voluntarily did the rest. And this extraordinary government endured successfully for several centuries.

Let us now consider yet another instance where Fascism invades the temple and assails perhaps an even more cherished idol: Equality. "All men are created equal!" That is a slogan which has stirred the enthusiasm of countless millions and which has profoundly influenced our ideals and institutions. Yet against this popular doctrine Fascismo raises an uncompromising challenge. To "Equality!" the Fascisti oppose the watchword: "*Gerarchia!*"

Gerarchia. That is the Italian word for "hierarchy." And it implies a theory of society which flouts equalitarian democracy in no uncertain fashion. Instead of preaching men's equality, Fascism stresses their inequality. Men being thus unequal, democracy, in the ordinary sense of the word, is an unrealizable absurdity. The Fascisti's ideal social structure takes the form, not of a level plain, but of a towering pyramid. They glimpse a society in which individuals shall be graded according to their natural capacities and limitations. Over a year ago the Fascist Government announced a policy of careful selection of the most talented youth in the schools and colleges, who were to form the nucleus of a new Fascist aristocracy destined to rule Italy.

Now here again, has not Fascism said something which must reverberate portentously in the intellectual sphere? For, whatever may be the outcome of the Fascist Government's neo-aristocratic experiments, Fascism's challenge to doctrinaire equalitarianism is in accord with the trend of scientific discovery. Modern science proclaims in no uncertain tones that men are *not* created equal; that, on the contrary, men are born with an infinite diversity of inherited abilities and deficiencies ranging all the way from the genius to the idiot, and that however important environment and training may be, these can only work within the limits of the inborn capacity which the individual inherits from his ancestry. Of course, this is recognized and appreciated by scientists and well-informed laymen the world over. But in most countries these scientific findings have had little effect on politics, which is still swayed by the equalitarian, environmentalist notions of past times. Italy is the first instance of a modern nation ruled by men who have definitely repudiated the equalitarian tradition. If Italy's rulers become correspondingly alive to the importance of scientific discoveries of human values and translate them into positive legislation, Fascist Italy may show the world some surprising results.

Such are the outstanding items in Fascism's challenge to our times. Can any dispassionate observer deny that here is a real challenge that must profoundly affect modern thought, whatever may be the destiny of the Fascist Government installed in Rome to-day? Errors of judgment, blunders, excesses, even sheer bad luck, may bring "Il Duce" and his followers to disaster; nevertheless, the group of thinkers and doers headed by Mussolini have "started something" in the intellectual world more far-reaching, perhaps, than they themselves imagine. *Eppur si muove!*

Fascism's realistic, pragmatic temper, brutal and cynical though it may sometimes be, has a distinct tonic value. Lastly, even if Fascism be considered an exaggerated protest, it is at least a healthy, virile protest against the sentimentality and phrase-worship of our age.

"LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE"

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MRS. POORE'S last instructions, uttered from her sofa in a weak voice, followed Mabel through the door. "Don't forget we need some more of those P's for your towels, Mabel. And be sure to get back in time for the Strawberry Festival. I don't feel able to go, and father will probably stay with me, and Abner'll be studying." Then silence in the hall as Mrs. Poore recaptured her blessed somnolence.

Once released to the street, Mabel drew a deeper breath. She did not wholly dislike her home, nor did she quarrel with her family. Mabel, however, had not the constructive mind, and her soft youth found it hard to mould the heavy clay of daily life. Had Mrs. Poore kept her health Mabel's existence might have been different, though it could hardly have been transcended. She was on a leash to that figure on the sofa, and the leash jerked her back from the shortest flight. Without the responsibility of management, with no great burden of housework, Mabel was none the less a serf to her mother's weakness, to the chronic danger of a collapse. Except for a few church festivities, Mrs. Poore had withdrawn from social encounters. Inevitably her daughter had to fill the gaps, yet she could not bring her young friends to riot in a house perpetually haunted by a headache. No wonder Mabel, desiring the University, but desiring it too weakly to struggle, had seen marriage as a way out. Only this last year she had yielded to perplexity, convention, and sex, and had engaged herself to Jim Waite—to six feet of acquisitiveness which thought it could presently support a wife in modest fashion and knew that marriage was in all ways good for a man of his mould. Jim was caught by Mabel's delicate prettiness, her shy and fastidious, though ill-educated, personality. He foresaw himself, as a husband, making love to her with complete satisfaction; and he foresaw no future of disillusion. Mabel would become a pleasant habit, an efficient wife, a creditable mother. They would simmer down into middle age together more happily than most. They would live at first in a bungalow: a new one, electrified almost to the danger-point. Jim's conception of social comfort and romantic passion were of the bungalow type and just bungalow size. With the solid stucco mansion he looked forward to in later life, he would enter on the patriarchal stage. He expected to grow in girth—physically, morally, financially.

Jim could not know that Mabel, far weaker than he, was beauty-struck; that she spent her private hours on visions of delicate and useless things—manners, moonlight, and pearls; that she dreamed of love approaching her through long and stately vistas, mere distance delaying his impetuous feet. So far, with the pathetic resignation of untried youth, she had kept her dreams apart from life. She felt, from the beginning, no aversion to Jim's decently ardent embrace. But, separated as they were, and still must

be for a few months to come—until Jim should be permanently settled in the home office—she had few opportunities to inoculate herself with passion against the ubiquitous germ of sentiment. Jim was away from Meadville, working hard for marriage and the bungalow in the autumn; but anywhere in America, on any given day, you had a good chance of finding Harold Hartwell. There is nothing lazy about Harold.

There was chitter-chatter in the lobby as Mabel entered the movie theatre, for Mabel was not alone in her devotion to Harold. The star could presumably have eaten a shredded heart for breakfast every morning and not have depleted the supply. Unlike the others, however, Mabel never discussed her feeling: it was too profound and troublous. She greeted her friends, wishing they were not there. Yet how should they not be? for Harold was Harold. Beatrice boldly parked her pram and carried baby Beatrice in on her arm. Miriam's engagement ring shone as she pulled her hair farther over her ears. Lillie Kramer, who was fat, provided herself with chocolates at the counter.

"Will we all sit together, girls?" she asked, as she hesitated between boxes of different size.

"Not me," Beatrice laughed. "I'm going to sit near the door, so I can come out if baby cries. You go along. I've got no business to be here anyway, only I just had to see him walk into the pavilion again when he doesn't know Fifi's there."

"I like to sit nearer than you do," Mabel said. "Perhaps I'll see you afterwards." These were the last days, at the Meadville theatre, of "Love's Pilgrimage." She couldn't share a thrill like that. When the film was over, she slipped through the crowd, dodging her friends, and reached her home by unaccustomed ways.

Perhaps it would have been wiser for Mrs. Poore not to insist on the Strawberry Festival, but wisdom was no large part of Mrs. Poore's equipment. Most of Mabel's friends belonged to other churches than her own, and Mollie Waite, red as a strawberry herself with pious effort, was no substitute for Beatrice or Miriam. It struck Mabel, as she looked about on the peculiar social aspect of the festival, that this was Jim Waite's crowd, not hers. Nor did the consumers of strawberries forget to remind her, by questions concerning Jim and herself that were like so many elbow-digs into her slim body. This was the kind of thing Jim liked: decent merriment under the protection of a common creed. Mabel narrowed her eyes, as she sat withdrawn for a moment of rest, and tried to imagine Harold Hartwell in these surroundings. Harold, in polo togs, Harold in evening clothes, very bored, Harold starting his car with a divine and perfect carelessness, Harold in a crimson cloak on some sea-coast of Bohemia—Harold, whose every gesture set him above all men and all women save the chosen one.

Her eyes opened quickly as a voice spoke into her very ear. It was Mollie Waite, Jim's cousin. "Say, Mabel, your mother told me she was going to get all your kitchen ware in Warner's June sale. Of course, I don't want to criticize Mrs. Poore, but, honestly, I believe you'd do better to go over to Milford, even if Mrs. Poore can't go with you. Mother'd love to go, if you wanted her to. Between you and me, Reuben Warner's only having that sale to get rid of his granite ware. I'd say, start right in with aluminum. It's cheaper in the end, and I know Jim's great on a nice-looking kitchen. I wouldn't have a thing but aluminum and pyrex if I were you."

Mabel rose, controlling herself. "I guess I can't get much interested in kitchen things, Mollie. Maybe your mother and my mother had better manage it. I don't care what they do as long as I don't have to spend time looking at the stuff."

Mollie smiled cheerfully. "I guess I know how you feel, Mabel. Clothes are

a lot more interesting. But a whole lot of a young woman's married life, at first, does get spent in her kitchen. If I had one of my own, I'd make it just like Dorothy Delafield's, in *The Woman's Oracle*. Then I'd want to be there, as well as having to."

"Nothing could make me want to stay with aluminum," shivered Mabel. "If Jim likes it, he can get it himself."

Mollie, who had not an ounce of malice in all her pounds of plumpness, laughed. "I guess anything you say will go with Jim, now. But I can tell you, you won't get much past your honeymoon without finding you need a double-boiler. You'll burn Jim's oatmeal, sure as fate, if you cook it in anything else."

"If Jim wants a double-boiler in the house, Mollie, he'll have to get it himself. I hate everything that was ever cooked in one of the miserable things. But you may be right about Warner's sale."

Mollie was called off to replenish the cake at a distant table. Most parishioners had omitted supper at home, and the men were eating nobly. As she went, she patted Mabel's shoulder. "Well, just you think about Milford. I can tell you, they're using plenty of double-boilers downstairs to-night for cocoa." Her laughter trailed comfortably behind her—like a smell of good cooking, Mabel thought.

"Milford"—the suggestion stuck in Mabel's mind. A little more freedom. She'd remember that. Beatrice, too, had said they were going to have a whole Harold Hartwell week in Milford pretty soon. She saw an elderly deacon approaching her. Almost unintentionally, she slipped behind a rubber plant and, under cover of greenery and screens, made her way to the vestibule and a side door of the church building. Mollie was vulgar, double-boilers were vulgar, strawberries were vulgar—Jim, bungalows, weddings, religion, everything in her destiny was vulgar. Flushed suddenly from head to foot, her young blood rising in spiritual protest, she stood outside in the darkness. She would die—there and then her disgusted heart would burst—if she could not find something else to touch. Her young eyes could see the City Hall clock, and her young ears hear the Oak Avenue trolley-car. She sped to the corner in time to stop it. Ten minutes later, both flushed and chilled, she huddled in a theatre seat, waiting for Harold Hartwell, doomed and beautiful, to approach the pavilion of his fate.

Mabel never went to the "last show," so that the audience was strange to her—and not pleasant. The workers and the wasters constituted it. These were not the devotees: they were only passing an evening. All the more, she could give herself to the picture. All the tragedy, the beauty, the grace passed from the silver sheet, as by a rigid channel, to her alone. For her only that brilliant shape was eloquent; for her pleasure he made delicate love to Fifi; he paced, he smiled, he shrugged, that she and she alone might understand. Vaguely, through the choking emotions of her evasion and her peace, Mabel apprehended the fact that art profits only in appreciation of it. By her understanding, her worship, her deep delight, she was alone—alone in the theatre, alone in the world, alone in space—with Harold Hartwell. If she had heard a movie magnate rate Harold's sex-appeal as ninety-nine per cent, she would have thought him as vulgar as the peanut-chewing wop in front of her. Jim Waite and the bungalow were sex; this—she could have sobbed with the intensity of her knowledge—was the pure dream, a life above life, a burning reality—elsewhere. Poor Mabel in her ignorance struggled towards a Platonic apprehension. She would not have liked, even in that tense moment, to think herself in love with Harold Hartwell. She denied a phrase that involved men and women as they are—Harold's daily life no less than her own. Ecstatic, aching to the core with undefined longings, she

hovered over the abyss into which the exhausted mind must eventually let the body fall. As Harold passed slowly through the great garden, she was glad none of the girls were there to share his revelation.

Mabel had no tears for Harold's death (in "Love's Pilgrimage" he was allowed to die). If the flat screen gives your beloved forever to another woman, it also keeps him forever safe from the perils it exhibits. That handsome youth with his keen mimetic power was even then, as Mabel knew, making "Devil-Bound" in a West Coast studio. Oh, yes, she could bear the tragic ending; she, who would never see him in the flesh or look into his eyes, and would not have taken such opportunity had it come her way, for fear of losing something dearer. Mabel was an æsthete without experience of beauty. She had never heard great music, seen a great picture, a fine statue, a gifted actor, even a beautiful building. All culture had passed her by. Had the demiurge permitted her to remould the world, she could have thought out no gorgeous plan. With a vague, childish gesture, she would have placed Harold Hartwell in the foreground, and commanded man and nature to harmonize with him. No other emphatic beauty had come her way. The Praxitelean Hermes has disqualified all living males these many years, yet no woman jilts her man for love of that divine brow. Mabel may be forgiven for not knowing that she betrayed Jim Waite in every waking hour. What can a passion which looks to no consummation in earth or heaven do to a husband; and if Harold was sophisticating her, was it not Jim who would handle the sophisticated heart? The owner of the bungalow might as well resent the west wind.

The elder Poores had retired behind darkened windows when Mabel reached her own door and found the latch key in its hiding place. Abner's room was lighted, and she climbed to his third-story lair where somehow he was uncomfortable but free. Tousled and sweating, he admitted her. "Math" lay heavy upon his spring nights, for it would take very high grades to get him past his parents to the university.

"Been to the festival?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Mother kind of wanted me to go, but I can't afford the time. Glad you went. She'll want to hear all about it, and I couldn't have told her a thing. Sorry you had to be the goat."

"I'm used to it." Mabel pulled off her hat and fanned herself with it.

"I guess that's so. But, honest, Mabel, I've got to get on top of this stuff if I'm going to make the U."

"I know."

"Besides, it's your crowd. I mean—women like that sort of thing, don't they? They wouldn't always be doing it if they didn't. I wouldn't have a darned thing to say."

"Yes, I can talk to Mollie Waite about hardware."

Abner did not miss the bitterness. "Well, gosh, Mabe, I'm sorry, but whenever I hear any women talking, they always are talking about things like that. I suppose, when you're going to get married, they *are* kind of exciting."

The patronage in Abner's tone was too much. "A lot you know about it, Ab."

He defended himself. "Well, last time Beatrice was here to supper, you all went on for ten minutes about three yards of lace, or something. I thought we'd never get through that meal."

Mabel remembered the ineffable draperies of Fifi, revealing so delicately to her knight what he so delicately, in the great hour, would take.

"Oh, say, Mabel, Jim called up, mother said. He's bought the bungalow, and he'll be over to sign the papers to-morrow. Got to go right back."

"Um-humph." Those witcheries of satin, those high, panelled halls looking upon moonlight and water, those gleaming spaces across which Harold ap-

proached his love—and, in their meeting, all peril, sweetness, ardor, doom . . . Love gravely given, blood greatly shed, every gesture fit to cease upon forever . . . Six rooms and bath, tiled kitchen and breakfast nook, twin beds and chifforobe, ceilings Jim could almost touch, aluminum . . . She drew her breath hard and bit her lip. Easy moisture came to her eyes. To-morrow she would have to look at that bungalow again, hear Jim Waite call it "ours." She loved Jim, but—

"I'm going to bed," Mabel said. "I don't suppose you have any money you could lend me, Ab?"

"Well, I'm no Crœsus. I've got a little left from what I earned in the vacation. Somep'n special?"

"Yes. Private. Mother seems to think if I buy a sundae I ought to have bought a yard of towelling instead. She never loses track of a cent, you know."

"Gee, I bet that's so. Well"—he searched in a tin box that stood on his bureau, and presently handed her a ten-dollar bill—"here you are."

"Thanks awfully. Good luck with the geometry." Mabel spoke mechanically. Suddenly she straightened a little. "I do hold out money sometimes, Abner. But it only comes out of me in the end. I haven't any allowance, and Mother doles out money for my 'things.' Sometimes I'd rather go to a movie and have one less kitchen spoon. I've got to live, after all."

"Sure you have." He was already fingering his open book and adjusting the shade over his eyes. "It's a shame when a girl can't have a job of her own. Well, you'll be married before long."

The words followed Mabel to her own room. She would be married before long; and then she could not ask Abner for money—only Jim. She would keep Jim's house, cook his food, make him comfortable. She would receive from Jim shelter, food, clothing—and children, which are an equivocal gift. She supposed there would have to be some definite arrangement about money. If there wasn't—well, she'd have to hold out on Jim's doles as she did now on her mother's. She hated such devices and subterfuges; not so much morally as æsthetically. All lies should be great lies. The petty detail of life did not deserve one's powers of invention.

Jim Waite came for a few hours, to make the bungalow his own, then went. Mabel inspected it with him afresh, and felt for the first time the imminence of her certain future. Jim was gravely ardent: a man who felt deeply the pride of possession, distinguishing what was his from all its congeners. Now that he had signed the papers, he was no longer aware that his house was precisely like six others in a row. It was magnified in his eyes, and in his eyes it magnified him. He placed Mabel in the open doorway, and walked ritually up the path from the gate. She smiled perforce on his sentiment. "That's where you'll be when I come home to supper," he murmured, making the new porch steps his own with his tread. And Mabel's shocked eyes blurred with the knowledge that no more graceful step would ever mount them, that in a house like this no fair encounters need be looked for. She saw herself coerced to the very quality of her future home. Hardly from such a vantage point could she let her dreams loose. The walls, the floors, the ceilings would push and pull and mould her; an incorporeal heart would be crushed upon the tiles. Not in these words did the stifling prophecy come to her. Mabel Poore could feel trapped, constricted, the prey of duty and not its gallant servant, but could name her plight hardly more than an animal. The dumb beast can shiver, pant, suffer; and so did she—with the sad difference that she knew what duty was, and that her duty had been freely chosen by her, and for her was right. Like the moth, she must beat up towards the light; unlike the moth, she knew the folly of it.

She saw Jim off at the station. He

took her flush, the liquid eagerness of her eyes, for an emotion all his own. He did not know that she was counting every step of the quarter mile that lay between her and "Love's Pilgrimage" . . . if she hurried she could arrive almost as soon as the feature came on. Jim bent to her, and there was as much tenderness, for once, in his acquisitive and faithful heart as Harold Hartwell ever shaped into a comely gesture. "Say, Mabel," he whispered, "perhaps we could make it July, after all. I guess I've got pull enough to get my vacation changed. You could get a move on with your things. Talk to your mother about it, honey." The puffing engine, the noise of embarkation, forced all quality from his voice. It was a harsh murmur in her ears, issuing from a cloud of steam—an impersonal hint, a supernatural threat. He swung on to the train, waving his hand. July. It was now almost June. Mabel, turning away, saw that it did not matter. A three-months leash, a three-weeks leash, were alike. Jim was so good . . . she loved him . . . she would be happy, as other girls were happy. But oh, God, let her store up enough beauty meanwhile to go on with!

That, we admit, is Mabel Poore to some extent interpreted. As she hurried to the theatre she herself was conscious chiefly of futile and desperate planning: planning to work her way to her preferred seat; planning to shop in Milford, where there was sure to be at least a return engagement of "Love's Pilgrimage"; planning to spend no real thought, in the time left her, on clothes and furnishings, but to reserve her heart wholly to the sweet, undutiful dream. She could twist her mother to the idea of Milford shopping; and she had ten dollars her mother knew nothing of. Mabel stopped in the lobby and made up her face carefully. She had never made up to enchant Jim Waite's eyes, but with her new power of feeling herself alone in space with Harold, she made up for him—and when the brooding close-ups came, and his very eyes searched the dark theatre, she could feel that Harold was content with her apple-blossom cheek, her carved and vivid mouth. A girl could let herself go for a few, few weeks, could she not, and do no harm? This was no man—only a picture, a wraith, an emanation from a creature almost antipodeally remote. Jim Waite was a man. Mabel, who would not have let herself be kissed or pulled about by any male save her own betrothed, leaned back, tinted face upward, rouged lips parted, relaxed like Danaë to the golden shower.

Mrs. Poore fell in with Jim's plan, since it gave her the vision of peace more immediate, an unencumbered sofa, the bride's litter out of the house, and the bride returning free to minister to her mother. She fussed more than ever, but over fewer things. When the dressmaker was once established in the house, she sent Mabel more frequently to Milford. It lessened the strain. Mabel went dutifully, spreading her shopping very thin, for there were other things in Milford than shops. The day of hardware inevitably came. No woman is quite indifferent to what she will personally wear, but furnishing her kitchen is a test of other emotions. Unless she positively likes to cook—Mabel hated it—she must hang each utensil on a great devotion or loathe it. With a terrible catalogue in her hand, Mabel took a listless departure, one early June morning. "Kettles (two-quart, four-quart, and six-quart), meat-chopper, frying-pans, bread-board, knives, spoons, soap-strainer, sieve, potato-masher, two double-boilers"—there was no end to the hard, ugly objects. Two double-boilers—it stunned her, though her mother had carefully explained why there must be two. Custards and such there are, as well as cereals.

There come moments to all of us when the personality splits itself, and contexts grow negligible as well as strange. Usually we rush and reach and stretch desperate arms to bring our scattered

parts together again at once, for integrity is integrity though it be pain, and there is nothing more terrifying than a familiar background saying unfamiliar things. On the fresh breath of morning such a moment came to Mabel; and for very joy of feeling the list a mere passing insult, for the sheer release of lost connotation, she prolonged the moment deliberately—let her self divide and spread like quicksilver about the breezy shaded street. Her feet knew her path and took it; she walked on briskly. Knowledge, indeed, came back to her: it was her list, and she was Jim Waite's bride, on her way to Milford to furnish his kitchen. But compulsion had gone. The dreaming Mabel, who was ever reaching out for that truth which is beauty and has nothing to do with most of us, was now on top.

At a news stand Mabel bought both Milford and Big Falls papers. You reached Big Falls by trolley from Milford in half an hour. She entered Joe Snedeker's drug store and ate a sundae while she turned the pages. Harold Hartwell week was over in Milford—well, that she knew. Had she not gone nearly every day last week? But the Elite Theatre of Big Falls was running "Love's Pilgrimage" for three days. She tore out the advertisement, for she was little acquainted with Big Falls, and it was a larger town than Milford or Meadville. Also, turning her back on the storekeeper, she removed Abner's ten-dollar bill from an envelope in her stocking. She had borrowed the money against an unknown vague emergency. Now, for the first time, she knew just what she wanted to do with it. For, as she had walked, divided, in her bright dream, one of the whims that are common property of youth had taken shape, stressed itself, become possible. The Mabel who was on top saw herself, for the first time, in a world where you satisfied such whims, possessed your heavy handful of insurance, faced romantic perils with romantic weapons. She had always wanted one, and so had most of the girls—but now she, Mabel, was going to have it. As if she were Fifi.

"Shopping hard, I s'pose, Mabel?" Joe Snedeker leaned over the counter and smiled at his kid sister's friend.

"Yes. I've got to go to Milford for some things." Mabel smiled back at Joe and crooked a finger. He followed her behind the screen, and they whispered for a few moments.

"Thanks ever so much, Joe," Mabel said as she emerged. "I don't know much about these things, and I was afraid, if I asked Weed's to sell me one, they'd say I had to have a permit, or they'd ask Father about it, or something. Then it just struck me you were sure to keep one in the store, and maybe you'd sell me yours. I can explain to you, and I couldn't to them, down at Weed's. Mother'd have a fit, if she knew, and Jim—well, Jim mightn't see any sense in it, either. I'll be alone so much, I'll feel safer with one. You know how it is, these days. People push right in and hold you up—do it all the time. Look at what happened last week, down at Wilson's."

"That's so, Mabel. Anybody who keeps a cash register knows all about it. I'm going down to Weed's myself, this noon, and get me another. Any woman who's alone in her house a lot ought to have one. I think you're darn sensible." He handed her a bill, and she waved her hand jauntily at him as she passed into the street and turned the corner to the car station.

Mrs. Poore's cowed and dutiful daughter was a bit of quicksilver that had rolled away into an inaccessible corner, though much of Mabel was reassembled and functioning. The Mabel who made up for Harold Hartwell, who kept a secret scrapbook full of his avatars, the Mabel that yearned for moonlight and pearls and delicate gestures was using this young body now for her own purposes. This Mabel had no plan beyond the next few hours. Sufficient was the

enchantment of behaving as she chose. Since her mother had given her money for certain necessary objects, they were bought—most of them—paid for, and the address given for delivery. But she did not connect them painfully with herself. She did not even mind buying a double-boiler when it gave her no image of herself using it. Fifi might, in her time, have stocked an orphanage. Rid as she was of that other Mabel, she felt like Fifi. Her sudden sly purchase from Joe Snedeker had been half Fifi—the one romantic purchase she had ever made. It lifted her into Fifi's world, where people have the courage of their predilections. It brought her almost on a level with Harold Hartwell, who knew what he wanted and let no fiends stay him. It was a gay Mabel who strolled so free through the Milford streets.

Mabel bought a large packet of sandwiches for lunch, intending to eat on the Big Falls trolley and save time. The Elite Theatre ran a continuous performance, which meant that if she could endure news reels and comedies she need never leave the theatre until it was time to start for home. Knowing "Love's Pilgrimage" by heart, she did not care when she entered or when she left. Mabel thought of the picture only as the vehicle for Harold, the means of his apparition. She had no curiosity for plots, and felt no weariness in repetition. If you adored Jean Borotra or Paavo Nurmi, you would not be bored by iteration of lobs and sprints. You would be seeing your hero. The difference between seeing the beloved and not seeing him is the only difference that matters. So with Mabel, who asked only, safe in the dark theatre, to behold that face and form indefinitely. In dull intervals she ate sandwiches and flexed her stiff muscles.

Even the most sophisticated movie-fans (and glib they are) do not explain why a given picture is never twice alike, but so it is. Mabel had seen "Love's Pilgrimage" in Meadville and in Milford; she knew it, as was said, by heart. Yet it so happened that never, until she sat in the Elite Theatre, had she beheld the brief scene of meditation by the lake, when the hero makes his dread decision. In those other versions the problem is slurred; you are permitted to suppose that he casts off the lesser, the obvious, duty from sheer impulse. Here at Big Falls, for the first time, she saw him hesitate, suffer, and determine; saw him pace the strand, saw the match-flare light his tortured handsome face, saw him wrought upon, in solitude, by inward devils, saw him choose the fatal way for beauty's sake alone. Those other times, he had seemed to be the victim of super-malignities, but here, in a hundred feet of film, he was making the beautiful, inhuman choice. The welling, spilling tears destroyed her apple-blossoms, were salt on the curved lips. She had never seen him like this before. For a long time she had understood him; now, for the first time, by these far-fetched analogies, he seemed to bend forward and understand her, caught even as she was caught, and insisting, through his pain, on all that the world would laugh to scorn. Harold on the screen, in those moments by the lake, admitted that the dream was better than life. Preached it, indeed, with those shadowed eyes and mobile lips, leaning to her to search her spirit and drive his message home. All of us clutch strange gospels from the fiery air, and Mabel was shaken by prophecy. The rest of the film was different now—she read it in the light of the hitherto omitted scene. Panelled halls and marble vistas were but as breakfast nooks and double-boilers. The film went on its splendid way, and she fixed her eyes—roughly wiped, so as not to blur—on every gesture, as of old; with this difference, that now she could not bid it a final farewell and wait for "Devil-Bound." She must see that scene again, and know if it was true. She must again endure bird-sanctuaries, and Felix the Cat. Or must she? Had she not better go out and get food and drink in

the dull hour? She could be sure of a good seat if she came back early.

Mabel washed her face in the dressing-room and wandered into the strangely sunlit air to find a drug store. More sandwiches and something cold to drink would serve her turn. She had to go some distance before she found the right place. There, sitting on a high stool, she ate mechanically and quenched her profound thirst at leisure. Her bag slid heavily to the floor. Before she could locate and retrieve it, it was pounced on by an ugly youth on his way to the door. He grinned impudently at her as he passed it over someone's shoulder to her—as if he had known of her purchase from Joe Snedeker, lying within. No wonder, she thought, it clanked as it dropped. It had been heavy on her wrist all day, and now seemed heavier than ever, she was so tired. She did not even open it to put in her change, but walked back to the theatre slowly, holding the price of her admission in her hand. She was hot, in spite of her quenched thirst. How could people deliberately add to the horrors of summer by "saving" daylight? Jim liked the device. She pursed her lips. There was one good thing about it: she would get home late if she saw "Love's Pilgrimage" again, and Mrs. Poore, who wouldn't worry about her until after dark, would have a briefer period to worry in. It was a necessity, now, beyond all other necessities, to receive that gospel again. If she saw the pictured meditation, the pictured decision, once more, she might gather from it some hint of how to keep her own integrity in a bungalow. Harold understood . . . he leaned forward and breathed to her his knowledge that the dream was ultimately the great thing in life. Mabel had never sanctified Harold Hartwell before, but now she took a message from him as directly and faithfully as if he had been an angel—sent, as angels literally are. It was a gorgeous bit of acting—we must grant Harold that—and in that moment of his career he seemed, to a million hearts, to bend forward and comfort the hope, encourage the secret desperation, within them. Two little Javanese girls in Batavia were to take a strange bidding from him, and a hard-pressed woman in Prague, quite another.

The moment came and passed, and Mabel opened her bag for a handkerchief to wipe her tears. Harold, a shadow among shadows, was now entering the pavilion. She could not stay for the last performance, and she might as well go now, so she rose, dabbing her eyes, and walked up the aisle. Back in the lighted lobby, she folded her handkerchief and opened the bag wider to replace it. The stark light showed her that the bills were gone. She ransacked the little bag hastily in a corner—no doubt about it, the ugly youth in the drug store had swept out her cash before returning it to her. She was penniless in Big Falls.

Even then, in that numb moment, she did not become the cowed and dutiful daughter again, though the cowed and dutiful daughter, the bride-to-be of Jim Waite, the girl dedicated to strawberry festivals and breakfast nooks, came and stood beside the captain of her soul. The heroine of the day looked at that other Mabel, and saw what that other Mabel would do if she took over captainship. The police station, of course, and a telephone message. Abner would be sent for her in a car, probably. It would be too late for him to fetch her back by trolley. Explanations—for the parcels would arrive on the morrow from Milford to explain that she had not gone to Big Falls to shop. Gossip (since Mrs. Poore never held her tongue), Jim Waite inevitably knowing the tryst she had gone to keep—"running off to Big Falls to see Harold Hartwell and getting her pocket picked"—guffaws and frowns. She wasn't a child of sixteen; there were things you couldn't with dignity do in June if you were to be married in July. A "crush" on Harold Hartwell; moonstruck foolishness—her secret

affection, her maiden vision, her poor shimmering dream of beauty, chidden, rent, pawed, and slobbered over with crude, misunderstanding hints. Anything to delay all that. . . . Chin up, she walked back out of the lobby into the auditorium. Let them worry; let Abner come, at midnight instead of mid-evening. If she had got to go through all that, she would see her angel once more. It would be a long, long time before Mabel Poore could see Harold Hartwell again. This bride would have, in self-protection, to stay away from "Devil-Bound." She would go back and experience once again that divine instant of understanding, when the hero leaned to her and solaced in her what Meadville scorned.

It was eleven when Mabel came out with the slowly surging crowd. She had seen the film three times that day, and those pictured scenes were more real and accustomed than the lighted streets of Big Falls. Big Falls indeed might have been the picture, and that other a place where she had often been, knew her way about, and was known. She could have walked through those gardens to the pavilion where Fifi waited, never missing a step; could have seized the satin cloak that lay on a velvet bench and hidden herself in the deep embrasure of one great window open to the moon; could have eavesdropped, watching the lake; and all would have been quite easy. Easier, far, than finding the Big Falls police station, by the directions the usher gave her.

She walked, indeed, north instead of south, having misunderstood. So many blocks, then you turned to the right. She counted the blocks mechanically, as she made a blind way through the thinning streets. The shops were dark, and there was only the movie crowd going home—dwindling from block to block, so that she was almost alone. Shops ended; then, a few houses; then, where she was supposed to turn to the right, she came upon a park. At her right was blackness. Certainly she had misunderstood, come to the straggling limit of Big Falls life. No police station was, or would be, here. There was a gleam beyond her, but of no electric light—the risen moon shining on a tiny artificial lake. No one she could ask; no car to take, even if she had carfare. It might be an hour before she got to the police station—midnight, indeed. She saw herself wandering until dawn. She would sit and think for a moment, beside the little lake. Finding an iron bench, she did so, facing the moon. Mabel was very tired, and in this solitude of new-made park, frightened. Yet she must rest before she could turn back upon her way. Later and later—perhaps the police station wouldn't even be open. And when, oh, when, would she ever get there? Except for frightening them so at home, it would be better to wait where she was until morning. She was no more afraid of the park than of empty streets. Stop here, of course, she couldn't, really: they must be worried already, and her mother might collapse. Hours, it was, since supper.

A little unsteadily, she rose, to start back to the centre of the town. Her parents' trouble drew her. With the sudden pity for that, came a quick vision of all that would already have taken place—the neighbors, all her friends, the whole town roused. Not only Jim but everyone would know of Mabel Poore's adventure. She could invent nothing to put them off the track, cover up her poor heart. To the simple "Why?" what could she say, except the truth? She had neither acquaintance nor business in Big Falls. She would be marked for a fool; Jim would be pitied.

Still unsteadily she walked along the shore of the little lake that lapped so gently at her feet. A sudden noise in some shrubs on the other side startled her. She heard a weak scuffle, a human growl—men, a little drunk, she divined, quarrelling vainly. They went off to the left, speaking—she thought—some foreign tongue. The shapes surged

across the path she must take; then she thought she heard them pausing at the gate, still drunkenly arguing. They were going to bar her way.

Mabel began to cry quietly. There was no way out of this, none. She could not follow at the heels of the drunken men, even if they left the park and straggled back into the town. Her wrist ached with the weight of her bag; and only now, while she listened and sobbed under her breath, did she link up that weight with her own problem. She had, if she dared to use it, the means of protection. She was, as they say in the books, armed. The pistol did not give her courage to pass the men or follow them, but it made her feel safer here by the lake. She would stay until they were far, far away.

Stay . . . and every moment she stayed made the future more terrible. Her poor mother, her poor father—the horror of going home, deepened by every hour of delay. She would be disgraced, yet not free. She couldn't go home, ever, now. All her young dignity would have been needed to put through the remaining weeks of her engagement, her wedding, her honeymoon, the subsidence into domestic life. Holding people off, keeping her head high, being a mystery to Jim . . . none of that technic was possible now. Her poor family—poor Mabel—the low level on which she must meet her terrors and live her days . . . Why had she gone back to the theatre? Oh, why?

The hoarse talk by the gate stopped. They were resting—drinking again, perhaps. At all events, it was quiet, and the moon came back to her vision. Its shimmer on the little waves brought back to her that moment of the hero's meditation. Like Harold Hartwell, she bent forward, searching the dark foreground. Never, never could she get back to Meadville now. If she did—and it would be a miracle—she would have been gone all night. Would anyone ever believe in the lost money, the misunderstood directions, the drunken men in the park, all the foolish successive details of her misfortune? Her family would, of course, Jim would, if she toiled and wept, to make them believe. She was so tired, she couldn't work like that, even if she could ever get there. Perhaps she wasn't meant to face it all, and chance had made a fool of her to show she wasn't meant to. Arrival, relief, forgiveness, reinstatement, marriage—she didn't want any of it enough. What was it Harold Hartwell had seemed to say to her? Harold wouldn't think she ought to go through it all for something she didn't supremely want. Bending towards her, by the waves, he had as good as told her so. She stared at the water. Of course she couldn't get back to Meadville. She couldn't even get to the police station. She began to be very sleepy, but it was too cold to sleep, and she feared the men were still near.

It was across her somnolence that the notion came. When she bought the pistol from Joe Snedeker, it was with no clear intention of using it, even on a burglar. It had been mere romantic insurance. Youth always craves its poison ring. Now, she saw. Of course she had been meant to use it. She took it out of the bag. Had it not been Harold's way? The family and Jim were very faint to her now, though she had a curious stir of tenderness for Abner, who had given her ten dollars, and would make a sober success in his world. She couldn't have married Jim, good old Jim, and borne him children. The hero of "Love's Pilgrimage" would have seen that. Abner alone, somehow, seemed to her blameless. For Abner's sake, she drew a pencil from her bag, and in the dimness wrote three words on an envelope. "In self-defence. Mabel." She put the envelope back, and snapped her bag shut.

Then she lifted the pistol. She held it, as nearly as possible, as Harold Hartwell had held his in the moment of supreme sacrifice. Mabel was a faithful mimic, and Harold had been well directed. The shot went straight.

THE AIRPLANE AND THE ARCTIC

NEW PIONEERS DISPEL AN OLD MYTH

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WE ARE accustomed to startling changes in many of our sciences, with the quantum theory in physics upsetting the laws of thought, the Einstein theory measuring our previously infinite universe, the star Betelgeuse proving to be 50,000,000 times as large as our sun, and behaviorism making machines of people who used to have souls and were immortal.

We are accustomed to revelations and reversals of previous belief in all of our sciences except one. We feel that we are through with geography when we are through with the seventh grade in school. And yet there is no science in which profounder changes are taking place. There is more need for a new geographic world-outlook now than there ever has been since Magellan's three impudent ships sailed into the west, to test a theory of the scientists, and came back from the East with the news that the world was round.

There was theory back of Magellan as there is theory back of the men who are changing the geographic outlook of our own time. Democritus, four hundred years before Christ, knew that the world was round. Eratosthenes, two hundred years before Christ, measured the earth by measuring three things in Egypt, the height of the noonday sun at Assuan, the height of it at Alexandria, and the distance between the two cities counted in parasangs. Then he made his computation and found a circumference for the earth which agrees with our latest measurements within five per cent of error.

So it is not correct to say, as careless talkers and careless books still do, that Magellan discovered the roundness of the earth. It was not even a rediscovery, for the Greek learning had never disappeared completely during the centuries between Eratosthenes and Columbus. Columbus set out on the theory that the world was round, and so did Magellan. These two were great, nevertheless; for the busy men who control governments and commerce are skeptical of deductions even from facts which they themselves admit, and they are too busy to go deep into reasoning. But they will believe testimony and they will act on it. Magellan and Columbus moved the world to action, and that made them great. They forced men to think, and in that sense they were leaders of thought.

No more than Columbus or Magellan, have the pioneers of to-day been the originators of the ideas which underlie their work. They, too, have gone to the theorists for their inspiration, and it is more difficult now than formerly to say just who those theorists were. We speak with a certain confidence of Democritus and what he originated, for the names of the thinkers who preceded him are mostly lost. But in our day you no sooner claim for someone priority of intellectual discovery than a student in some musty library digs up an earlier reference.

There is, then, little profit in disputing about modern priorities Omitting any such attempt, we can trace the par-

allel between Magellan's age and our own in terms similar for both. And we must trace that parallel, or we cannot well understand the change of thought in our time, or the necessity for it. The ideas that made up the after-Magellan world-outlook had existed quietly as theories demonstrable to scientists for nearly two thousand years. But the public of Shakespeare's day learned them from none of the theorists, but from the story-tellers who chronicled the dramatic voyages of the explorers, and especially the doings of popular heroes like Sir Francis Drake. The same is true to-day, although the adventures of the Elizabethan age centered around sailors and sailing while ours deal with flyers and flying.

The revolutionary geographic ideas of the present, then, are connected with flying, but not in a way that has as yet crept much into the newspapers or popular books. The tales, certainly, have been fully told in print. But a true story is not always clearly understood or its meaning impressed on the general consciousness the moment it has been related and circulated. There was almost as much excitement in Europe, and more in England, when Drake sailed around the world than there had been when Magellan did it half a century before. There was almost as much excitement in Europe, and more in the United States, when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic than when Alcock and Brown did it eight years before.

For the English did not really understand that all the oceans which lie west and east of England could be navigated till their own Drake did it, and we did not fully realize that the Atlantic would some day become crossable at will by flyers until our own Lindbergh did it.

But it is not the crossings of the Atlantic as such, nor the crossings of the Pacific to Hawaii, and to China in the near future, that make necessary a readjustment of world-outlook in any way resembling the post-Magellian. It will result, instead, from a study comparing ocean flights in the Temperate Zone with those in the Tropics and in the Arctic. Most easily and dramatically the moral can be read from the story of Byrd's two great flights, to the North Pole and to France. In accord with that lesson and others like it we must revise our common ideas of the zones almost as fundamentally as Europe once had to change its mind about the flatness of the world; otherwise we shall not only be backward intellectually but also at a disadvantage practically, as England would have been then had she failed to realize that there were two roads to China, one east and the other west.

II

Why we need to change our minds about the comparative character of the two zones is hard to understand unless we reflect on how our forefathers gathered the ideas which the schools have passed down to us about the two zones north and south of us, in which only a few of us have ever been and in which almost none of us were educated.

Our ideas about the tropics and the Arctic, like much of the rest of our mental furniture, came from the classic Greeks, who were, with some brilliant exceptions, strong on logic but weak on facts. The philosophers between Democritus and Eratosthenes built up a system of geography according to which there were five zones on the earth, three of which they considered they knew by observation, and two of which they deduced from theory. The North Temperate Zone, in which they lived, was habitable, they said, but too warm for comfort on its southern edge and too cold on the northern. As you proceeded south you would first come to a region where the heat would not be willingly endured by any sensible man; beyond that lay another belt where "by reason of the flames of the sun, which is too near" the land would be literally burning hot and the ocean boiling.

Correspondingly, as you travelled north from the Temperate Zone you came first to a region where the cold would not be willingly endured; beyond that, "by reason of the absence of warmth because the sun is too far away," everything would be frozen solid forever.

It is still easy for us to believe that the Greeks may have had such ideas about the Arctic, for some of us got very similar ones in school no more than twenty years ago. But that they could have believed in a boiling ocean—or at least one so hot that no life could exist—seems strange now, after four centuries of pro-tropic propaganda, ranging from Byron's poems to the publicity for Coral Gables. But it is only four centuries and a half since everybody in Europe actually believed it. One of the fine works of recent scholarship is J. K. Wright's *Geographical Lore of the Time of the Crusades*, published by the American Geographical Society of New York, which shows that throughout the Middle Ages a few scholars in every generation believed that the world was spherical and could be circumnavigated east and west, if no land barred the way, and if you kept within the limits of the Temperate Zone. But these same scholars still agreed with the Greeks that while there doubtless existed a South Temperate and a South Frigid Zone we should never know them except by inference, for no one could ever cross the superheated tropics to get to them.

It was that royal Portuguese soldier, Prince Henry the Navigator, who, so far as we yet know, most deserves the credit for abolishing the boiling tropics. He, rather than Magellan or Columbus, stands out as the great leader of that age. For with true scientific skepticism he went against Greek science as then understood, and the Bible as then interpreted. He seems to have been a religious man, and yet his attitude toward the priest, as well as the philosopher, was that it was neither folly nor sacrilege to test by experiment whether the scientists had been right in their deductions and whether Scripture had been truly interpreted. So he disregarded alike the theologians who said that the earth was flat and the scientists who said that it was round but with a boiling middle, and sent ship after ship along the west coast of Africa from Portugal. Many returned with reports of fearsomely increasing heat as they went south, and one had even seen the flames of Hell peeping up over the edge of the earth. But at last one ship penetrated to where the sun was directly above the masthead at noon. The sails did not catch fire nor were the sailors cooked alive on the decks, and the ocean itself was only comfortably warm for swimming. That killed the dogma of two thousand years and enabled Vasco Da Gama to sail around the tip of Africa and reach the Indies from the west a few years before Columbus tried to reach them going in the opposite direction.

So disappeared the earth's flaming girdle, and the logicians of the day at once jumped to the conclusion that the region of frozen death in the north would prove just as imaginary, if somebody would only go and look. There was reason for going, for the shortest distance over a round world to China is north from northwestern Europe and this, if it were navigable water, would be the best highway to the wealth of the Indies.

But the ice floating on the ocean barred the way of a chronically hopeful age which simply refused to believe that there could be a permanent barrier across the road to its desires. If they could not sail straight north to the riches of the East they would find a way around the north end of either Asia or America. Thus began three centuries of commercial search for these passages which came to an end when Franklin discovered the Northwest Passage in 1847 and paid for it with the lives of himself and every one of his more than a hundred comrades. That tragedy shocked the world into a realization that ocean commerce had little to gain by

finding long and tortuous passages that would never develop into safe and easy highways for trading ships.

Thus, because the wish is father to the thought, the Frozen North of the Greeks had disappeared completely from men's minds in the enthusiasm following Da Gama, Columbus, and Magellan, to be replaced gradually by a theory which for three centuries sent far more men sailing north than ever came back. The survivors, however, being commercial pioneers, told not only stories of hardship but also tales of friendly countries here and there with a climate not resembling that in the theories of the Greeks. Davis, after whom the straits are named, said that he had been north "three diverse times" and that he had found the summer climate far within the Arctic "as salubrious as ever I did in the Isles of De Verde."

About the tropics we now believe only a few of the ancient ideas that have not yet been removed either by modern science or modern propaganda. We cling especially to the belief that the tropics have the greatest average heat, which is correct, and that they have the most extreme heat, which is false. Even Californians seem to believe that the highest temperature records occur in the tropics, though Death Valley, in their own state, has the highest record on earth, 136° in the shade.

About the Arctic we still believe more than half of what the Greeks believed, and the less pleasant half, at that. We take no stock in the charming land of the Hyperboreans, where people hop about on one leg and trees bear golden fruit. But we still think that there is permanent ice, and no life at all, on land which actually did not have ice on it in the ice age and never has had since, but grass and grazing animals then as now.

III

If this is to be the Age of Flying it is almost as important for us to change our minds about the comparative character of the three zones of the northern half of the world, in which most of humanity lives, as it was for the commercial nations of Magellan's time to get firmly into their minds the idea that, superficial appearances and popular belief to the contrary, the world was round.

It is thrilling to look at heroes, but more important is the drawing of every lesson from the deeds we admire. This is easy to do from the flights of Commander Byrd, for there we have the same man in the same kind of airplane flying the most familiar part of the Atlantic and also the little understood Arctic.

A year and a half ago, when Byrd and Bennett were about to try flying to the North Pole, almost anybody except a thorough student of both general meteorology and the Arctic would have pictured terrors of cold, fog, gale, snow, and blizzard, with the flyers numb and with ice forming on their plane to weigh it down. There would be great difficulty in navigating the plane, for the sun is so low in the Arctic and the compass works badly near the North Pole (most people seem to have a *feeling* that the North Pole has some effect on the compass, though they no longer believe that it is what the compass points to). It would be difficult to take off from Spitsbergen, difficult to locate even the approximate vicinity of the North Pole, and difficult to find one's way back. All these troubles would have been thought to be greater than those encountered in similar distances over the Atlantic or elsewhere in the Temperate Zone. It would, too, be very dangerous to land anywhere on the frozen sea, and almost impossible to get back to shore if your plane could not take off again.

As to the difficulty of landing and taking off, Byrd's adventure gave no clew, for he did not come down. But you read plain the answers to all the rest of the objections in the story as he told it in the *New York Times*.

It was not possible to have such up-to-the-minute weather news of the Arctic Sea north of Spitsbergen as you do of the

Atlantic east of Newfoundland, for there is no sprinkling of ships to report by wireless. You have to take a chance on the weather, a terrible hazard if you believe in the frequency and violence of Arctic gales. So Byrd and Bennett took that chance. All they knew was that the weather looked good around Spitsbergen and that the best long distance guess of the meteorologists was that it was good also on the sea to the north. The season was the late Arctic winter. The sky was clear, the wind light, and no fog or clouds interfered with navigation. They flew to the North Pole (almost the same distance as if they had flown from Newfoundland half way to Ireland), circled it, and flew back faultlessly—without any landmark to guide them and therefore wholly dependent on the arts of navigation—struck the right headland of Spitsbergen as accurately as a Southhampton liner making Sandy Hook, and landed without accident. The coldest weather of the trip was ten degrees warmer than the coldest temperature recorded for New York City. None of the other bogeys materialized—which might all have been luck, though extraordinary luck if the Arctic were as bad as supposed. We shall come back to that point later.

The thrill seekers were disappointed at Byrd's North Pole story; where nothing goes wrong, there is nothing hair-raising to tell. They were not similarly disappointed a year later in his New York to Paris adventure, for plenty went wrong over the much-travelled Atlantic and over familiar France—nothing wrong with the machine or the admirable crew, but hardly anything right with the weather.

The natural disadvantages of the north Atlantic stand out the more clearly when you remember that there was every human advantage. Both the North Pole plane and the Atlantic were Fokkers, but the Atlantic plane was presumably the better, for there had been steady progress in every branch of aviation during the year. The splendid Wright engines were said to have been improved. Byrd was more experienced, he had better technical instruments for navigation and, although Bennett was not with him, through a deplorable accident, his place was adequately filled by Acosta, Balchen, and Noville. He did not have to take a chance on the weather, for dozens of ships at sea and the weather bureaus on both shores of the Atlantic co-operated in keeping him posted. But the good old Atlantic weather was abroad, and delayed the start, first for days and then for weeks. Finally the conditions were announced satisfactory and Byrd was handed a weather map to show him how to steer and where to fly high or low to get the most advantage from the plotted winds.

The leg of the flight from New York to the Atlantic side of Newfoundland can be considered as preliminary, for it is above well-known lands. The weather, too, could be relied on for this stretch, for the weather bureau of to-day does not make many mistakes about territory so near at hand during the first few hours after a prediction is issued. The real trial came between Newfoundland and Ireland. This is a distance comparable to Byrd's flight of a year before from King's Bay to the North Pole and back. The story of the two flights, as told by Byrd himself, is very different as to the flying conditions. The comparison is conclusive enough from these few quotations about the Atlantic flight:

> We had rain, wind, and fogs all the way across the ocean. We could not get out of the fog. Up we went, but there we found fog, too. Most of the time we flew at 10,000 feet. (July 2, 1927.)
>
> . . . in these nineteen hours [between Newfoundland and France] . . . we saw neither water nor land and seldom even the sky. (July 3.)
>
> . . . all the way we had only very occasional glimpses of the sun and sometimes in the fog we could barely see the wing-tips of the plane. (July 3.)
>
> . . . Once ice formed on our motors and we were, of course, worried as to the effect it might have on our propellers. (July 2.)

This was a sort of trouble Byrd never had in the Arctic, nor did Amundsen have it crossing the Arctic till he came near the Temperate Zone. Most of the *Norge's* trouble of that sort was in the Temperate Zone.

The man who had never been at fault in sixteen hours of Arctic flying says about the navigation troubles between Newfoundland and the end of his flight in France:

> During the last six hours of our flight the earth induction compass, for some unknown reason, was thrown out of position and before we knew it we had swung in a half circle out of our course and, to state it frankly, we were lost. Once before during the day we had become much alarmed, for we had drifted further south than we expected, and it was only by asking with our radio what our position was that we were able to . . . shape our course.

And in conclusion he says, in his despatch of July 6: "Fog still remains aviation's greatest enemy."

If it strikes you, for a moment, that Byrd's Atlantic fog was due to evil chance, then review the other flights. Lindbergh, who all agree had exceptionally fine weather for that route, reported that after flying several hours in thick fog he considered turning back. Chamberlin and Levine had more fog than Lindbergh, and the British dirigible that crossed by Newfoundland, even at the best time of the year for that route, had considerable. Byrd reminds us:

> When Alcock and Brown made their first great daring jump from Newfoundland to Ireland they flew in a fog a great deal of the way and never knew on which side they were flying. For many minutes they were flying upside down.

But more convincing than the reports of all the flyers, for they are as yet few, is the uniform testimony of seamen that the north Atlantic has been consistently foggy for the last four hundred years.

To determine if Byrd had luck in the Arctic, take first Lincoln Ellsworth's description of the weather on the Amundsen-Ellsworth flight of 1925 and on the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile flight in the airship *Norge*, 1926, the first almost up to the North Pole, the second across the full diameter of the Arctic, by way both of the North Pole and that other spot four hundred miles on the Alaska side of the North Pole which has been named the Pole of Inaccessibility because it is the center of the floating Arctic sea ice and therefore much harder than the North Pole to reach either by walking or flying.

> There were two things that greatly impressed me during our long sojourn near the North Pole [*i.e.*, 25 days at Lat. 87° 44′ in 1926]. The first was the stability of the meteorological conditions in this isolated area—the winds blowing from the same direction day after day, with a velocity just sufficient to keep our Norwegian flag fully extended.
>
> Two hours after leaving Kings Bay [Spitsbergen on the 1927 flight] we found ourselves over the pack-ice. What weather! The sun shone brilliantly out of a sky of pure turquoise, and the whale-like shadow that our airship cast beneath us trailed monotonously across a glittering snowfield. . . . As we approached latitude 83½° the snow-crowned peaks of Spitsbergen were merged into the deepening blue of the southern sky. . . . Intermittent light fogs hid the ice from our view (later) rolling beneath us like a great woolen ocean. Approaching 88° we had to rise from 1,800 feet to more than 3,000 to get over them. (*Yale Review*, July, 1927.)

Arctic fogs are, on the average, lower than Atlantic fogs. Byrd says he flew at 10,000 feet most of the way across the Atlantic and still had so much fog above him that he seldom saw the sun or the sky, but Ellsworth tells of clearing the Arctic fogs at a height of 3,000 feet. He continues: "[By midnight] the fog had completely cleared away and there was no wind."

The inference from his further narrative is that these weather conditions held. At the North Pole it was clear; at the Pole of Inaccessibility, four hundred miles on the Alaska side of the North Pole and half way from Spits-

bergen to Alaska, the air must have been clear for he notes seeing a polar bear's tracks below the ship. You cannot see clean tracks in white snow from a travelling airship unless the weather is fairly clear. Then,

> As we approached the Alaska coast, fears assailed us; for there we ran into the only storm during our entire voyage—fog, wind and sleet—and for thirty-one hours we battled.

Most of that battle was on the very edge of the Arctic and after they entered the Temperate Zone. The area of fog and sleet and bad flying weather moves north from the Temperate Zone to overlap the edge of the Arctic in the late spring period which Ellsworth is describing. In midsummer it covers the whole Arctic, which is then as foggy as the worst parts of the Temperate Zone, only the fogs are lower and easier to fly over so you can at least have the sun to navigate by even if you cannot see the ground below.

But, as in the case with the Atlantic, more convincing than the testimony of a few flyers is that of the explorers of several centuries. Nansen summed up part of it when he said, at the end of three years' drifting across the Arctic basin with the ship *Fram* embedded in the floating ice, that the Arctic was as to weather the most placid large area in the world. The rest of the story is that it is never as cold one thousand feet above the Arctic sea-ice as it sometimes is in certain towns in the United States. Six or seven months of the Arctic winter are almost as free of fogs as the Sahara. And even in the short foggy season of summer the fogs average low. It is not uncommon that two Arctic whaling captains can see each other clearly in shimmering sunshine as they stand in their crow's nests a hundred feet up, while the men on the decks can barely locate the sun as a blur and cannot see the other ship at all.

Remembering Byrd's dictum that "The fog remains the chief enemy of aviation," we see readily that the tropics and sub-tropics must be better, on the average, for flying than the Temperate Zone, for they are known to be less foggy. The papers are already saying that the route to London from New York will not be by way of Newfoundland and the North Atlantic, but subtropical via Bermuda and the Azores. That is an increase in distance, but even at a loss of time and fuel it will be well worth while because of increased safety and certainty.

The Arctic ranks at least as high above the North Atlantic for flying as do the tropics, and an Arctic route between points in the North Temperate Zone that are far apart will usually save fuel and time. Cold, as such, is no handicap to airplanes, for passengers and pilots will be in compartments heated from the exhaust. Cold will be a great advantage for airships, for the lifting power of the gas bag increases when the temperature of the air drops. But there remains the problem of landing places, over which the authorities have disagreed till recently. Before citing the striking testimony that has just come to hand, we will go briefly into the theory.

The Atlantic is far wider than the Arctic, and in that sense more difficult to "hop over." The Pacific is wider still. Furthermore, there are more islands in the Arctic than in any other ocean, and these will eventually be used as way stations. But it has been said not only by laymen but also by some of the professionals, that landing places for flying boats, such as Amundsen-Ellsworth used in 1925, are rare in winter (which is admitted), and that planes with wheels or skids can land only with practically suicidal danger. Amundsen describes, for instance, on pages 138 and 139 of *The First Crossing of the Polar Sea*, what he saw in looking down from a dirigible and emphasizes the conclusions he had reached in his flying boat the previous year:

> The ice conditions seemed exactly the same now as in 1925. We did not see a single

landing place on the long way from Svalbard [Spitsbergen] to Alaska. . . . In spite of Byrd's fine flight our advice is: Do not fly over these ice fields before aeroplanes have become so perfect that one can be quite sure of not having to make a forced landing.

These conclusions as to the moving winter pack-ice of the Polar Sea were based by Amundsen solely on what he had seen from aloft, for his one landing had been with a boat in a lead, and he had never been on winter pack-ice on any of his previous expeditions. Byrd, who also had never been afoot on winter pack-ice, judged wholly from looking down while flying, and he was inclined to take a position somewhat nearer Amundsen's pessimistic opinion than the optimistic view of Wilkins, who maintained that there would seldom be five miles on the winter pack without a reasonably safe landing with good visibility conditions. In other words, if you were flying high when your engine stopped you could usually glide to a safe landing. This view Wilkins based on extensive flying experience both in peace and war and on the knowledge of winter pack-ice which he had gained in three years, 1913–16, when he was second-in-command of the northern section of my 1913–18 expedition.

Since frequency of landing places is one of the chief demands of heavier-than-air flying, the difference in opinion between Amundsen and Wilkins was crucial. If Amundsen were right, the Arctic, despite favorable air conditions, would be a dangerous place for airplanes; if Wilkins were right, it would be the safest region in the world for the commercial use of the flying-machine.

IV

I pause here a moment, before introducing the dramatic story of Wilkins' Arctic flights, to answer a question I am constantly asked. "Why should anybody want to fly across the Arctic?" The reply is the same as for the Atlantic or the Pacific: in order to get to the other side. It is nothing but mental habit that makes one think of the permanent flying route from New York to Peking as lying either west by land plane to Chicago and Seattle and then by seaplane over the wide Pacific roughly following the steamer route along the south of the Aleutian chain; or else east via Newfoundland, Paris, Moscow, and above the Trans-Siberian Railway. Overland the western route is bad, for you have to cross those mountains which up till now compel a break in the transcontinental air mail between Pasco and Seattle; overseas it is worse, for the Pacific just south of the Aleutians is about the foggiest ocean in the world, and the land edge bounding it on the north is the foggiest of all land regions. Eastward it is bad to Paris, though good thereafter. And both east and west routes are twice as long as necessary. You should fly north, to save half the distance, to avoid land fogs, mountains, sea fogs and wide jumps over water. That airway runs from New York over Montreal, thence north over the flat land west of Hudson Bay, across the Arctic Sea where it is narrow and studded with islands, and across the mountainless lowland of eastern Siberia and China, arriving in Peking from the north. And so with many other routes and many important cities that lie comparatively near to each other across the Arctic, although the customary east and west routes make them remote.

At first the trans-Arctic routes will doubtless be flown by airship, chiefly, for they can already reach Peking from New York easily without landing, and there will soon be others built that can make the round trip without taking supplies. But providing short-jump air stations for planes on the direct route would not be difficult so far as freight transportation is concerned. With a globe before you, put a dot on every place you think there should be a relay (say every five hundred miles); you can arrange in New York with a common carrier which will take goods or fuel to

every one of your dots for a regular freight tariff already in force.

To be sure, if you go straight there will be one over-sea jump that is more than five hundred miles, though not half as long as the one from Newfoundland to Ireland; but by keeping a little to your left you would be over land all the way except for a jump across Bering Straits corresponding to the hop from London to Paris. That way, too, you would avoid foggy regions throughout the trip in any season of the year except, again, for the narrow Bering Straits. The mathematically direct route would be a winter route only.

And now to the story of the Wilkins flights which throw light on the one question which remains in dispute, whether the Arctic deep sea pack-ice is specially dangerous to fly over because of few landing places, or comparatively safe because of many.

As a preliminary to their deep sea work in 1926, Wilkins and his pilot Eielson of the Detroit Arctic Expedition flew more than 4,000 miles back and forth between Fairbanks in Alaska, just south of the Arctic Circle, and Barrow, which is about three hundred miles within the Arctic, crossing five times in winter and spring a range of mountains one hundred miles wide with peaks 10,000 feet high. Landing places were numerous on rivers and lakes, except in these mountains, and they utilized some of them. The air in winter was the smoothest in which they had ever flown, not a bump or air pocket in 4,000 miles. (No such record could be made for five crossings of 10,000-foot mountains in the Tropical or Temperate Zones.) They also made a three hundred mile reconnaissance over deep sea pack-ice and came back of the opinion, as they had been before, that landing places for wheels or skids were numerous. But in 1926 they proved nothing in this regard, for they did not come down except on land, or river ice, or on sea lagoon ice.

The critical flight which gave us all the experimental knowledge we as yet have about the safety of landing on the polar pack was made when the fickle daily press had turned from the Arctic flying of 1926 to the Atlantic flying of 1927. We tell its story here more fully than any of the preceding, for unless you read the Detroit *News*, which financed the expedition, you have never heard, perhaps, that there was such a flight—or unless, again, you read *Science*, in which Commander Richard E. Byrd and I published a jointly written statement calling attention to what we thought was one of the most remarkable of Arctic expeditions, then being strangely neglected.

On March 29, 1927, Wilkins and Eielson, in a land plane mounted on skids and with gas for fourteen hours, started from Barrow, Alaska, three hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, on an intended triangular exploration flight of six hundred miles somewhat north of west, two hundred miles southwest, and then back to Barrow. They flew steadily for more than five hours, about five hundred and fifty miles. Then engine trouble developed, and a landing had to be made. Wilkins selected a spot he thought safe, and Eielson made a perfect landing. While Eielson worked on the engine, Wilkins made two holes in the ice for the use of the sonic depth finder. The ice was three feet thick and the water beneath it proved to be about three miles deep.

During the flight the weather, fair at the start, had begun to turn cloudy, and a wind was increasing, blowing off the land. For winds do blow in the Arctic, though not so often as in the Temperate Zone, nor so violently on the average. With daylight lost in making repairs and fuel lost in taking off, Wilkins decided to head straight back to shore. The trip was already fruitful. They had flown three hundred miles beyond the limit of previous exploration, had disproved the view of those who believed land existed within five hundred miles northwest of Barrow, and had proved the ocean so deep that the prob-

ability of land even far off in that direction is greatly lessened. And they had made one safe landing on the pack with skids—an accomplishment of value in the face of the controversy, for at least you cannot say that no landing can be made after one has been made.

The take-off proved as safe and easy as the landing, and they flew straight back over their course, but with diminished speed, for the force of the head wind was increasing and the engine was not working well. In about ten minutes it got so bad that they had to come down. Again Wilkins picked what he thought was a safe spot, and again Eielson made a perfect landing. This time Wilkins took no sounding and both worked at the repairs, for the day was getting short, the wind had increased to a blizzard, and clouds had hidden the sun. The new-fallen snow, too, was a little soft and they had to make five attempts before the plane finally took the air. This used up precious daylight and more precious fuel, so that when finally under way Wilkins calculated that light would fail them two hundred miles, and the gasoline probably one hundred miles, before reaching shore. He consulted Eielson. Should they make a safe landing in daylight or fly through the dark till the gas gave out, on the chance that it might after all last them back to land? Their calculations as to distance were very uncertain, as they did not know the force of the wind and how much it was delaying them. If the wind dropped, they might make land. Eielson voted for taking that chance.

Night was on, and they had been flying for two hours without seeing the ice below, the horizon in the distance, or any star or sign of moon in the sky above, when suddenly the engine stopped. Their fuel was all gone. Only from his instruments could Eielson judge how far below them was the ice. Through the dark of night and the murk of the blizzard they came to a third landing. Their machine stayed right side up, but a snag of ice broke one of the wings. Then, in the thick of the blizzard, Wilkins and Eielson got out their bedding and slept the night in fair comfort.

We in civilized countries fear the Arctic which we do not know, and think indifferently of the Atlantic and the southerly oceans, for we know them. But do we really know them to be anything except merciless, especially in a storm? On what sea but the Arctic could you make two safe landings, repair your machinery, take off again twice, fly till your fuel is gone, and then land, go to bed, and sleep the night dry and comfortable a hundred miles from the nearest land? On what other sea could you spend five days preparing a travelling outfit, as Wilkins and Eielson did, and then walk ten miles a day for ten days, as they did, to a safe landing at a calculated spot? On no other sea could you do it, except possibly the Antarctic.

That is the burden of this tale. If ours is to be an age of commercial flying, or if the military men of the various nations are to apprehend correctly the danger of air attack from the north, we must get over the idea that the Arctic is a barrier. And we must look at our globes often enough to get instead the idea that the Temperate Zone, with all its great cities, lies curved in a circle around a central patch which is the Arctic. This patch may be anything else you please, but over it, like a network of the future, lie the shortest, the safest, and the easiest flying roads between many of the richest countries of the world. Till we begin to use them we shall be, as flyers, about where the sailors were who struggled around Good Hope and the Horn before the Suez and Panama Canals were dug. But there are no canals to dig in the Arctic, only shackles of the mind to loosen and pry off.

OFFICIAL LAWLESSNESS

THE THIRD DEGREE AND THE CRIME WAVE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE are times when, as a weekly journalist watching the daily press, I am tempted to write that the most numerous and active criminals in America are the officials sworn to uphold the laws of the several States and the nation. If one were to take at its face value half of what one hears about the great army of prohibition enforcers the statement would be true. I am ready, however, to change it to read that by far the most dangerous criminals we have in America are the officials who in growing number openly disregard or violate the laws.

There are many of our fellow-citizens who lie awake nights over the "red" menace, the alleged growth of communism in America, and shiver whenever they read of Socialist gatherings to hear sentiments which these timid souls believe to be aimed at the forcible overthrow of the government of the United States. I venture to say that all these "red" movements in America do not weigh in the balance in comparison to the injury done to our institutions and to popular respect for law and order by men in uniform or officials of high position in Washington or the several States. And I insist that not one of the numerous studies now being made of the so-called crime wave by official, semi-official, or private bodies will give a complete picture of lawlessness in America which does not include therein a survey of the unceasing examples of official misbehavior. For there is a widespread and often justified popular belief that especially those officials directly charged with law enforcement are utilizing their positions in order to feather their own nests or to put themselves above and beyond the law.

Who can measure the effect of the example of the two Harding Cabinet officials declared by the Supreme Court to have been guilty of selling out the interests of the United States, and of the Ex-Attorney-General of the United States defending himself in the dock against well-grounded charges of corruption and refusing to take the stand in his own behalf? Can any half-educated Communist in a hundred speeches conceivably do as much to destroy people's faith in the American republic as does the spectacle of a Governor of the great State of Indiana in Atlanta Penitentiary for fraud, or the head of the United States Veterans' Bureau in Leavenworth prison for robbing the Government and cheating its pitiable soldier wards? What does the average American think when he reads of the conviction for official wrong-doing of the Alien Property Custodian; when he learns of another Governor ordered by the Supreme Court of his State to return to the treasury of the State $800,000 held to be unjustly taken and justly due by him; of the present Governor of Indiana involved in a far-reaching scandal; of a former Governor of Texas successfully impeached, and then conspiring with a successor, his own wife, to empty the prisons by an indefensible abuse of the

pardoning power, to say nothing of wholesale charges of corruption in State contracts?

But I do not wish to dwell in this article upon this long list of high officials who are guilty morally or legally or both; nor even to touch upon the demoralizing defiance of the Constitution by the Executive and the Congress, who refuse to punish violators of the Fourteenth Amendment with the result that some millions of our fellow citizens are illegally disfranchised because of their color and are thereby convinced that even the Constitution may be violated freely by those who have the power and the duty to enforce it. There will not even be space to touch upon the deliberate refusal of Presidents Harding and Coolidge to carry out that provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which orders the Executive to give notice of the termination of certain articles or provisions in commercial treaties to which the United States is a party. These articles restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminating customs duties on imports entering this country in foreign bottoms and to levy discriminating tonnage dues on foreign vessels entering our ports. In this case these Presidents deliberately refused to enforce one of the laws they solemnly swore to uphold. Nor shall I rehearse again the endless cases of local officials who have set themselves above the Constitution in matters of civil rights such as the holding of legal meetings, the freedom of the press, the free expression of private opinion however unpopular, etc., etc.* My purpose is to dwell rather upon some of the official lawlessness and criminality which touches many people at close range.

II

Let us take, for example, what is known as the "third degree." It is a notorious fact that the grossest brutalities and tortures are deliberately and systematically applied in the police stations of the United States in order to obtain confessions and that in this respect we have hardly advanced from the dark ages. The newspapers constantly report these happenings; every police reporter knows of their regular occurrence. Not only the criminals, but masses of innocent people know of these incidents and are aware that they not only contravene rights guaranteed by the Constitution, but that they are permitted or encouraged by mayors, commissioners of safety, and chiefs of police. Within the last few years this practice has, I believe, greatly increased; at least more and more instances of it find their way into print, and it has long since graduated from the police stations into other branches of the public service.

In its every aspect the "third degree" is utterly repulsive and contrary to every dictate of justice. Every prisoner is presupposed innocent until found guilty; he is entitled to the benefit of a lawyer; and the law does not permit his examination without the presence of counsel if he asks for an attorney. The arresting authorities are merely charged with the custody of the prisoner; his conviction either through voluntary confession, or because of legal proof of his guilt, is the duty of the prosecuting attorney and the judge and jury, toward whom the police have no other responsibility than to turn over such evidence as in their judgment warranted the prisoner's being charged with crime. It is also the sacred duty of the arresting officer to hold the body of his prisoner inviolate. The Constitution furthermore requires that there shall be no "cruel or unusual punishments." It meant, of course, cruel or unusual punishments instituted by statutes, or local regulations, or judicial decrees. But it certainly covers in spirit if not in law the "third degree."

Nor is the duress practiced to be justified by the consequent unravelling

*See article by this writer in *Harper's Magazine* for Sept. 1925: "The New Fight for Old Liberties."

of certain crimes, or the fact that many subjected to it are hardened, brutal criminals whom the police have every right to fear and hate. The Inquisition may have had a few honest successes, but that it doomed innocents without number the world now believes. When men are tortured for days and days, when they are denied sleep for seventy-two hours, and food for longer periods, are refused access to a toilet for days, and during all that time are steadily beaten with a rubber hose, the strongest character will break down and confess to anything to stop his agony.

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, once asked an Italian boy in the death-house at Sing Sing how he came to confess. Pantano replied: "Easy to ask that. Harder to answer. You've never been grilled by a mob of detectives. They had me in the room thirty hours. There were twenty-one detectives, I think. As fast as one finished another jumped on me. They hammered, hammered, hammered. I got tired and faint. Pretty soon I would have sworn to anything, to assassination, just to get a rest."

"So you just caved in and said yes?"

"That's right. I just wilted and yessed everything."

Here we have the complete picture of the essential cowardliness of the system. Twenty-one men against one, attacking him hour after hour without mercy. That such happenings can take place is proof positive of the way the work of a policeman inevitably breaks down his manliness and sense of decency when he is entrusted with unlimited power over the person of another and is given officially to understand that he may go to any lengths in committing crime in order to detect crime. Especially great is the temptation to resort to the "third degree" because the average American detective is wholly without any scientific training for his work. He becomes a detective because of physical gallantry, or luck in making some difficult arrests, or because of influence. As a policeman he is no different from any worker of a similar economic and educational status; he is surely never instructed in the rights and privileges of the citizenry. If he can pound a confession out of a man, it saves endless trouble in bringing about a conviction; it insures that conviction, and it results in a favorable entry upon the detective's service record, for not merely arrests but convictions count heavily in the policeman's favor.

If proof of the illegality of all this obtaining of confessions by duress is needed, it is furnished by decisions of the two highest courts on this Continent: the Supreme Court of Canada and that of the United States. On June 17 of this year the Chief Justice of Canada ordered, for the Supreme Court, a new trial for Joseph Sarkey, an Indian, convicted of murder at Prince Rupert, B. C. This man was found guilty because the police handed in a written confession "obtained only on a fourth questioning to which the accused was subjected on the day following his arrest." The learned judge held that "the proof of the *voluntary character* of the accused's statement to the police, which was put in evidence against him, is most unsatisfactory. . . . No particulars are vouchsafed as to what transpired at any of the three previous 'interviews,' and but meager details are given of the process by which the written statement ultimately signed by the appellant was obtained." It will be noticed that there are no allegations by the court that force was used or brutalities were resorted to. It is not alleged that the prisoner was starved, or tortured, or denied food and sleep. It is enough for this great English-inspired court that there was not adequate police proof that the confession was *entirely voluntary*. The chief press service of Canada none the less stated that "the Supreme Court of Canada to-day set the stamp of its disapproval on any police methods in Canada savoring of the 'third degree'—although the

term itself is not used." Commenting on this the Toronto *Mail* correctly declared that the "third degree" "is no part of the British system of justice. . . . It is always to be condemned as an *alien* weapon whose use will never be tolerated in Canada,"—a slap at the United States as direct as it is deserved.

As for our own Supreme Court, it, too, came to the rescue of an alien. Ziang Sun Wan was just a poor Chinaman charged with the murder of three Chinamen. He denied it, but, under the shadow of the American capitol, the police tortured him in his room in a hotel by day and by night, "hurling questions, demands, affirmations at him." For seven whole dreadful days this lasted. Then, on the eighth, he was taken to the scene of the crime and there examined and cross-examined for ten consecutive hours. Not until the ninth day at 5:30 in the morning was he taken to a police station and formally placed under arrest. All day long the gruelling continued. On the tenth day he was again taken to the scene and the crime "re-enacted" for him. Finally, on the eleventh day, his spirit broke; his suffering was so great that he confessed the crime, only to retract the confession as soon as he could. Nevertheless he was convicted. Justice Brandeis, for the Supreme Court, declared, of course, that "the alleged oral statement and the written confession should have been excluded."

Ziang Sun Wan is only one man out of thousands. The prisons are full of men who, both innocent and guilty, are there because of confessions wrung from them by methods absolutely forbidden by law and equity. It is no defense and no excuse that many guilty or depraved creatures are thus deservedly landed in jail. The law is flaunted and degraded when even the guilty are convicted by lawless methods. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court could not order the prosecution of the torturing police officials; nobody else did. Probably they are still in office. Unfortunately, too, the press and the public in America are so little informed or interested that no American journal could write to-day with a confidence similar to that of the Toronto *Mail*, that the "third degree" will be stamped out in the United States.

Who can believe, for instance, that the commissioner of police in New York City will pay any attention to views of the Supreme Court of the United States? Let us inquire. "If you approve of what the gunmen did on this occasion, there is no doubt that they will recognize you as their champion." Thus wrote Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, head of the New York police, in reply to a polite note from the writer of this article asking for the facts in regard to the injuries to the Wallon gang of thieves, who were captured in the Owl Club in New York while "holding up" that place. The New York *Evening Post* and *Times* reported specifically that the men were surprised and made no resistance, the former stating that "they waited peacefully for [Patrolman] Green to descend to the dance floor, line them up, unlock the door, and lead them out." The next day the *Evening Post* reported that "when the four men were arraigned in the West Side Court their faces were puffed and bruised, so swollen, in fact, that they could hardly see or speak." Confirmation of this was afforded by photographs of the men in the *Daily Mirror*. Naturally I wished the official side of the case—only to be told that Policeman Green "saved his own life, and probably the lives of some of the guests, as the prisoners, relying on their superior numbers, attempted to overpower the officer." This courteous commissioner, who has now retired to private life amid the encomiums of the daily press, declared that the writer could not "in good faith give publicity to the story," although it had already appeared in the newspapers quoted above. A letter to the District Attorney, Joel H. Banton, only brought out

the fact that he, too, believed that the policeman had merely done his duty and that he was opposed to all lawlessness in police stations.

Unfortunately for both of these officials, two of the Wallon gang were on parole to John J. Molloy of the Welfare League Association. He visited them immediately after their arrest. He was so shocked by their condition that he immediately notified the Society of Penal Information, whose representative, William B. Cox, accompanied Mr. Molloy to the jail and certified that Wallon and Abrahams had "lacerated head and bad body bruises, Chrusario fractured ribs, fractured arm, lacerated head and temple, and body bruises, and Reggione lacerated head, finger and leg, and body bruises," while O'Brien—what's in a name?—got off with only a slight black eye. It must be admitted that if all those injuries were the work of a single policeman with a revolver in his hand, it indicated rather remarkable physical vigor and energy on Mr. Green's part and amazing inefficiency on the part of the reporters. The five prisoners, stated by the Society, with the exception of O'Brien, to have "presented a most frightful appearance," were so unkind, however, as to award the laurels to Detectives McVeigh and Mahoney who, it appears, with all official gentlemanliness "jumped upon their bodies from a table or desk while they were prone upon the floor." When the hospital surgeons were finally called the police refused to accede to the surgeons' request that the men be at once removed to a hospital, and they were kept in their cells and compelled to appear in court the next day. A committee of four men, including Messrs. Molloy and Cox, together with a former assistant district attorney, Robert H. Elder, and Louis Fabricant—the two latter members of a committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association charged with investigating police beatings—called upon the Police Commissioner. They were received with about the same courtesy extended to my written inquiry; Mr. Elder was charged with being there "simply because he was making money out of criminals" Finally this polite official said that the case would probably come to his attention in due order and that he would then investigate it. A visit to the District Attorney revealed a more friendly attitude. He also assured them of his opposition to the lawlessness in the enforcement of the law and sent a surgeon to examine the men. This medical man confirmed the report of the injuries given above. But to date neither the District Attorney nor any other official appears to have done anything to uphold the righteousness and the majesty of the law by bringing the detectives to trial. The Wallon gang went to Sing Sing. Who cares if injustice was done to a gang caught redhanded?

III

I have given this case in detail because it brings out so clearly the usual attitude of the higher-up officials the country over in the matter of police crime. The critic is abused and the guilty are not punished, unless they happen to come before an exceptional judge, which merely increases the public belief that the law enforcers are themselves violators of the law and entirely beyond its reach. Of course no New York police official can truthfully pretend that the "third degree" is not in constant use. As I write I have before me thirty-three other cases culled from the daily press of the metropolis by a necessarily superficial perusal of the files of the last few years.

A precisely similar case to that of the Wallon gang was that of the Oberst gang. They named a police inspector as having told his men "to stick some hairpins into them until they're within two inches of their lives," and identified five detectives as having administered the rubber hose, that favorite police weapon which hurts more than a billy or club, yet leaves no marks. Several

of these policemen were promoted for their activities in this case. But when the gang was taken to court a mistrial occurred; juror number eight asked for his relief and obtained it on the ground that "the story of police brutality in this case has become so revolting that I cannot stand it any longer."

These cases do not all rest upon the uncorroborated assertions of the prisoners. For instance, on March 24, 1921, Judge Charles C. Nott in sentencing Policeman Cornelius J. Flood for manslaughter in the second degree for the killing of a fifteen-year-old boy by indefensible shooting into a crowd of eight or ten boys—"some in short pants," declared that "the verdict was one much needed in the community. . . . Only the other day a defendant who was arraigned before me had two ribs broken and his head cut open. He received these injuries at the time of his arrest. . . . If police officers cannot keep order without resorting to undue and unwarranted violence on their own part, if they have to break the law themselves to preserve the law, then the police force is a failure." Excellent words! And if they are true, about every police force in the country is condemned by them.

Judge Nott is by no means the only New York magistrate who has acted. On the very day of January, 1922, when Commissioner Enright (Mr. McLaughlin's predecessor) denounced those who said that the "third degree" was habitually administered, Magistrate Corrigan ordered the arrest of Patrolman Patrick Lennon for beating Owen Watkins, a seaman, saying: "He [Watkins] is a mass of black and blue spots and bruises from his neck to his heels. His body gives every evidence of the absolute proof that he has been terribly beaten. The officer comes here and then commits perjury. In my judgment not only Officer Lennon proved himself a liar, but a poor liar." In 1924 Magistrate Corrigan had before him a newspaper carrier who had been so badly beaten by two policemen that he had to be assisted into court. But when the uniformed assailants were arraigned in court they were discharged by another magistrate "for lack of evidence." This is a familiar happening. If a police victim "squeals" he is promptly notified by the police to move on to some other residence under penalty of more trouble and interference with his business. Respectable persons who have been the victims of police brutality are the very ones most difficult to induce to testify; they want to be let alone.

Magistrate Corrigan is also of the opinion that the beating of suspects "is largely due to failure to use legitimate detective methods with success." The "third degree" he declared, in contradiction of the several police commissioners, to be "a wide-spread practice" in New York. Blackjacks, he asserted, "are systematically soaked in water, softening their surface so that the punishment does not lacerate the skin." He dwelt on the fact that there was undue protection of the rights of defendants in the courts, which infuriates alike the police and the prosecutors. The remedy is, of course, not the "third degree" but a change in legal procedure. Of course if a New York police commissioner really wished to find out the facts he could simply send for the police reporters. One of these, Mr. A. C. Sedgwick of the *Times*, has just written for *The Nation* a picture of a scene he himself by accident witnessed in which three prisoners were treated in this fashion:

> The "shellacin'" has started. Blow after blow from the rubber hose, blackjacks, and night-sticks. The prisoners fall to the floor. The blood pours from their faces. They spit and cough blood. The detectives, still in a white rage, look at them. The door opens. A young policeman in uniform pokes his head in. "You fellers is easy with 'em," he says. "Is that so?" roars a detective and kicks a prisoner in the face, pulls him to his feet, props him against the desk, then with the butt end of his revolver

makes a gash in his head. The three prisoners go to the hospital.

As Mr. Sedgwick points out, "as representatives of law and guardians of society they [the police] instil into the class of offenders contempt of law and hatred for society. The crooks believe them no different from themselves; they just happen to be on the other side of the fence."

This abuse has not, of course, ceased with the latest change in police commissioners in New York. On May 31 George Pons complained to Commissioner Warren that when he reported the murder of a friend he was beaten for an entire night and a rope around his neck was pulled every now and then. Two days later he was discharged from a police court as innocent. His appeal for an inquiry and punishment of the guilty will have no effect if the usual precedents are followed. He got off well, for he was only temporarily crippled. Others have received fractured skulls. One Krauss, arrested in Jamaica on suspicion, was found to be entirely innocent, but the rubber hose, used while a police captain looked on, put out the sight of his left eye—nobody punished and no redress.

That fear of the "third degree" is sometimes the cause of crime is clearly illustrated by the case of Luther Boddy, a negro boy, who killed two policemen when they sought to arrest him in New York in 1922. Careful inquiry by a responsible and experienced New York editor, and by representatives of one of the chief organizations for the protection of the negro, brought out the fact that Boddy was again and again arrested on suspicion and invariably "grilled." Prior to his last arrest he was so badly beaten in a station-house that he was confined to his bed for a week. He declared that he had not meant to kill the policemen, but that the impulse to get rid of them was born of a sudden feeling that he could not again go through the "third degree." A colored man was stopped on the street soon after and beaten up in a gratuitous effort to get him to tell of some of Boddy's crimes. Still another proof of the fear engendered by the "third degree" was afforded shortly after the Boddy case by that of William Hoey, "wanted" for shooting a policeman. He travelled to Sing Sing in order to induce the Catholic chaplain of that prison, Father Cashin, to go with him to New York to protect him when he surrendered to the police. When he was finally brought to a police station the press reported that the captain in charge said to the policemen who were lined up in front of him: "Now, boys, you mustn't touch this skunk; you know he's been photographed."

While the new Police Commissioner has not moved as to the "third degree," it is worth while recording that on August 13, Mr. Warren announced that he would take drastic action against reckless shooting and crimes of violence by the police. In the next week two innocent citizens were killed by police bullets recklessly fired in the streets and one detective, mistaken for a "Red," had his skull fractured by two brother policemen because he had a revolver in his hand.

IV

Lest it be thought that the "third degree" is a peculiarly New York custom, it may be well to point out that police scandals of first magnitude, involving turpitude in addition to the "third degree," have been reported of late years from such divergent places as Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, East St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Wichita, Kansas. In Seattle, the confessions of the chief of police for the years 1922–26 have been published in the Seattle *Union* and *Record*. One of the devices he used was an electrically-wired carpet covering the entire floor of the cell. When the current is turned on, he said, "sparks fly and the prisoner leaps, screaming in agony, into the

air. . . . It is not fatal, its effects are not lasting, and *it leaves no marks*." A method "highly recommended by the police of other cities" he described as follows:

> The prisoner is given a heavy iron ball and told to place it in a slot in the end of his cell. This slot, they show him, is opened by a trigger from which depends a length of stout cord. The prisoner is then bound and thrown on the floor in such a manner that his head is under the slot. One of his legs then is lifted at right angles to his body and the release cord is tied to his foot. So long as he can keep the leg upright he is in no danger. While he is kept in this position, the prisoner is questioned, the police commenting at intervals on the agony he must be suffering in trying to hold the aching leg upright. Prisoners sometimes become unconscious through fear and pain. The "catch" of the plan is that, while he is being bound, a detective has removed the shot and has put in its place a rubber ball!

In 1922, the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners of East St. Louis reduced the chief of police, the chief of detectives and seven other officials to the rank of patrolmen, suspended them for thirty days, and requested their resignations. They all took part in giving the "third degree" to John Campanella, an Italian arrested on suspicion that he knew about the killing of another Italian in his saloon. After he had died from the "third degree" beatings his body was hung up by the neck in his cell so as to make it appear that he had committed suicide, but a coroner's physician found no evidence of strangulation.

In Chicago the "third degree" is always endemic. The most striking example of it of late was afforded by the "goldfishing" of two instructors of the Lincoln School in the Frank murder case. Before the two youthful criminals, Leopold and Loeb, were discovered, the police used the rubber hose unmercifully upon these two young teachers of one of the most respected schools in Chicago in order to make them confess. There is no record that these two innocent young men obtained any redress for their barbarous treatment at the hands of the law—which they will hardly respect hereafter. Since then the suicide in the county hospital of a once-respected physician was investigated by a Chicago coroner with the result that the police were charged with the responsibility for his fractured skull, his black eyes, and the bruises all over his body.

In Indianapolis a citizen is advertising in the press that there were 22,325 arrests in 1926 and only 7,518 convictions. "What possible good," he asks, "can be expected from this annual crop of 14,000 or more 'innocent arrests'? Is it not reasonable to suppose that they will always think of, and speak of the city, the police, the courts, and government as 'crooked' and 'rotten'?"

In Wichita, Kansas, the police have gone so far in their extra-legal measures that, after a newspaper campaign led by Ex-Governor Henry J. Allen, who is facing a libel suit for $500,000 for charging a certain official with administering the "third degree," thirty-seven of the leading lawyers have organized to "de-Russianize the police" of this American city. These members of the bar charge that innumerable people arrested on suspicion of petty offenses are finger-printed and photographed and their pictures and finger-prints retained by the police after their complete innocence has been proved; they assert that the legal rights to release on bond in certain cases, and to the services of an attorney, are systematically violated by the police, many of whom have only "a hazy idea of their duties and limitations." In one case they entered a house without warrant, broke open a trunk, compelled an innocent woman to dress in their presence, and falsely arrested her for harboring a criminal. Every one of these acts was lawless and actionable, for which the guilty ought to be prosecuted civilly and criminally. Again, the lawyers cite as merely illustrative of regular Wichita police practice the arrest of a man who had

been out of work for months when on his way to a newly-acquired job. For three days he was kept *incomunicado*, not being allowed even to notify his family of his whereabouts. His family was driven nearly wild with anxiety before he was found to be absolutely innocent—but he lost his new job. Being out of work he doubtless cannot sue the police, who should be held accountable in every case of false arrest. As for holding prisoners *incomunicado*, this custom, borrowed from old Europe, is, of course, beyond defense. It carries with it the admission that the police wish to take extra-legal advantage of the prisoner before he can obtain counsel, the service of the writ of habeas corpus, etc.

This Wichita uprising is the only hopeful occurrence it is possible to report in connection with this subject. Its protesting lawyers point the way. It goes without saying that if the bar and the judiciary of the large cities would arouse themselves, enlist the services of the press, and announce their determination to prosecute every police official who deems himself superior to the law, the practice could be stopped overnight. Judge Thomas T. C. Crain has suggested a simple remedy—that no confession made to the police shall be admitted as evidence unless made in the presence of the man's lawyer. This would prejudice no right of the prosecution, yet it would practically remove the police incentive to extort confessions. Unfortunately our Bar Associations have not yet proved equal to other simple reforms such as removing the technicalities which clog the administration of justice in criminal procedure and make it possible for rich men to escape for years the toils of the law. The law's delays remain the criminal's best friends. Perhaps the new American Law Institute, which is now rewriting the criminal code, will be able to end some of these abuses.

If the bar ever seriously took up the question of official malfeasance in relation to crime, it would be impressed by the fact that the London police do not carry revolvers and that the killing of a London policeman is practically unheard of; that the "third degree" is unknown in England and would not be tolerated for an instant; that in the United Kingdom, as law-abiding a country as there is, with a total annual murder toll less than that of some middle-sized American cities, no one respects the law as much as the officials themselves. They are the guardians not only of the peace, but of the rights of all prisoners, the sanctities of every legal procedure.

In England, of course, it could hardly happen, as in Philadelphia recently, that a magistrate could be sentenced to prison for six years for corruption. This man pleaded guilty to extorting from liquor-law violators more than $80,000 in the ten months before his conviction; there were literally hundreds of specifications. His hands itched for bribes. What a fearful blow he struck at the dignity of the law and the respect in which it should be held! Again, in England during the general strike there were actually fewer cases of disorder in the courts than are usually found there in the same number of days. In America there is scarcely ever a strike in which the masses of the working people do not believe that the police, so far from holding the scales even, are on the side of the employing class. The army of Passaic strikers saw the police denying civil rights to their sympathizing friends from New York, suspending constitutional guarantees, and beating up strikers who were well within their legal rights. Can anyone expect these workers to hold the law in awesome respect or to believe that justice is enforced with even hands?

But it is not only strikers who suffer from the police clubs. On July 26 last the Queens County Grand Jury in New York denounced the attacks of the police upon the K. K. K. marchers in a Memorial Day parade at Jamaica, Long Island. The grand jury found that the

police "did more to incite riot than to quell disturbance." The "disgraceful assault" upon the K. K. K. and other marchers and innocent civilians was described as "a high-handed and brutal attack," and the jury directed Mayor Walker to punish the guilty police. In the State of New Jersey the public has also read of the conviction of a lieutenant of State Police and of a trooper for the murder of a woman and the shooting of her brother. They were guilty of gross abuse of their authority and the illegal use of their weapons. Three other troopers have just been arrested for beating two restaurant employees. In Pennsylvania the State Police have frequently sided with the employers, and the deniers of civil rights; at least this is the belief widely held by masses with whom they have come into contact. The result is the same: the persistent belief that the law-enforcer is biased and considers himself above the law.

But why go on? One could recall that the Department of Justice in Washington has set the worst kind of example, as witness the suicide of Andrea Salsedo, who leaped from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York City as a result of repeated tortures, physical and mental. The Department's agents inflicted upon him grave bodily injuries; they held him in confinement without due process of law; they threatened him with pain and death until he became insane. But this is only one of many cases. A body of lawyers of the highest standing reported—and proved—that in this land of liberty the agents of the Department of Justice arrested "great numbers of persons . . . in wholesale raids without warrants or pretense of warrants"; many of these, the committee found, were "threatened, beaten with blackjacks, struck with fists, jailed under abominable conditions or actually tortured."

It is no excuse for these or other abuses, such as the wholesale official thuggery against the Chinese in many of our cities during the year 1925, often without warrants, to say that they were in part the result of war hysteria. Officials, the United States Department of Justice, and the courts are there precisely for the purpose of dealing out *justice*, not hysterical oppression—for the very purpose also of keeping their heads when the public and the press lose their judgment and self-control. At least such a spectacle ought to make us extremely charitable in our views as to misgovernment in certain "backward" nations. The wonder really is, not that the law stands so low, but that it has any standing at all; not that we have crime waves, but that we have so few and such relatively small ones in view of the widespread official criminality.

This, then, is the revolutionary remedy. Let it be ordained that:

> From this day forward all officials, whether of a municipality, a county, a state, or of the Federal Government, shall themselves cease from all violation of the laws, state and national, and of the Constitution of the United States.

Let the physicians of the law first heal themselves.

BLACK MAJESTY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

ONE hundred and seven years ago a King, a negro who was born a slave, rang a splendid curtain down on an end of triumphs. His name was Henry Christophe and his kingdom formed part of Haiti, that greatest northern island of the Caribee chain.

Christophe's name and time and the things he dreamed have slipped to almost complete forgetfulness. All that remains now is a gigantic stone fortress, the largest structure ever built by a negro in the world's history. It straddles a mountain peak in the rarely visited north of Haiti. It is Henry's Citadel—empty, but for bats, empty and deserted and alone through a century of slow decay. But so greatly did the King dream, and dreaming, build, that his fortress even to-day is a spectacle without parallel in the world. It is as large as the Tower of London, yet it rises from the summit of a great mountain clothed on its lower slopes in jungle and littered near the steep crest with titanic boulders. Its walls, that range in height upward from a hundred feet, seem to grow from the hill's crown, and they narrow at the northern end that faces the sea twenty miles away to a prow like that of some stately ship. The still strong ramparts are stained with scarlet lichen. Within, where moisture drips monotonously from the four stories of cannon gallery, dungeons, treasure rooms, and chambers where once ten thousand men might have been lodged, there are rows upon rows of huge bronze cannons that a century ago could hurl iron balls amid the tiny houses of the city one can only glimpse through the mirage of humid distance down the sky. It is the epitome of majesty in stone.

Three thousand feet below it in a valley are the fallen, weed-grown walls of a splendid palace where the King once held court, called in his time the Palace of Sans Souci. These two half-ruined structures have kept about them a strange, faded mood of pride and grandeur and only partial defeat. Christophe, the greatest monarch in the written history of the negro race, flung a cloak of magnificence over them that time and petty hatreds and the utter failure of those who followed him have failed to rend away.

In the fall of the year 1767 Henry Christophe, the child of pure-blood black slave parents, was born somewhere in the West Indies. It is not known definitely where.

As a boy Christophe came by devious courses to the Island of Haiti, then France's supremely prosperous Colony of Saint-Domingue. He was the obscure slave of a negro innkeeper of the seacoast town now called Cap Haitien, and he served through long, uneventful years as stable-boy, then as waiter in the café gaming room.

The year when Christophe had just turned twenty coincided with the beginnings of the French Revolution, the mood of which found colonial expression in the rising of the African slaves who worked the fertile sugar lands of Haiti. For fifteen years he and two great confreres waged continual, costly war for the achievement of their dream of freedom and the political independence of the blacks of the island. They won what

they were after, but their eminence was lonely and the things they did were done too soon.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, Jean Jacques Dessalines, and Henry Christophe. In swift succession they ruled with the powers of emperors and then resigned the stage with splendid parting gestures. Together they achieved the abolition of slavery. Then, when Napoleon's treachery had cost Toussaint his life, Dessalines and Christophe avenged him with the utter routing of the largest expeditionary army ever despatched by France across a sea—an army under the direct instruction of the First Consul. Bonaparte's young brother-in-law, Victor LeClerc, came to command the forces. He brought his young bride with him, Pauline, sister to the great First Consul. They came for a conquering holiday. For a time Pauline, voluptuous, gay, and lovely, reigned in a fine new palace erected for her on a hill that faced the sea. But the slaves were frenzied and were greatly led. And in time the yellow fever claimed LeClerc; Pauline dismantled her salons, and pale with fear and drained of laughter sailed home again. The blacks declared Haiti free forever.

For a few troubled years Dessalines, "the Tiger," ruled as Emperor and then went down beneath the bayonets of his soldiers. Christophe succeeded him and because he understood his wretched, wearied people perhaps better than anyone before or after him has, he postponed for fourteen years the end he dreaded—the end he knew must come because to the people who were his subjects pride was still a new and foolish thing.

He became master of a territory that for a generation had been wasted by war. In all his domain, at the beginning, there was scarcely an acre of land under cultivation or a single decent house standing. His subjects were illiterate, degraded slaves. But from that material he wrought a rich and ornate kingdom. Christophe could neither read nor write, but he established schools and colleges and found English scholars to instruct in them. Haiti's purse was empty, but the King created a currency and piled up a national treasure that was conservatively estimated in excess of $40,000,000. He built innumerable palaces, more gorgeous and more superbly furnished than any structures ever raised before in the New World. The most regal of them all was Sans Souci. Because Christophe felt the mocking eyes of the world were on him, he made his home a model of magnificence. The ornate halls of state, the banqueting rooms, and his well filled library—the library of a King who could not read—were on the lower floor adjoining a wide, paved terrace. So that they might be always cool, in the noon heat of a tropic island, a mountain stream was conducted by pipes under the floors. It ran out through a red-tiled channel and fell down over a bright blue wall. Every one of many score of rooms in Sans Souci was panelled in precious hardwoods and a few were paved in Eastern mosaics. On the walls were fine French tapestries, paintings from European dealers, and gilded mirrors in the fashion of Louis XIV. In this palace King Christophe established a formal court. He conferred upon his negro officers of state and army the titles of Duke and Chevalier and Baron. He established a strict and gracious etiquette, as formal, and thrice as strange as any that ever ruled the courtesies of courtiers. Henry did this not as an end but as a means—a means appropriate to his people that he hoped would lure them to the end that he desired—pride. He had white advisers, tempted by adventure and kept by love for him. But because he was a full-blooded black and because an indolent, bankrupt, mulatto republic existed just beyond his southern borders, he made enemies who resolved in their weakness and their empty jealousy that his magnificence must end.

II

Sir Home Riggs Popham, a distinguished English admiral, had visited

Christophe's kingdom in the role of British Ambassador. The elderly, high-born sailor and the giant, brooding, sometimes savage negro King had become fast friends. They had talked together many times. In the summer of 1820 Sir Home Popham came to Christophe's court to say good-bye. He was going home to England.

In the heat and silence of a week-day afternoon they climbed a hill together. They found a shaded rock from which one commanded a view of a widespread, fertile valley and the white houses of Henry's seaport capital twenty miles away. The titled British Admiral and the negro sovereign sat down together and mopped the perspiration from their foreheads. For a few moments they were silent. The King's huge frame was curiously relaxed. He had grown heavier lately and furrows ran out from the corners of his eyes.

"They tell me, Henry," said the Admiral at last, "that you have turned tyrant. Why?"

Christophe's long-fingered, mobile hands opened in a gesture of helplessness. He spoke with measured, dull precision.

"Maybe I know no other way. Last night I learned that my French chaplain, the priest Corneille Brelle, was in correspondence with my enemies in the Republic to the south. Letters were found under his cassock. He has already told them how many soldiers I have and how many guns. He will lose his head at dawn to-morrow. . . . That is what you call tyranny?"

The King drew in his breath sibilantly and his voice took on more volume and a new richness.

"I know no other way. Sir Home, though I am King, though they call me Majesty, you must remember I am still an ignorant old man. I cannot read. What others have thought and done is no help to me, except what I learn of them through my friends. 'Christophe,' they say, 'is stupid. All he understands is war and work. He is no politician!' That is true. But in the time that remains to me I must do what I wish as I will. I have many enemies. Some down there," he pointed to the red roof of the Palace of Sans Souci below them, "would be frightened if they knew how well I know them. But do you see these?"

Two black clenched fists were thrust out and his eyes sought the Admiral's face. "My flatterers tell me I am King because of my brain—because I know so much. That is nonsense! I am King because of these. So long as these are strong they will obey me and that is enough. When death opens this fist the work will be done. Haiti will be great, strong, rich, proud—so proud, God willing, the blacks will not forget the name Christophe!"

The King rose to his full height, held his hands out before him in a strange ecstasy.

"Come now, if you are rested. I have a commission which I would be obliged if you would fulfill for me in London."

That night Sir Home Popham took aboard his flagship a banded iron chest sealed with the royal seal of the kingdom. It contained $6,000,000 in gold to be deposited in the Bank of England in the name of the Queen, Marie-Louise Christophe.

At dawn the executioner struck off the head of the French priest Corneille Brelle.

Henry was absent all that day from his palace. In the late afternoon, as had become his invariable custom, he climbed the steep trail that led to the fortress on the mountain peak. Once there he granted only a curt nod to the negro officers in charge of the Citadel garrison and retired to his private chamber.

After a little, as the twilight mists were scudding up the sea and breaking softly against the great stone prow of the fortress, he came out, dressed in a dusty, ragged coat, torn knee breeches and a pair of battered boots.

The workmen were just coming down from the walls. The huge Citadel had

been in process of building for sixteen years, but it was not yet finished. Christophe took a mason's trowel from a negro conscript laborer and mounted a ladder to a point on the highest rampart.

The soldiers of the garrison, the prisoners and laborers, ate their evening meal around little fires on the central parade ground, sheltered by the vast stone galleries of the fort. That night they talked in whispers and kept their eyes turned up to where the lonely figure of their King was silhouetted, a tiny mark against the luminous night sky. In childhood Christophe had learned the trade of stonemason. Often in recent months he had worked alone on the walls of his Citadel. The regular click-slap, click-slap of his trowel throwing mortar and tapping the big flat bricks came faintly down to them.

Three hours after sundown he flung down his trowel, retired to his room again, and changed to his customary ornate uniform. Then he let himself out of the studded oaken door that gave on the lower terrace, and in a few moments the sentries on the walls saw him far below them striding down the moonlit trail to Sans Souci.

III

The following day Henry gave orders that his meals were to be served to him in his private apartments. The solitary, brooding mood of yesterday still was on him.

At one o'clock he gave orders to a body-servant to saddle a horse. He was going to the village of Limonade, ten miles away, to attend mass.

The servant gaped stupidly. Never before in anyone's memory had Henry gone to mass . . . The man hurried to the stables.

It was the hour when most of Haiti was indoors asleep. The vertical rays of the tropic sun pounded more and more relentlessly on one's back with every mile down the empty, dusty road. But Christophe rode without mercy, whipping his sweating white horse to a gallop that soon outdistanced the men of his bodyguard.

The Church of Saint Anne at Limonade is a simple little building. It had rarely been visited by communicants more eminent than barefoot old negresses.

The fat Breton priest who lived near by was asleep in a hammock when a breathless soldier roused him with the news that the King awaited him in the empty church.

In a moment he was in a little anteroom that adjoins the sanctuary. A frightened peek through the door assured him that Christophe, whose giant body, tilted head, and outstretched hands seemed to fill the meager space by the altar, was waiting. The King was kneeling at a little praying stand.

With trembling hands the priest put on his vestments. In a minute he was ready. But so furious had been his haste that not a gust of breath was left in him. He paused in the doorway to recover himself. From where he stood he could see Christophe, but Christophe could not see him. Suddenly the fat priest's mouth dropped open and his little blue eyes nearly started from his head.

Christophe was slowly rising to his feet. His left hand clutched the *prie-dieu* so the wood cracked noisily. His right arm, rigid as an iron rod, was thrust out. His fingers pointed at the altar. Little flecks of foam were showing at the corners of his mouth. Now he was standing erect, a black giant in a queerly incongruous bright blue uniform. Frozen with fright, the priest realized Christophe was about to speak. His lips moved helplessly, then words were formed.

"Great God, it's Corneille Brelle!"

The King had seen the ghost of his dead chaplain officiating in strange silence before the altar. With a scream he crashed forward. In the fraction of a second before panic gave wings to the priest's heels he saw that the blow against the stone floor had laid Christophe's head open. As he fled he noted that the fallen

King lay limp in an ever-widening red puddle.

Two hours later Christophe's friend and physician, Dr. Duncan Stewart, of Edinburgh—a white man who stood closer to the King than any men of his own race—the Queen, and Henry's two devoted secretaries, Baron Vastey and Baron Dupuy, were at his bedside in the priest's house.

For two days Christophe lay unconscious while not a sound broke the summer quiet of Limonade. On the third day he was carried in a special litter to his Palace of Sans Souci.

IV

The news ran over Haiti. The voices of black farmers carried it, calling from hillside to valley, over across the ranges, across the deserts, the great central plain, and at last into the dry brown hills of the South, where his mulatto enemies heard, rejoicing. At night the rumbling drums of old witch-men sounded the refrain, colored it, dramatized it weirdly, and sent the word in code over the marshes where the night birds called and across the narrow strips of sea to lonely little islands off the coast.

Christophe, lying in magnificence in the vast and splendid palace under the hill, heard, when night lay breathless on his kingdom, and his hands caught at his silken sheets. "So much to do . . ." Then, weakly, he fell asleep.

The next morning Baron Dupuy and Dr. Stewart came into the King's chamber. The leaded windows were open on a brilliant sky and a cool breeze from the sea fluttered the hangings.

Dupuy and Stewart seemed strangely ill at ease. With stiff awkwardness the doctor took his place on one side of the bed and Dupuy on the other.

"Come, Henry, let's get up," said the Scotchman, and held out his hand.

Christophe's arms lifted to them. He put his hands in theirs, raised his head a little . . . and cursed softly. With a force that nearly tumbled the two men over him, he pulled at their arms. Slowly his great body came out from under the covers. His nightshirt, open at the throat, exposed his broad black chest. His head turned toward Stewart and his eyes, wide and frightened, sought the doctor's.

"Duncan, what's the matter? I can't move!"

They let go his hands. Stewart flung back the bedclothes, and while Dupuy, his pale brown hands knotted desperately together, looked on, he went methodically over the limp body of the King.

At last: "You might as well know, Henry. Except for your head, your arms, and those hands of yours—and God only knows why he spared those—you are paralyzed. Know what that means?"

Christophe nodded.

That night the hidden drums and the sing-song, wailing voices of the peasants carried new, exciting news.

Thick-lipped, dull-eyed blacks in the hot sweat of the cane fields spat on the ground and wondered. They arched their backs, yawned, then laughed. It would be good to rest.

And in St. Marc, the city of the kingdom that lay nearest the borders of the Republic, two officers of the garrison excused their regiment from duty for a week and entertained at their table officers of the enemy's army from over the line.

But the King, in spite of his infirmity, had rarely been more active. Four tall negro soldiers of his household regiment were attached to his person. On fine days they carried him to a balcony that adjoined the rooms on the top floor of the palace. There, with a brass telescope beside him, he could see the richest region of his kingdom spread out like a pale green carpet below him. All day long messengers would ride up the twenty-mile white royal road that led to the port to bring him petitions, papers.

Vastey and Dupuy, his secretaries, were always within call.

Word came of the treason at St. Marc. Christophe called a negro general to him, a man named Jean Claude, and instructed him to take a company of faithful men to the rebellious city.

But Jean Claude never reached St. Marc. He was shot through the throat that night less than ten leagues from the palace. He and his men had fallen into an ambush prepared by a company of revolutionists. They had come under cover of the thick forests that clothed the most inaccessible parts of the mountains to feel out the sentiment of their countrymen in the north. Messengers took the head of Jean Claude in a sack to Port au Prince, the southern capital, to prove to their friends in the Republic the "good faith" of the St. Marc garrison.

A frightened peasant came at dawn to the gates of Sans Souci. He was admitted and fell prone before Christophe's chair.

The man was panting from exhaustion and whimpering from fear, but his message was definite.

The soldiers from St. Marc had left their concealment and were marching on the public road. A few peasants had thrown down their tools and joined them. The cry was "*À bas le roi!*", free rum, no more work—and spoils. They were moving slowly on toward Sans Souci. And no one was resisting them.

Christophe's hands caught the chair arms and with a great effort he lifted himself up. But he sank back groaning and his eyes stared terribly while two servants lifted and pushed him to a natural position on his throne. The kingdom was toppling about his head and the King was more helpless than a new-born calf. Timorously his eyes sought the massive hands lying on his lap and for an instant a grim smile wiped the heavy tragedy from his mouth.

He called for his secretary. "Vastey," said the King, "we have no time to lose. Send word that I will review the army to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Among the under-servants at Sans Souci was an old black man, born in Africa, who professed to be a witch-doctor. At daybreak this man was brought to the King's bedchamber.

For two hours the witch-man, aided by a valet, massaged Henry's body with a mixture of red pepper and raw rum—a liniment held in great esteem in the old slave days. At nine o'clock they dressed him in his most splendid blue and white and gold uniform and at ten his four bodyguards propped him in a throne-like chair and carried him down the stairs and out on to the main terrace at the western end of the palace.

Below, filling the narrow valley under Sans Souci and stretching away into the humid distance, were the assembled regiments of the army of Haiti, their rich and vivid uniforms glinting brightly in the morning sun. Certain companies were missing, but it was a lack no one spoke of.

Every eye was turned toward the palace. Half the army saw the King's chair being carried to its place on the terrace. Five thousand blacks could hear Christophe's booming, roaring voice break the silence:

"Bring me my horse," he called.

It was the first sound he had uttered that day.

The white horse, fully caparisoned, was waiting behind a wall. In a complete and breathless quiet a groom led it across the terrace toward Henry's throne.

At sight of it a vast shouting smashed the silence. With a single voice the army cheered, "*Vive le roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*" Down the valleys thousands of hats were flung in the air. The hoarse, gigantic shouting beat against the mountains and rolled back in thundering echoes.

The horse came to a stand ten feet from the throne. The four bodyguards turned toward the King. He shook his head and swept them away with his arm. He twitched off the robe that covered his lap.

Doctor Stewart, standing in the crowd,

pulled at his clean-shaven chin and stared.

Christophe looked straight before him. He breathed deep. The cheering suddenly ceased. Christophe stood erect.

In five powerful headlong strides he reached the white horse. One hand went to its mane, the other to the saddle. He bent a little to leap up. But while the court and army looked on, King Christophe slowly, slowly, like an empty bag, slumped down till he lay under the horse's feet with his arms outstretched and his face against the earth. The strength so miraculously summoned for the instant had gone out of him.

Rain had fallen during the night. When Stewart, the Queen, Vastey and Dupuy picked him up his uniform was smeared with mud. Dry sobs were shaking him.

When they set him back on the throne the soldiers below cheered again, but this time the sound was scattered and half-hearted. The Queen bit her lips. The gaping courtiers near by noted with astonishment that sour, silent Dr. Stewart was smiling with a queer, proud smile, and that tears ran unashamed down his furrowed cheeks.

The King gave an order. A page ran down the grand stairway to where the first company of soldiers waited.

The parade began.

As each platoon passed the place where Christophe sat the men broke into spontaneous cheers. "*Vive le roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*"

Then, because twenty paces further on they reached the far end of the terrace, the line of marching men turned around a high garden wall that hid Christophe from their sight.

The review lasted several hours. Christophe sat upright and kept his hand rigidly at salute. But when a third of the procession had passed him two sorts of cheering sounded faintly in the valley.

As the soldiers passed before him they called "*Vive l'homme Christophe!*"; as they passed around the corner of the wall out of sight of him they broke ranks and, all unconscious of the contrast, shouted "*À bas le roi! Vive l'independence!*"

Each company had been touched by the revolution. "No more work" and "free rum" were tempting calls to rally to. They had come to the review drawn by a lingering dread and a lingering love for their King. But the master had crumpled into the mud, and though when his eyes were on them they stayed in stiff parade, once out of his sight they were quit of him.

At last the tail of the procession, still meek, but now not cheering, passed and Christophe turned his head to find that the nobles, the generals, the servants, ladies and gentlemen in waiting who had grouped behind his throne in the morning, had quietly slipped away. Except for a few who stood close to him he was alone.

The valet and the witchdoctor; his two devoted secretaries, Vastey and Dupuy; the Scotch physician; his own three children, Prince Victor Henry and the two Princesses, Améthiste and Athénaire; three old, erect black generals; and Marie-Louise, his beloved, gentle, simple Queen, were there beside him. A stone's throw away was the Palace of Sans Souci, its doorways empty and its leaded windows swinging wide. Evidently the last of its servants and sentries had gone away.

The King lifted his hands helplessly to them and they carried him through the echoing, silent palace up to his balcony.

They brought him his battered brass telescope. He sent one of three remaining faithful generals down the royal road to find out the progress of the rebellion and bring the report back.

Athénaire and Améthiste, his daughters, one twenty and the other twenty-two, sat on the ground and laid their cheeks against his knees. He sent the others away.

He saw the solitary general, who somewhere had found a rich, brocaded banner, ride proudly down the wide white road toward the port. The old negro went as if a great army followed

close behind him. Two hours later, in the twilight, he came back. A rebel sniper had shot off his cocked hat and he had lost his banner. He was still alone.

Christophe sent his daughters away and asked for Dr. Stewart. The sun sank below the far-away rim of the sea and the night rode swiftly up the hills. Soon the valley under Sans Souci was dark and murmurous. The sunlight touched the mountain peaks and then was gone.

The Scotch doctor sat on a stiff chair beside the King. They had been friends so long that talk was superfluous.

Once Henry whispered: "Toussaint, the Tiger, and I . . . We dreamt so much and we have done so little."

Again, with a certain rich pride in his tone, he said, "To be great, Duncan, is to be lonely. To be magnificent is to have men hate you."

V

The sky was filled with the reflection of flames. The King's chateaux in the distant plain were on fire. Through the brass telescope one could see little dancing shadows pass before the pyres of flame. Now and then an isolated shot, a sound of distant cheering, and a brief, mad rumble on a tom-tom drum came up to them. Christophe cleared his throat.

"Duncan, they will be here soon now. You must go. There are still horses in the stables, I think. Take whatever you can find that's worth anything, then go by back trails to the coast. You will be safe with the English Consul. Good-bye."

"Henry," said Dr. Stewart, "don't be a damn' fool."

He stood up. "I am going to send Marie-Louise and the children to you, but I will be over the hall if you want me."

They shook hands.

The Queen and the King's three children came to him. He then sent for his secretaries, Vastey and Dupuy. He said good-bye to them all; gave, in something of his old tone of command, orders that the two men were to take his family at once to the port and put them under the protection of English friends there. He gave Marie-Louise the papers that entitled her to the fortune Sir Home Popham had deposited in the Bank of England for her. Then he kissed them and sent them away.

When they had gone he called his valet and asked him to bring a bowl of water. While the man stood by, he slowly washed his hands and dried them on a damask napkin. Then he sent the man away.

But the servant stayed outside the door of the King's bedchamber and watched through the keyhole.

He saw Christophe, after a long, quiet minute, throw himself off his chair and with clutching fingers drag himself across the room to a closet. He saw him reach up and turn the knob, saw him pull down a snow-white satin gown, roll himself into it, and then, like some stricken animal, drag himself horribly across the floor to his bed and lift himself on to it.

From where he lay Christophe could look down the valley. It was not empty now. It was filled with a shouting, running mob of men carrying torches.

The King took something from a little cabinet by his bedside. While the trembling valet still peered hypnotized through the keyhole watching him, he fell back and lay still. A tall clock in the corridor ticked regularly.

Running feet sounded on the stairways. The first of the looting rebels were already in the palace.

A great crash of broken glass was heard.

"They are breaking even the mirrors that have imaged me!" said the King aloud.

He clenched his right fist and raised his left hand, which held a pistol, to his temple.

A shot reverberated, followed by sudden quiet. The King was dead. He had put a golden bullet, moulded long ago, through his brain.

Marie-Louise and the others disobeyed the King's command. They gave gold and jewels to the looters to bribe them not to mutilate his body. They tied sheets to two poles and laid Christophe on the improvised stretcher, and at midnight the Queen, the two princesses, and little fierce old Baron Vastey left Sans Souci by a secret door and started up the long, dark trail that leads to Henry's Citadel.

The dead King was a heavy load; doubly heavy for one old man, an old negress and two young girls, all heartbroken.

But all that night they labored up the trail, while Stewart and Dupuy and the three generals rode with Prince Victor toward safety and the sea.

Dawn found the cortège on the last half-mile of the winding trail that snakes over bare ground just under the gray walls of the fortress. As the night mists rose and broke against the prow of the foremost rampart the sentries on the wall saw them. No news had come to them up there. The sudden shout resounded, "*Le roi est mort!*" The sentries left their posts, the laborers and soldiers who were forming lines for the morning parade took up the shout, ran down the corridors behind the cannons and burst out the lower door.

A handful of officers and men tried vainly to stem the tide. But when the Queen and Vastey with their burden ended the climb and came under the portals of the fortress the Citadel was empty and the hillsides were alive with running, laughing men on their way to join the rebels in the valley.

Slowly, panting and weak from exhaustion, they staggered through the galleries and came at last into the sudden brightness of the central court. The morning was cool. Green parrots flew cawing overhead.

The few faithful soldiers and officers who had stayed behind came to attention. Willing hands reached out and took the heavy stretcher.

Vastey and the Governor of the Citadel entered into a quick whispered consultation. There was no time. The Queen and the Princesses must be rushed to safety.

A pit of new-mixed builder's lime lay open in the center of the parade ground. Vastey and the Governor lifted the stretcher high over their heads and with a tremendous effort turned it over.

The King's body pitched from its winding sheet, turned in the air, and with a sullen splash fell into the lime. It sank down and the white corrosive lipped in on it like a hungry mouth. The bystanders caught their breath. The surface of the lime was still and smooth. But above it, through it, thrust up the King's right hand and his bare black wrist. The hand was clenched. It seemed in death to be still masterful, still strong.

There was no time. They left him there.

In the empty, gigantic fortress on the mountain top the King's hand threatened the stillness and the morning sky.

The revolutionists, fearful lest the royal line continue, murdered young Prince Victor Henry. But Madame Marie-Louise and her daughters were permitted to take ship for England. The Queen claimed her fortune, but the thirty years she survived her King were a long, slow time of anticlimax. She was lonely, and her loneliness drove her to the God her husband in his pride and mastery had rejected. She became a devout Catholic—and the millions garnered by Christophe swiftly slipped into the hands of the Church. She and the Princesses are buried in the little cemetery behind the monastery of the Capuchins, in Pisa, Italy.

LUCKY STAR

A STORY

BY JEANNETTE HOWARD FOSTER

HAMILTON NORTH, following the porter with his bags down the Pullman aisle, bent to sweep the Waynesville platform with a speculative eye for the woman who would be meeting him. It was always a woman except in the cities or the college towns; he did not expect the average American man to turn out for him at eleven in the morning until he should have published a best seller or had a volume suppressed, and to neither of these distinctions had he as yet quite attained. Now he was a bit puzzled; in his native town he might have resigned himself to the two anxious ladies in black, but here in the South even his brief fortnight had led him to expect a higher quality of charm in women who counted. Of this town in particular, somehow, he anticipated the best, having heard it spoken of with respect, and having noted, as the train drew in, that it was pleasantly free from commercial grime and squalor, as well as graced by ancient mansions and wide, deep-shaded streets.

When he reached the platform the two ladies of his apprehensions were already greeting someone else, and he stood for a moment uncertain, divided between piqued surprise and a happy sense of liberation, drawing great breaths of the unbelievable May sweetness to which he should never become accustomed within the confines of towns. Before either mood had taken hold upon him, however, a handsome car came dashing in among the station traffic, was stopped with a hiss of soft tires upon the gravel, and discharged a tall laughing woman in white, who flashed him a smile of almost personal recognition. Waynesville, he decided, was not going to disappoint him after all. While she came down the long platform he had time to appreciate her swift free fashion of moving, the russet lights upon her dark uncovered head, the perfection with which her severe thin sport frock became her; she seemed to have just left the tennis court.

"Mr. North?" she said in a rich voice just on the edge of a laugh, and giving him a hand whose clasp was surprisingly warm and as strong as a boy's, "I'm Nancy Wayne Graham—Mrs. Graham—and I've the good luck of being allowed to take care of you. I hope you weren't feeling abandoned. Here, boy, the blue car," she threw crisply over her shoulder to the now restive porter.

Hamilton North followed her with an unexpected sense of well-being and uttered the formal courtesies with a certain unbending of his customary restraint as he took his place in the soft upholstery beside her. Here was not only the informal ease, the vivacity, and assurance which he found native to this region, but an impression of power that immediately caught his imagination. Not the mere arrogance of beauty, either, he meditated, observing the terse economy of movement with which she put her car in motion and threaded the disorder of trucks and taxis about the station.

Once in the shaded streets she said more in statement than question, "Mr.

North, I'm begging the privilege of taking you home instead of to the hotel. These little towns of ours don't have the accommodations you're used to, and I promise you as much privacy and freedom with us as you like."

"The privilege is mine," he said, unbending completely. "It is delightful of you to put yourself at my service this way, and I shall try not to be too unsocial or to indulge in any of the temperamental eccentricities my friends like to accuse me of."

"Ah, we should welcome them!" she cried laughing, "You don't know what a treat it is to have someone—a real Someone—drift in with the eccentricities of the great world. Please do stir us up a bit!"

As she turned her laughing eyes full upon him he noticed with fresh pleasure the brilliance of them, luminous gray and exquisitely shaped, with dark outcurling lashes which gave them a constant alertness, a hint of private mirth.

His look met her challenge. "This is plainly my chance to ask just how outspoken I may be here," he said. "Will they accept talk as straight as—my last book, for instance?"

"Well, frankly"—she showed beautiful teeth in a wide, engaging smile—"isn't that last one going rather far? When I said wake us up, I didn't mean shock us, exactly. I'm afraid we're rather shockable here by modern standards—but just give us the feeling of how much goes on outside, how alive it all is! I suppose I'm thinking of my precious year in New York, really"—she was half apologetic for so long a speech—"and wanting you to bring back the flavor of that. Most of the interesting people I knew there used to have little attacks of temperamental eccentricity, but all because they were so full of what they were doing. That's what we need."

He returned her smile. "And that's what I hoped I was doing, even in *Dark Stars*. If there's a sting in it, it's for my own Middle West. But I shall surely enjoy defending that favorite child of mine when we have time for a real discussion."

"Oh, Mr. North, don't say it's your favorite."

He felt real protest beneath her lightness, and was turning it aside with, "Well, isn't one's youngest always the darling?" when he broke off with a sudden breath of delight, for they had swung between hoary gate posts and were slipping into a scene to arrest any collector of choice impressions.

The clear cool reach of lawn sloping up beneath great trees; the house, of a venerable simplicity, with white columns not too dominant, and rosy brick and fawn shutters mellow before the Civil War; the flowers—roses, roses, cascading over arbors and down terraces in such profusion as he had never imagined; and here and there the dark accents of evergreen and box and massed honeysuckle, their riotous fragrance assaulting the senses with every drift of warm May air—to the last detail there was a perfection, a prodigal loveliness about the place that held him rapt, and that in their progress up the long drive slowly became one with the woman beside him and explained her.

All the way up the hill he was conscious of her subtle scrutiny and, when at the top he sprang out to help her alight, he felt faintly surprised when she let her fingers rest warmly in his an instant longer than was necessary. In that instant their eyes met squarely, and a sense of conscious adventure wakened in him. Quite frankly each measured the other and each hailed an equal. She disengaged her hand abruptly and mounted the steps, and as she led the way into the cool dimness of the house she moved with a joyous resilience and hummed a thread of tune, as though she were bringing in an old friend.

He followed her up the broad staircase, past a window looking across to distant hills, and on into a chamber that might have stood untouched since the Revolution. With a gesture now consciously light she turned it over to his possession

and said, with mirthful eyes on his face, "I believe you like my house, Mr. North."

He echoed her tone. "Like is a weak word. I positively venerate it and feel myself immensely unworthy of my quarters!"

Now she laughed outright. "I'm sure they never housed a guest who was less so. But you don't know how much good that does me. So many of my friends have wanted me to remodel; and when I see their exquisite places, and am starved for novelty, I've been tempted. I've always felt, though, that it was a kind of trust, not wholly mine to trifle with, and when someone like you happens along to give me heart, I know that in falling heir to it I was born under a lucky star!" She turned in the doorway as she left him, to say, still laughing, "Somehow I feel particularly lucky to-day. . . . Luncheon at one, Mr. North."

Late that night, beside the open windows of his perfect chamber, Hamilton North set about ordering his wealth of vivid impressions in some tangible form before they should be faded by sleep. He had made this Southern tour largely in the hope of some real contact with a new region and had felt himself fairly successful; but here by sudden magic he "belonged," and saw all his previous records as the cold comments of an outsider. Turning the pages of his notebook, he re-read here and there a phrase that had seemed particularly good, with the striking partial truth of first impressions; but how entirely they missed the real spirit, the charm which had become so richly apparent to him to-night.

It was, of course, the personality of Nancy Graham which had brought her background so suddenly to life; she was bewitching, and in his callow days he would have been already in love with her and happy in a three-day infatuation that would stimulate his work, but now he meant to let her spell grow no farther than this fine golden haze which she knew so well how to cast over her environment. Through it he saw again her lovely slim daughter, amazingly near ten, who called her "Miss Nancy"; saw the pale-paneled, candle-lit room where he dined with her and a delicate faded relative—"Stan," it appeared, was temporarily in New York—and then sat again on the high-pillared verandah, watching the swift dusk fall and the unbelievable stars leap out, while pine and honeysuckle began to discharge their night scents so different from the strong aromatics of noon, and Nancy Graham's low voice flowed on. Then he was borne along quaintly dark streets to the old church where he lectured, and heard her warm, informal introduction that lighted his audience to instant response.

Then there was the Graham verandah again, where a carefully chosen handful gathered for iced drinks and informal chat. Nancy Graham let no one cross-question him about his books or suddenly leave him the floor, forcing him as it were to continue his lecture; she accepted him like any other week-end guest, and the personal banter at which they were all so quick flowed about him with no more self-consciousness than served to put an edge on the wit. The impression he received of easy intimacies of lifelong comradeship filled him with a kind of nostalgia. . . . There was a full moon, too, and she had seated him where he looked out across the gentle cup of a valley flooded with pure silver to low circling hills that gleamed palely against a crystal sky; somewhere across the dew-misted lawn a mocking-bird broke into low bubblings, and honeysuckle drowned them in drugging sweetness. . . . Why had he not been born here?

For a long time he worked beside his window, capturing the spell in deft phrases; then switching off his light, he sat upon the broad sill, his head back against the casing, and gave himself up to the beauty of the night. But soon between him and the scented dark came the figure of Nancy Graham. With what skill she had shown him her back-

ground at its best, and how completely she was the flower of that best—of the mellow town, the perfect house, both the work of her ancestors, and then of this prodigal climate that gave vitality which not even generations of breeding could pale or thin . . . And yet . . . and yet . . . she had something more. Her setting, for all its charm, was naïve, not quite up to the impression of urbanity he had got from her this morning. Year in and year out how was she satisfied here, she who could so well hold her own in any drawing-room he knew? Why had she ever come back from New York after that "precious year" she mentioned this morning? At the call of romance, probably; he gathered that she had married soon afterward, and he found himself wondering about "Stan," of whom she and the others had made casual mention to-night. One couldn't predicate him from Constance, for the child was just a small replica of her mother; what sort of man was he to have kept a woman like her radiant and content here for ten years? . . . Or was content after all quite an honest estimate? He recalled her immediate appeal to him this morning for some diversion, and a succession of chance phrases and gestures since—"starved for novelty," "this lotus land of ours," her fingers in his at the steps, her fingers on his arm half a dozen times to-night. . . . Of course that informal freedom of gesture was only a localism, they all had it here; but her hands had a tension, a restlessness.

Perhaps his reverie drifted into a romantic doze; certainly he was startled by the flutter of a raised shade, and with amazement watched a square of gold light from some neighboring window grow upon the lawn. It framed the shadow of a woman's figure lengthened by the slanted beams into a slim mediæval silhouette more symbolic than real, but still he recognized something in its tempered grace as Nancy Graham's. Why was she still awake at this hour? He was certain that while he drowsed a clock somewhere had chimed two. While he watched, she flung out her hands in a gesture so poignant that he caught his breath and hastily averted his eyes, feeling the veriest intruder upon her unguarded emotion. There was nothing of the genial and urbane Nancy Graham in the stark hunger of those outstretched hands, and he tried to doubt that it was she, but could not. His speculations had hit too uncannily close. He shivered. She stood there for what seemed a long time, tense, motionless; then the arms fell, the figure blurred, the light went out.

Abruptly Hamilton North drew his own shade and flooded his room with light. Its cool austerity was an excellent antidote to his suddenly overwrought mood, and he prepared rapidly for the night to the tune of plausible hypotheses that she missed her husband, or that, in the delicious phrase he had picked up to-night, she had a "secret sorrow" here in town; but he knew better. For the one, there was too little sense of vacancy in the household, although Mr. Graham had been gone a fortnight; for the other, she had not the hectic radiance of a woman with a hidden passion. He had only to let in the May night and lie down in darkness for the certainty to confront him again beyond denial; here she was, caught in a constricted if exquisite cage; here was he, a reasonably distinguished, not unpicturesque ambassador from the great outside; and all about them this riotous May . . . He wished he had not seen those shadowed hands.

At three-thirty the next afternoon, Hamilton North came out of his doorway, walked with caution to the broad staircase, and frankly paused to listen; he was hoping against hope that no guests had yet arrived and that he should have a bit of time with his charming hostess. But unfamiliar voices already floated up from the verandah, and he caught a flash of violent rose frock that was never Nancy Graham's; so he

turned back to his room, postponing the descent as long as possible.

He was in a bad mood, too. Walking this morning in clear sunlight, he had felt a distaste for last night's fever of the imagination and a strong impulse to engage Nancy Graham in good straight talk; that sort of thing always got one's feet back on solid ground and, unless he was much mistaken, she too would welcome the anchorage. The discussion of *Dark Stars* that he had threatened her with yesterday would be a good beginning. Whether she ever sanctioned this particular volume or not he didn't care so long as she saw what he and the rest were after. Then, too, if he could, he would suggest her spending a season in New York; if she were really in the desperate state he had sentimentally inferred last night, she would jump at talk of definite ways and means; and even if she were merely much bored . . . nothing like a potential escape for breaking such a mood. Anyway, it would do her good just to talk impersonally to a transient stranger like himself, with no fear of aftermaths. . . . Thus he reasoned before breakfast, and had gone down cheerful and alert for debate.

But she had proved elusive, full of gay inconsequence, slipping away from all his graver openings, like a filly who scents the halter. Halfway through the meal she let Constance come in and prattle, with only a laughing shrug when the child betrayed her, "Why, Miss Nancy, you had one breakfast with me *a-ages* ago!" (Had she slept at all?) Afterward she led him out to see her flowers, and later in the car she "ran by for Bettie Ritchie," plainly an intimate, and thus accompanied drove him "up the mountain." The drive was a delight, along slopes sprayed with laurel and rhododendron up to a sudden height that left them hung above the valley on a promontory in liquid sunshine; but all the way Bettie Ritchie, a fresh-colored blonde with a fifteen-year-old's face, poured forth an amiable unchecked stream of gossip into which all weightier topics fell like pebbles and were lost. "Oh, Mr. North, I just can't keep up with these modern things. Nancy Wayne reads them all and tells us when she finds one that ends right." And just when he was prepared to bid her a grateful farewell she had been invited to lunch. The meal would have been purely negative, with the slow sweet drawl running on and on, had he not in the midst of it become aware of Nancy Graham's hands; thereafter he could do nothing but watch them, as their strong white fingers varied between a schooled quietude and a tense stroking of her glass.

Luncheon over, his hostess had excused herself by suggesting that he deserved a bit of rest, and had taken herself off—to sleep, he hoped. Now the tea would last until six or so; her husband was coming in on the afternoon express; to-night would go, of course, to his second lecture, and to-morrow morning would be the mere prelude to his departure. So they would have no chance for real talk. He felt acute irritation at her for evading him.

With the striking of four he assumed a social countenance and descended to the inevitable. But as his hostess met him and led him out, the inevitable subtly changed its color; she was tremendously worth watching in her warm-tinted draperies, and as the guests began to gather she became increasingly so. Something held in abeyance all day was once more released in her, and he discovered that wherever she moved, the little group about her became suddenly alight. Now and then he recognized that the afternoon was unrolling much as he had foreseen, except that the banalities were a shade less flat uttered in soft slurring phrase by these flower-tinted women faintly fragrant of romantic success.

At last the guests began to leave, with purring of motors and colorful drifting afoot down between dark box and evergreen in the rich level light; and he found

himself at peace on the verandah with only Bettie Ritchie, watching his hostess as a last knot of the departing hovered and clung about her.

Bettie Ritchie followed his gaze. "Oh, Mr. North, isn't she just the most adorable?"

Unexpectedly he found need to guard his voice before making his casual agreement.

"All the Waynes have been like that, but nobody quite like Nancy. You ought to hear her mother tell how before she was two, old Martha, the old mammy that had raised all Miss Sue's children, just took a fancy to Nancy Wayne and forgot the rest till they had to get a black girl in to help with them. And the family was just the same—even old Colonel Wayne adored her, and in his will he left her this place, right over the heads of the two boys. Of course they were older and had done wonders for themselves in New York and I guess the old Colonel knew how much good Stan Graham was. Still, they were the natural heirs. But it has always been like that, when we were youngsters here, and then at boarding school—why, one of the old girls said to me just the other day, 'Bettie, you know I never learned a thing at school except to love Nancy Wayne!' And as for the boys—ohee! Every man in town is half in love with her this minute, and would fall the rest of the way if she crooked her finger."

Hamilton North, listening to these excesses, mentally added another vignette to his notebook; but he also remembered Nancy Graham's hold upon the women this afternoon with new respect, and he offered conscious resistance to the faint ache stirred by her loveliness as she swept down the long verandah toward them. She was trailed closely by her daughter Constance, who had appeared by magic with the echo of the last good-by.

"Mr. North, you'll have to excuse me a moment—a bit of drama going on down in the cook's cabin, they tell me, that only I can settle. No, Baby, you stay here. . . . I hope Bettie's keeping you amused. You can't have got half way to the end of her stories."

"She is indeed. We were talking about you."

Under her laughing shrug he saw her color faintly, eyes alight. "Well, stop listening when she begins to blacken my character. She has known me too long."

Constance looked after her with a wistful sigh, and then came to take up her stand within the protection of his knee.

"Hello there," his voice warmed to her, "where have you been all afternoon while we were so busy?"

"Oh, playing down on the rocks."

"Have a good time?"

"Not very. I don't feel very good. And I wanted to talk to you some more," was the diffident confession.

"Well, Mr. North! You surely must have been courting Conny! She doesn't take to most folks like that." There was careless archness in Bettie Ritchie's voice, and he felt the child shrink against his arm.

"Oh, Constance and I had a long talk this noon just after lunch before we both went up to have a rest."

"My me, this is getting serious! And what was he talking to you about, Sugar?"

The child only hung her head, and he, bending, asked, "Shall it be our secret?"

"I don't care, but you tell her."

His eyes challenged Bettie Ritchie to gravity. "Oh, we discussed fairies, and the *Arabian Nights*, and all the things one gets puzzled over sometimes."

"My goodness, if that child isn't just exactly like her mother!" Bettie's laugh rang out.

"How's that?"

"Why, Nancy Wayne was just that way, always wanting to know about everything. She used to scare me half to death sometimes with the things she'd ask about."

He smiled hopefully; the stream was loosed again. "For instance?"

"Oh, I can't remember, there were so

many. When her Uncle Cliff was home he used to lead her on. He was the best lawyer in the state, and he always said she ought to be a lawyer too. But the others hated it, because Cliff was a sort of black sheep in the family. He wasn't home so much after we were older."

He found this enlightening; so much so that when she wandered into pointless addenda he attempted to open another vein: "And were you with Mrs. Graham the year she was in New York?"

"No, I wasn't, and I never shall get over missing that, because that year meant so much to her. I was so afraid that she was going to get married up there and stay, like the two boys, but she came back to us all right—came back to be maid of honor at Allie Joyce's wedding, and three months after, she married the best man—the biggest surprise! But you never saw such a wedding as she had! There had been so much talk about her being engaged in New York, and when she just came back here after all, this town would have given her anything she asked for. They say . . ." She broke off as Mrs. Graham returned. "Oh, hello, honey, I'd just got your life history up to the 'lived happily ever after,' and you'll have to go on with it from there. Anything bad the matter back there?"

"Oh, no. Just Sylvester come back. Sylvester is my cook's most worthless son, Mr. North, and he's been gone a week, afraid the law was after him for shooting another boy in the foot at a dance. He has just been telling me about it." She chuckled richly. "Oh, Bettie, don't go! Well, yes, I grant you have a husband and family. Which reminds me that I have, too. Stan just wired that they're running half an hour late and not to wait dinner, but I hope you won't mind dining just before your lecture, Mr. North? I do want Stan to meet you. Well, Bettie, if you must. See you later."

Hamilton North rose for the farewells, and then returned to his deep chair with a sigh of satisfaction; here was the moment for real talk, with his hostess pleasantly relaxed opposite him with Constance pressed close to her side, and a good half hour before them. He dropped an amiable comment or two upon the tea and the beauty of the evening, and then hazarded:

"After a day in this delightful place I hardly wonder that you dislike some modern fiction."

She sent him a grateful glance. "I'm glad," she smiled, and did not offer to go farther.

"Even so, I believe I could plead its cause."

"Oh, Mr. North, let's not disagree at the end of a perfect day!"

"That's just it—I shall prove that in the end we don't disagree, you see."

"Well—" she murmured, without raising her eyes.

"I suppose it—I mean the fiction—seems tremendously unnecessary."

"Yes. I just don't like to read about unpleasantness all the time."

"But it's never unpleasantness for its own sake. Unhappily, few lives are as free of it as yours seems here."

"And that's exactly why we stay here," she turned toward him in her chair, still smiling but no longer relaxed, "instead of running off to New York and Miami. We haven't slums and strikes and meanness, we don't run off with one another's husbands and wives, and the young girls don't drink and swear and all that. Why must we read about it?"

His eyes were fixed on a spray of creamy roses as he answered, "I wonder how far your portrait of these little towns depends on your having lived all your life in the thinnest upper crust."

"You mean—?"

"Well, *you* may never have known much sordidness or cruelty, but . . ."

"In other words, I 'haven't really lived.' Well, go on."

"Oh, I implore you . . ."

She was saved by Constance's little whimper against her shoulder, and looked down quickly. "What is it, Baby?

Why, I believe your little old head is all hot! Sophy let you eat a lot of cakes in the kitchen?"

"Not very many. But I felt funny before, too."

"Well, we'll get lots of sleep to-night, and that'll fix us. How about asking Sophy for supper right now, and then bed?"

"I don't want to!" The child began to cry quietly.

"Why, this isn't like my Conny one bit. Mr. North will excuse us a minute while we tell Sophy what to do for my girl, won't he? Come on, hon."

She pulled herself up and, with an arm about the small shoulders and head bent in charming solicitude, she disappeared into the house. Presently, calling back, "Good night, Baby—Sophy'll get Uncle Doc to come fix you if anything's the matter," she came out again smiling genially and flung herself luxuriously back in her chair.

"No use, Mr. North. If I'm spoiled, I'm hopelessly spoiled, and there's no use trying to grow me a world-conscience! So many writers with one seem to have a bitter flavor, and that's my special abomination. Just give me up and blame my lucky star." She lifted a careless arm to crook it behind her head and laughed at him from beneath fluttering lids, consciously lovely, as though with intent to beguile him from his sternness.

He, consciously cruel, used the only means he had to reach her, "I wonder whether you really think it a lucky star . . . at three in the morning."

"Oh," she laughed with a touch of impatience, "I've no doubt an occasional angel gets fed up with heaven at three in the morning."

"Don't you ever want to get away for a while?"

"Oh, now and then everyone's imagination breaks loose, I suppose, but mine is never dangerous." Nevertheless, he could see the pulse in her throat.

"Why don't you try it for a season? Winter's an interesting time in New York, as you remember. And surely you aren't tied here immovably."

"Oh, but we are, rather. Besides—" and now there was almost defiant radiance in her glance, "I love it here. I've had the most gorgeous times imaginable in this town. I know it must look slow to you—it does to me sometimes, for in spite of all their supposed wildness, the young crowd now doesn't have the excitement we had. I wish you could have seen this house when I was a girl! It was a place worth even your visiting then, and it will be again when Conny comes out."

"But are you ready to live only for your children?" He could not suppress a twinkle. "And doesn't the present seem less exciting than the past because you have outgrown your setting? Good heavens, Nancy Graham, you command this scene without half trying. You must know what you could do if you had a chance!"

This might sound fulsome, but it reached her. She was mantled, face, throat, and arms, with a faint glow, and did not meet his eyes. Her voice was low as she managed to say, laughing, "Ah, please don't spoil me even more, great Mr. Hamilton North."

He made no immediate answer, finding that her emotion had produced an uncalculated effect on himself. Very fortunate that he was leaving to-morrow morning. But he hoped that he had planted a germ. He would try to drop another upon "Stan" this evening. This woman must not even start in the direction of an ingrowing middle age.

As if in answer to his thought, the blue car came panting up the hill, and Nancy Graham rose and swept down the verandah with a peculiarly crisp erectness, waving her fingers lightly and calling her husband's name. With all his faculties alert, Hamilton North learned much from the welcome that ensued, even though he courteously turned his attention upon the roses. His first impression was of a man strikingly attractive emerging from the car; but some-

thing about him as he swung up the steps and met his wife, from the tilt of the soft hat swiftly doffed to the knowing deliberation of his embrace, was too near rakish. Going forward for the introduction, Hamilton North found him indeed almost spectacularly handsome, with a boyish elasticity of figure and penetrating blue eyes; but his face showed lines too sharp for his apparent thirty-three or thirty-four years, and his gay impudence was too pointed as he said, "I can see it in her eyes that you've been courting my wife, Mr. North. I compliment your taste, but I'm glad I came back." There was no getting anywhere with a man like this.

A very little later they were reassembled about the table, Stanley Graham a dramatic figure in his dinner jacket, Nancy ravishing in iris blue beyond the creamy roses. She was keyed to a brilliance almost glittering, lovelier than he had yet seen her, and he had to keep his mind consciously away from wondering whether she was lighted by their tête-à-tête and its acute finale. It was plain that she was much on guard before her husband's faint satiric smile. After a time North casually launched his suggestion of a season in New York, with the hope that he might be their courier and guide whenever they came. The topic made a graceful conversational bubble, but was kept in the air by only the lightest badinage; there was no guessing how either of them took it until Stanley offered dryly, "Oh, Nancy Wayne will never take me to New York. I need the chastening influence of the ancestral halls to keep me in order, and she could never manage me there."

She met this breach of taste with a sunny laugh. "Oh, Mr. North, just fancy what he must be on these trips when he escapes my relentless management!" But he detected the skill with which she tried to conceal her bitterest secret by transparently parading it, and he knew that her husband was right; she would not go to New York. For a moment he was in a panic of urgency, feeling nothing in life so imperative as getting this gorgeous woman out of her petty snare; especially since he had met Stan. Then he took firm hold upon himself and turned the talk into casual channels. What a fool he was to have fallen so deep into the atmosphere of this place, to have let this woman's personality take such a hold upon him, to have somehow involved himself in her problem! He could do nothing; to-morrow morning he should go on, and next week at this time these two days would be but a pale recollection.

As they lingered over their coffee a gray figure, hatless, with a physician's kit, appeared in the doorway with a brief apology, and North recognized one of last night's most interesting faces.

"Hello, you-all; I've just been having a look at Conny. How much have you seen of her to-day, Mr. North?"

For a moment North was at sea. "Why, we had a long talk after lunch, Doctor Wayne, and then after the tea—"

"Was she in your lap?"

"Yes—"

"Mac, what's the matter?" Nancy Graham was on her feet in quick alarm.

"Oh, she's all right, Nan, and I think it's only measles, but it just might be scarletina, and until we're sure . . . Of course, whichever it is, the house'll be quarantined and Stan will have to move into the wing, but I was hoping we could slip Mr. North out. I suppose you've had measles, Mr. North?"

Hamilton North held his face a mask, behind which he had a bad moment. The truth and a social conscience swung in the balance against his lecture tour and an unnamed panic at the thought of being caught here. Then with a small wry shrug he confessed, "No, I've never had them."

"Ah, too bad. Then I'm afraid you'll have to stay out the period of incubation, in any case."

He heard their concern for his plans, their quickly voiced pleasure at keeping him, and his own earnest reassurance and appreciation; his "No necessity could

be more delightful, I assure you," rang composed and convincing even to his own ears. But he did not meet Nancy Graham's eyes; for, once the trap had closed upon him, he felt his momentary panic turn to a joy infinitely more unsettling, and as his gaze sought refuge in his plate he noticed her hand, its nails whitening slowly against the stem of her glass.

At the end of afternoon a fortnight later he paced restlessly about his colonial chamber, trying to cope with the fact of his release. Half an hour ago the doctor had pronounced him past danger of infection, and he had already sent wires resuming his lecture tour, and telephoned about trains; he was leaving to-morrow morning at ten.

But the fact held no reality. He must find Nancy. At the door, however, he brought up with his hand on the knob, released it, and turned back to the windows. This was the third time in fifteen minutes that he had checked the impulse to go to her; he must not go until he had thought what to say—or what not to. He must think.

But straight thought was as impossible as it had been this whole fortnight; seeing the end from the beginning had not helped—one might see oneself going over the falls without being able to stop the river, as he had watched himself go that first night when the quarantine fell and Nancy all but snapped the stem of her glass. Since then there had been nothing to do but hold on; could he still keep his hold, or would to-night carry him over the next leap of the cataract into open betrayal? Just now, prowling back and forth between window and door, he didn't greatly care. The thought of a heated, futile scene was revolting, but he could no longer face leaving her without a single sign. She must know that he loved her . . . and he must make sure of her feeling for him. A dozen times he had been certain that his plight was hers too, and then had remembered that that glowing warmth was just the native way of this place—of all women with all men.

And even if she did love him? . . .

Oh, the devil's irony of this quarantine! Fourteen days of unbroken intimacy in a setting to beggar one's adolescent dreams. Gay, cool breakfasts on the terrace; the daily cutting of roses for the house; tennis on the lawn court; long mornings on the verandah while she sewed and he read aloud; lazy afternoons beneath the rose arbor, windswept afternoons in the blue car out on the hills; and then the evenings, moonlit, perfumed, bewildering. There had been no check upon their intimacy, for Constance had never been gravely ill, and Stan, though sometimes by day he ate on the sun porch and conversed amiably through open doors, was always invited for dinner with friends, and in the evenings worked ostentatiously on an important case. Day by day, all but against their will, what doors had they not opened to each other, talking with the impersonal frankness of strangers in a chance encounter as they were, but all the while knowing a poignant undercurrent of intensity. Closing his eyes, he could still feel the spasmodic shower of her confidences fall over him like stinging rain—the very echo of his own memories. There had been acute clashes between them, of course, inevitable with backgrounds so diverse; indeed, sometimes they had flung their barbs of difference bitterly, with intent to destroy the bond beneath. But still through all her reminiscence he heard that echo of his own, and he watched her thrill in half-unwilling recognition of the theme behind his variations—people, people; a love of them, a power over them, a dependence upon them for all the adventure in life. . . . What joyous adventure they might have found together! And instead—the merest futile hail and farewell. He paused in his restless pacing and stared without seeing across to the smoke-blue hills. To-morrow at ten.

How could he leave her? Here with Stan, and Bettie Ritchie. He had not

even converted her to the notion of temporary escape; her present difficulties were a point she had not touched on in all her confidences, but as early as the third day of their imprisonment, when he was steadily exerting the gentle pressure of suggestion, she had turned upon him with finality, "I can't discuss it with you, but once for all, Stan was right last night when he said that I will never go with him to the city." So she would not get even that taste of freedom which he had counted on to win her away wholly. She would stay here and slowly stifle. Even through the setting of all her reminiscences, vivid with her own color though they were, he had felt the fenced paths, the drawn blinds, the staled air of discreet convention; verily, only their rich sunshine and free winds kept health in these little towns. He could see her at forty, her luminous pallor dull, her compact slenderness grown angular, movements tending to abruptness, catching the tension of her hands; and eyes —still brilliant, but with a forced brilliance; still terribly alive, but full of hunger; avid, betraying eyes.

No! And, as suddenly as two weeks ago his feeling for her had broken through his pretenses, so now the one solution refused to be fought off any longer. He would take her away! . . . With the admission of the idea to consciousness, his mind suddenly cleared and began to gather up all the fragments of this fortnight's repressed contriving with the speed and surety of a smooth-running machine. Could he do it? If she cared for him, there seemed every chance; it was plain that any vital emotion had long since ceased to exist between her and Stan, and he knew well enough from a score of hints that legal grounds for freedom would not be hard to come by. And of course there need be no melodrama, no brash elopement; she would decide to spend a winter with Constance in New York; then she would simply not come back, and after the necessary lapse of time he and she would marry. New York would not be impertinently interested, and Waynesville then could not vitally reach her. . . . Of course giving up her life here would cost her a bitter wrench, but once she had suffered it, he knew without vanity that the life he could open to her would supply an infinitely fuller happiness.

But all this hung on the chance that she cared; and if she did not, then he would have sacrificed the fine dignity and restraint of their contact, reduced the whole thing to the level of Stanley Graham's implications when he left them together each evening with a kind of debonair, satiric relish—and all for nothing. . . . Oh, if he failed there would be nothing to mitigate his loss.

Nevertheless, he discovered that he had little choice; he had to try—and he must not fail! He flung himself down beside the window and fell to planning each point of his plea so that it might best reach her. He was tense with excitement, but balanced now and clear-headed; and he made a meticulous toilet and waited for the dinner-gong in the mood of a general whose master stratagem is on the eve of execution.

As he descended to dinner and met her, radiantly gowned, eyes and very flesh luminous, he was filled with surging hope; there was but one source for such a flame. Her voice, too, had a thrilling intensity, and dining became for both of them largely a formality, while their impersonal talk grew desultory and the real dialogue became one of fleeting glances. Afterward, by one impulse, they drifted to the rose arbor and sat side by side in its scented dusk. Neither spoke; her fingers that he had taken to cross the dark terrace still lay in his, vibrant, and as the poignant silence lengthened he knew with his swift observer's instinct that life would give him few moments so perfect as this. He was unspeakably reluctant to shatter it with words, but time was passing and there was much to be said; so when at last she made a tiny restless movement he stung himself into speech.

"Nancy, this isn't the end."

"Oh, Rusty, don't!"

"Why? Don't pretend now."

For answer she swayed until from shoulder to wrist he felt the warm pressure of her against him, and presently he had her in his arms and was kissing her as she desired to be kissed. It was long before either spoke, but at last he caught her whisper:

"Rusty, I can't bear it. I can't."

He held her exultantly. "But we needn't bear it for long."

"What do you mean?" She drew away, trying to search his face in the dark.

"Oh, Nancy, you know that we belong to each other! And you belong in New York, Paris. When you get your freedom I shall marry you and take you there."

"My Freedom—Hamilton North, are you crazy?" Patent alarm sounded in her voice as she shrank back, poised for flight.

"No, my dear, only tremendously sane," his eager pleading assured her. "Don't you see? It will be so simple—" and clinging to her hands he poured out his swift masterful arguments.

But she was on her feet, her hands stiff and straining to be free, her faint cries trying to stem the flood of his words. "Hush, Rusty! Divorce? You're crazy . . . let me go. Leave this place? You don't know what you're saying." And then as he persisted her voice froze with anger and, breaking suddenly from him, she turned and moved swiftly away, her gown a pale blur in the dark, her words coming back over her shoulder like flaws of sleet. "I won't hear another word! You are perfectly mad. Will you please stop, Mr. North?"

He knew that following was fruitless, but he followed, crying softly after her, "Nancy, can't you face it clearly? Once you've got away all life will be different. Don't be a coward." And then as he watched her moving inexorably up the stairway, "Oh, Nancy, be honest for once! You'll have to face it . . . at three on a thousand mornings!"

She continued to mount the stairs without turning her head, and he heard her door close and the key snap in the lock.

He paced the terrace in a fury of rebellion, sending the blind surges of his will and his passion up to beat against that closed door, telling himself with every breath that she must come to her senses . . . too intelligent a woman to behave like this. But slowly, as the old moon rose and the mocking-bird began its sleepy calling, he stopped struggling and gave up to the inexorable cold tide of defeat. He should have known—to win, he must have met her earlier, oh, long, long ago, before that lovely flashing intelligence had been so long pinioned; before too easy sovereignty had become a fatal habit.

The moon was low when he finally went in, and the first drowsy warbler twittered for the dawn.

It was Mrs. Stanley Graham who took breakfast opposite him in the morning, the genial and gracious hostess despite drawn lips and leaden-shadowed eyes. Her bright solicitude for his comfort precluded the narrowest entering wedge of personal communication, precluded even his showing that he did not mean to attempt any. She did not allow him a moment even when the blue car, with Stanley already at the wheel, stood before the door. As he took her hand in parting he tried to convey some tacit sign of sympathy, but her eyes met his as blank as washed slate, and her fingers might have been lifeless.

"This will always," he said quietly, "be the most perfect of my Southern memories—and I think perhaps of all my memories. And some day . . . I shall make a story . . . about you, Nancy Wayne Graham."

She gave a light and brittle laugh as she went out across the verandah. "I rather hope you won't, Mr. North," she said from the top step. "I don't think you understand us at all."

THE MOODS OF MECHANISM

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I CAN remember very well the day when I arrived, after a scuffle with an unusually fractious feed-pump, in the office of one of our distinguished columnists, and he showed me a book on psychoanalysis. The names of book and author are no longer recalled. I have the liveliest recollection, however, of the page upon which that columnist laid his finger. One of the greatest living writers of English was analyzed as being secretly addicted to an abnormal sex-life because his published works were often preoccupied with the details of engines and mechanism. The theory seemed to be that a parade of machinery-interest was an unconscious protective armor developed by the subjects of such unhappy predilections.

The columnist wondered whether an engineer who was also an author might be interested in this view. He was right. I was. It seemed to me that there were practically no limits to the science of psychoanalysis, along these lines. It required, in my opinion, no strong imagination to foresee the day when the psychoanalyst would have us all locked up in psychopathic wards, while he committed suicide by braining himself with the keys.

But the proposition that a love for machinery may conceal a tempestuous eroticism was arresting to one who had been absorbed in engines and mechanism since he had contemplated perambulator wheels. It appeared on examination to be a typically modern perversion of the truth. Or rather, it contained, in spite of its preposterous implications, a tiny grain of truth. Preoccupation with machinery probably postulates a definitely masculine view of life, which up to the hour of going to press was not a crime. To a psychoanalyst it is an easy transition from a reasonable assumption to a crazy hypothesis. In the excitement of discovering that human beings often behave like machines which have broken down or burned out their bearings we have overlooked the possibility that machines may reveal, to those who live with them, many of the unexpected frailties of humanity. We may even particularize, and point to mechanical things which have childish weaknesses and proclivities; to others which seem to suffer from growing pains; to yet others with the habits of grown-up people, stopping without warning and without any ultimate explanations. And others of course which have become nightmares to their attendants because of their senile decrepitude.

All these varieties of human experience were to be found closely compacted within the worn and pitted sides of the old-time tramp steamer of pre-war vintage. The War-to-end-war has one achievement to its credit rarely mentioned. It disposed of the enormous number of obsolete tramp steamers which rising freights had kept from the breaking-up yards year after year. The seagoing engineer of these later days can neither imagine nor believe the nature of the toil involved in a voyage to the Cape or to India in one of those antique vessels. They were not, in the vernacular of the craft, "kept up." They were given the irreducible minimum of repairs, and the engineer with a name to

make was disposed to run his engines on the irreducible minimum of stores with a maximum of backbreaking manual labor. Britain is rightly proud of her long maritime supremacy. Blood, however, is the price of admiralty, and when "the white wings of commerce" were folded and the unkempt tramp began to smear the blue heavens with her smoke trails, it would be tactless to say whose blood and sweat was spent to keep ten thousand ships at sea.

It must not be supposed that grim tales of rascally owners and grafting characters are about to be unfolded. The Plimsoll Mark and the Board of Trade, the underwriters and the general rise in commercial probity made lurid criminality unlikely and infrequent. But the British ship which carried a load line had to compete with foreign vessels which were loaded to the master's discretion. I have seen a Danish vessel of less tonnage-register than my own ship leave port with her coal ports awash, with two hundred tons more cargo aboard than we under British registry could allow. And the rate for that particular cargo was a pound a ton for a twelve-day voyage. To keep in commission and show a profit the British tramp had to run on nothing at all. There was no money for paint or for tools. And the auxiliary machinery was induced to function only by the never-ending toil of short-handed crowds working and watch keeping eleven hours a day. It was "glorious and obscure toil." It was poorly paid and poorly victualled by modern standards. The perplexing feature of the period in retrospect is that it evokes neither resentment nor bitterness in the survivor's breast.

Indeed, it is very much the other way. The idealist, no doubt, is an exception. His starry vision shows him a perfect world whose smooth rondure enables it to roll sweetly through the years; a world on whose ever-placid oceans enchanted ships steam towards Paradise Port, their captains entertaining their crews with song and story and with potations of fabulous rum; where no trouble or folly ever mars the beauty of the day. But to those of us who have accepted the austere conditions of life on earth and sea, who have abandoned the theory that men and materials are ever perfect and who have got used to facing a day's work without flinching, the memory of those old ships is mellowed by time to true proportions.

II

Leaving for a moment the inevitable miseries of machinery too old or too neglected to run as it should, let us contemplate the Inventor of Gadgets. Inventors of the caliber of Stevenson, Watt, and Rudolf Diesel are in a different category. The person alluded to now is usually a draftsman by profession and a theorist at heart. He invents pumps which, on paper, are miracles of simplicity and paragons of reliability. Gadgets are his dish. He does not comprehend why pumps, reducing valves, escapes, evaporator coils, and generator-engines are so complicated and costly. He sees where he can design them more simply and economically. He objects, when brooding over the layout of an engine-room, to vacant corners. Has he been to sea? It is safe to assume that he made a voyage to the Mediterranean and back. He knows all about it. You will hear about that voyage the moment the faintest doubt of his experience creeps into your voice. His opinion of seagoing engineers is that they are an ignorant, shiftless, drunken and inefficient crowd of impostors. They cannot do the simplest problem involving the calculus and they have no other term in their vocabulary more scathing than to call a man a draftsman.

Now such a person, tall, spare, and wearing rimless glasses, is not allowed to monkey with the general design of engines and ships. He gets his work in on the gadgets—the auxiliary contraptions which make or mar a man's life on board of a ship. Patents, in a general way, are the curse of the seagoing engineer.

Anyone who is interested in the little-known psychology of invention will find food for thought in the great museum of arts and sciences in London, where models of all the amazing mechanisms of the past fifty or sixty years are gathered in chambers of horrors for the instruction and warning of modern youth. There he will behold engines animated by all the prime movers, including some that have solved (for a minute or two) the problem of perpetual motion. He will see the engine devised by the man who wanted quick compression in his internal combustion motor and who substituted for the cylinder head another piston advancing stealthily upon the unwitting gas from behind. Whereupon the explosion drove the pistons apart and power, oodles of power, was transmitted by huge clonking bell-crank levers to the shaft. In action the thing looked like two gorillas struggling for possession of an ice-cream freezer and wore out in a month because of the multiplicity of its bearings.

The steamship, it may be easily imagined, however, has been the particular mark of the ruthless inventor. I report with joy that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these infernal affairs do not work. The simpler they are the less likely their chances of survival. Valveless pumps and engines are mentioned here. The duplex pump, whereby the piston rod of the left cylinder operates the valve-stem of the right, and vice versa, is a true couple, and as reliable as it is simple to adjust. It produces an even flow from its discharge and it will start from any position at which it may have stopped. It can be hung upside down in a well shaft and it will work as well as in the manufacturer's show room. Even an oiler, sent in an emergency to start such a homely, adequate dingus, can do no more than forget to open a drain cock, in which case the pump, nonplussed by a cylinder full of water, stops.

There came a day, however, when a knight of the drawing-board had a vision of a pump with only one cylinder and one bucket, operating with a valve whose impetus was derived from a thimbleful of steam pocketed at the end of a thing like a dumb-bell moving endwise and with a rotary twist of perhaps thirty degrees. Pushing the dumb-bell down was supposed to open a port into the cylinder and, presto, the pump made a stroke. On paper the contrivance has the deceptive simplicity of a competent blonde. In practice it still resembled the blonde, for it was expensive; but it was not competent.

The one desideratum in auxiliary machinery is an ability to function without more than reasonable supervision. You have a pump; in this case it is a patent. The name is probably some variant of the word Simple. It is a Simplicitas, let us say, cheap and pretty. It goes into a corner where a hot steam pipe prevents you from getting at it. You give it steam, warm it through, and drain it. You open suction and delivery valves, run a swabbing-brush over the rod, and open up the stop-valve. And nothing happens.

The aforesaid thimbleful of steam, so exquisitely adjusted to the duty of thrusting the dumb-bell distributing-valve into the new position, is trapped behind globules of condensation. It is, by a very efficient natural law, becoming condensed itself. This forms a vacuum and all the moisture which has been indolently draining from that end of the steam chest changes direction and rushes back to fill that vacuum. This the gentleman in the drafting room has overlooked. But it is no longer any use to blame the inventor. The thing has been bought and delivered and installed in the ship upon the strength of trial performances carried out under ideal conditions. It is now part of the ship's gear and by some obscure process of evolution it has got itself a disposition, a personality, a galaxy of moods—almost a soul of its own.

So it seemed to me in the night watches of the first ship in which I sailed, and the erratic temperaments of auxiliaries

blended with the somber animosity of the main engines. The boilers of that ship were as old as the ship—twenty years. To enter the casings beneath them with a slush-lamp—for she had no dynamo—was like entering an iron cave whose sagging vault was blotched and blistered with vast yellowish globes and inverted pinnacles of salt. Every seam and rivet-head bore its quota of harsh saline crystals stained with corrosion and dripping bitter brine into the ascending stalagmites on the floor of the cellular double-bottom.

This told three things. The boilers were leaking, the evaporator was out of commission, and the condenser was letting sea water seep into the steam spaces. The boilers, far from needing what is called "make-up," which is the additional water to compensate for legitimate losses, were gaining a few inches in the gauge every day. The amount of salt in the water as shown to me by the salinometer every morning at three o'clock, was ominous. It was nearly eight ounces to the gallon. Therefore, it became my lugubrious duty to fill the boilers as full as was safe, so that at four o'clock the senior engineer could open the blow-downs, and with a thunderous submarine uproar blow some of the saline liquor into the sea. And to force the extra water in I was supposed to use the pump artfully designated by its inventor "The Simplicitas," of which I have spoken.

Here lay the sinister significance of the patent. Each engineer of the ship would delegate the operating of that pump to the one lower down. The Chief, as a matter of politics, announced that the pump was all right but we didn't know how to work it. As the most junior of all, it was impossible for me to abdicate in anybody's favor. I, therefore, was forced into the society of the slim green-painted jezebel in the forward port corner of our engine room, and many a desperate tryst I kept with that iron maiden. The second engineer had another name for her.

She was like a light woman with three lovers, none of whom really understood the workings of her secret heart. There were times when she seemed to stand there smiling derisively in the shadows behind the high-pressure columns, a sort of demoniac Rima haunting an iron forest. She would start, sometimes, to pump, making strange sounds as though developing cardiac syncope. Softly, softly the plunger would rise and fall and rise and fall, exactly as the inventor, now safely asleep in his bed ashore, had intended. And then, just as I would turn away to attend to the other ten thousand duties in that terrible old engine room, she would choke with rage, stamp her foot, and stop dead. I would tickle her under the chin with a wrench, and she would give a terrific up and down stroke ending with a heart-breaking bang. "Once for all, I won't," she seemed to say. I would administer cylinder oil through a lubricator fastened to her ear, and she would send out a geyser of unsuspected vapor to scald my arms.

Sometimes, in despair, turning to other work I would be hurrying past her and find her moving up and down as sweetly as could be. She seemed to be dancing solitarily in the shadow, a shy dryad of the seas, an elfin gypsy whom none would ever bend to his will. And again she would pause and put her foot down hard, so that the feed pipes shivered with the shock, and my heart, very much in my mouth all the time, jumped through my teeth.

It would be idle to pretend that such a union could ever be a happy one. The most devoted of lovers expects a little consideration from his mistress. She had none for us. She held before us, supposing the big main pumps failed, the promise of disaster. On her forehead was a plate bearing the word SIMPLICITAS. It gleamed. The donkeyman polished the flanges of her cylinder covers and her bulbous lubricator. She led us into deceptive courses. We strove, like knights of a degenerate grail, to believe in her. We gave her the benefit of work done secretly by the great main pumps

crashing up and down forever behind the low-pressure casing. The second engineer, gulping hot coffee at four o'clock, would say, "Did she work?" I would nod. "Aye," I would say easily, "she worked pretty well." But I avoided his eye and he never sought mine. He knew. He knew she had one of those fatal personalities which engender neither faith nor hope in a man's breast.

III

There were other machines whose vagaries evoke no remembered emotions nobler than a savage exasperation and a dogged desire to conquer. Consider, for example, that aged Bolinder semi-Diesel engine in a launch which was used by me to tow mahogany logs and lighters of palm-oil barrels from the jetty at Cape Coast Castle to the ship lying off in deep water. It was used also by less conscientious persons to go ashore in Duala, which is the port of the Cameroons and three degrees from the Equator. Consider also that a semi-Diesel had in those days about the same standing as a parson's son. Nobody expected her to behave herself.

It is reasonable for the reader to welcome a comprehensible definition of a technical conundrum like "Bolinder semi-Diesel." Let it suffice that Doctor Rudolf Diesel, perhaps the most important figure in the annals of modern prime movers, designed an engine of long stroke and enormous compression, which would use almost anything containing carbon, from crude oil to leather scraps, charcoal, or pulverized coke. The compression he got by admitting, not atmospheric air to a volatile gas like a modern motor car, but air from a compressor worked by the engine. The result was that, instead of exploding suddenly and generating intense heat and pressure in the cylinder-head like a gasoline-engine, Diesel's machine burned its fuel along the stroke, giving a steady even thrust and burning it all. Its efficiency with fuels hitherto unavailable was so surprising that it was hardly credible.

Diesel was derided as a visionary. He was a visionary. He seemed to understand, better than any man since Watt, the true nature of a heat engine. But the practical difficulties in the way of applying this new idea to ships were almost fabulous. The pistons had to be cooled as well as the cylinders. Telescopic pipes had to be designed to slide up and down to keep up a circulation of fresh cold water to each moving piston. Pistons had to be designed which could not crack and warp under the double torment of fire and water. Lubrication seemed an almost insoluble problem. Starting several thousand horse-power by compressed air was not as easy as it looked. But once the principle was grasped nothing could stay the advance. One astonishing ship is now on the ocean with a strange hybrid engine in her. Each piston is driven downward by Diesel-oil and is driven on the up-stroke by steam generated from the heat of the exhaust acting upon the hot circulating water from the Diesel end. Henry Ford has a gigantic mill-engine running in a glass house at Highland Park on this principle.

Out of this invention was developed for small plants the semi-Diesel. Low-pressure air is drawn into the crank-chamber through a thing like an agitated saucepan lid, and it darts up a passage into the cylinder at the right moment. Oil is squirted in at the same time through a jet, and the mixture is compressed into a hot-bulb in the cylinder head. The result, if all goes well, is an explosion, and the engine continues to function. If all goes well!

The launch referred to in these memoirs, however, was something of a museum piece. She was Number One. The company had several hundred ships and they had purchased this particular auxiliary as an experiment. For many years it had hauled mahogany logs from Gold Coast forests to the ships in the roadsteads. The valve gear of the en-

gine was one of those complex aggregations of knife-edges, cams, springs, and swinging bob-weights called, with sinister humor, "hit-and-miss gears." When new it doubtless hit with the cleanest and most honorable intentions. In my time it functioned like an elderly spinster's memory—irregularly and with a genius for the inopportune.

But the dreadful defect which aroused and still arouses resentment in an otherwise philosophic bosom was its compressed-air starter. It was a huge engine as launch engines go. No human power could spin the five-hundred-pound flywheel over a compression-stroke. Beside it, bolted to the hot little engine room wall, was a man-power air compressor. Here stood Jo-Jo, an almost naked West African negro, whirling the handle of a three-foot flywheel and trying to send the needle of the pressure gauge up to eight atmospheres, which Mr. Bolinder or one of his satraps had decided was sufficient to start. It was old like the engine. The plungers were leaky and the valves stuck. The sweat spurted from the colored gentleman's forehead, which was marked deeply with tribal signs in blue tattooings, and his back, decorated with spear-scars like clumsy tire patches, writhed in a manner which conveyed a disturbing impression that he was being tortured. Perhaps he was. He probably had his own mythological explanation of this weird and apparently futile task. The gauge never rose above five atmospheres, and he had to keep at it with every ounce in his system while I got the engine to the starting position.

The next operation was the crucial one. With Jo-Jo whirling like a demon, with both blow-lamps roaring on the cylinder heads and heating the bulbs to redness, with the launch rearing and bucketing against the ship's side in the swell of the Gold Coast combers, it was necessary to give the fuel valve a quick twist and open the air valve at the same time. If successful—and a silent prayer often ascended—the engine would give a vast snort and thump and begin to revolve. If otherwise—and the silent prayer then became a vocal imprecation—she uttered a long hiss and stalled. If the fuel valve was not shut with the utmost expedition she would inhale so much crude oil that not a quart of gasoline injected through petcocks would tempt her to start again for a week.

If Jo-Jo suffered, what of his colleague with the white man's burden? The equatorial sun beat down through the scuttle, the sweat poured from his soiled and weary body, and the first mate, in khaki uniform and a huge pith helmet, hailed from the deck of the ship and wanted to know when the launch would be ready. Human nature is weak. There were times when I disliked that engine. On one occasion, when she coughed and died halfway to the ship, so that she lost her momentum and six huge mahogany logs came leaping through the sea and tangled their tow ropes about the propeller, I even hated her. The logs, like insane leviathans, crowded about me. Jo-Jo, who had doubtless attended cannibalistic barbecues in his time, appeared to meditate diving off and swimming back to barbarism when ordered to pump for his life. The red bluffs of Accra were very alluring; the ship seemed an immense distance away. "Pump, Jo-Jo, pump! or no more palm-oil chop!"

Jo-Jo pumped. The blow-lamps roared. The logs tried to climb into the launch. The launch herself rolled broadside to the swell. Tools slid into the bilges. The sun struck the back of one's neck like a hot hammer. The water bottle, swinging madly from the awning spar, was empty. Slowly the gauge reached five atmospheres. "Pump, Jo-Jo, pump! . . . All right, she's away again."

Such episodes may mark a man, but they do him no permanent damage if he has a sense of humor and a dash of philosophy, and a member of a cannibal tribe to work the pump. There seems to be a rough justice at work in the world, and machines whose imperfections

chasten their human associates engage our affections and illumine our memories with comic episodes. Even main engines have this quality. Those in particular which belonged, as we may say, to the Victorian era.

Certainly they partook of the qualities of that era in outward semblance and interior qualities. They had character. They were big and they were slow. They were durable and dependable. They were built upon principles and specifications which had stood the tests of time and the ruthless sea. They stood up. It was a matter of pride with us that no matter what happened, so long as a ship floated we could get her home. There was more than a mere scrap of sentiment to us in the tradition that she was part of Britain. She could never be anything else. Her machinery was as characteristic of her country of origin as were ourselves.

To speak thus of the dead is not to deprecate the living. Other days, other ways. But those old ships with their huge lumbering engines had many virtues. One remembers them with affection as one remembers old cities and old books. The modern fabricated ship has about the same standing as any other article produced by quantity production. She doesn't last long enough to have any memories. She is like a modern novel—sophisticated, smart, efficient, and soon forgotten.

IV

There was one, and I remember her because on her articles I was for the first time in my life set down as "first engineer." The English Merchant Marine does not recognize legally either "chief engineers" or "captains." I remember her because I joined her after a voyage in a Scotch ship and was very glad to return to a vessel of the old employ, registered in London. She was a respectable old party of about six thousand tons, very comfortable in an old-fashioned way, and her engines were by Blair of Stockton-on-Tees. What kind of man Blair himself might have been is not known, but his engines were the heaviest and most durable ever built. The flanges of the cylinder covers were three inches thick. The four huge turned columns which supported the cylinders in front were nearly a foot in diameter and, instead of being flanged and fastened with bolts, were carried clean through bedplate and cylinder block and secured with nuts the size of a snare-drum. The crankshaft was of the same heroic proportions. It was sixteen inches in diameter and was held in place in its bearings by huge polished steel slabs like gravestones.

There was a propeller astern resembling a windmill, and that old triple-expansion engine had walked solemnly about the oceans at sixty revolutions per minute for fifteen years when I came to her. Nothing would ever wear out those marvelous engines and that Lowmoor wrought-iron hull. She was built, like many another thing in England, to last an eternity. She was one of the immortals.

And she had the disposition of one who took a long view and a calm one and was not to be disturbed by passing trivialities. She was not so much a happy ship as a placid one. She did not roll very much except in the Bay of Biscay or when rounding Cape St. Vincent. She was a dry ship, and any water that came into her well-decks soon ran out of great wrought-iron scuppers which clanged loudly when a wave struck them. She kept her men voyage after voyage. She had a commander who had been mate of her, a hot-tempered Welshman who made it his boast he would never knowingly make money out of the ship's victuals. We lived well and happily. She was, if you have a romantic nature, an ideal ship.

But I remember her most of all for a voyage she made in which everything went wrong; when we put the first mate ashore to die in the Naval Hospital at Gibraltar after we had lost twelve hours with a fouled anchor in Oran. We had

discharged coal in Alexandria and loaded iron ore in the Grecian Arches, and in both ports we had had trouble. The first mate, suddenly and without warning, took to his bunk with a disease which was beyond our commander's diagnosis, and he lay in unassuageable agony. And the commander himself, when we left Gibraltar for home, was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, what with the delay and the ceaseless fraying of his temper by such untoward happenings. The *Fernfield*, so long an abode of peace and happiness, tramped out into the winter Atlantic under something very like a cloud. It needed only a word from the chief, to the effect that the Oran coal was burning like chaff, to send the full-bodied black-eyed Welsh commander up in the air.

It was true, however. We had always bunkered at Algiers before, where they knew us and gave us coal that would burn clean and evenly on our ponderous and thick firebars. This Oran was a new port, one day nearer home, full of greedy ships taking advantage of a cut-rate tariff. Our men were shovelling all the time. The two hundred tons in our bunkers were vanishing. It would never do to face the Bay in wintertime with trash like this. They talked it over as they drank their glasses of Scotch in the Old Man's room, and it was decided to call at Corcubion, which is behind Cape Finisterre, and take fifty tons of real coal for a stand-by. There would be a row anyway over the time they were taking. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

We went into that quiet little port of Galicia and took our fifty tons from a hulk that had been a noble sailing ship before we were born. It was our last glimpse of peace for fifteen days.

The run from Finisterre to Glasgow was about five days for us, in a general way. But when we ran out from behind that huge whale-backed promontory and faced the open Atlantic we found thick weather. It was the sort of weather that the most experienced seafarers regard with uneasy misgiving. The sea came in from the westward in a tremendous unbroken swell. The sky was a gray vault across which low black steamers hurried eastward to a sinister horizon. The wind whipped the surface of the near-by water into flat sheets of spray. The bows of the ship descended with solemn deliberation, and the windlass was forever smothered with spray blown athwart the forecastle-head. She came up with even more deliberation. The carpenter, a figure draped in oilskins, sheltered himself against the bulkhead and chalked his sounding-rod. He was trying the forward-wells. The *Fernfield* had transverse wells across the ship between each double-bottom tank, and into these wells the water from the limbers drained.

Down below the engines were turning their regulation sixty revolutions per minute. They would do this on a hundred and fifty pounds of steam and a vacuum of twenty-four inches. They were able to do this for the next fifteen days of heavy pitching. They raced, of course, when the propeller lifted clear of the sea, but no racing could endanger those enormous cranks and connecting-rods. There were times when the captain rather wished the propeller would drop off. We would be nearly two weeks overdue. But he might have saved his sighs. Blair's engines did not lose their propellers. We had no anxiety. And then, the next day, we had to put the ballast pump on the bilges. She was making water, as we say. Four inches in Number One Well.

The ballast pump was unlike most auxiliaries, as the ship was unlike others. All the auxiliary engines in the ship were by Blair. They were, be it said, as heavy and solid and indestructible as the main engines. Going into that engine room you found yourself amid machinery as English as Stonehenge, as imperturbable as the Tower of London. The Inventor of Gadgets had gained no admission. And the ballast pump, situated under the orlop beam and below our

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quarters, was like a tocsin in our ears. Its solemn *clonk-clonk*, interpenetrating the stately repercussions of the main engines, was rarely heard on that ship. The great bronze plungers, six inches in diameter, of the main bilge pumps had a capacity treble the needs of the ship. But the carpenter reported still four inches in the Number One Well, and the twelve-inch bucket of the ballast pump began to draw, and the weather, as we steamed slowly along the ninth degree of longitude west of Greenwich, got steadily worse. We screwed up the side ports, and began to secure the doors of the alleyways. The donkeyman unlimbered the fiddley-grating covers, and I discovered on the upper bilge keelson a roll of canvas covers for the skylights. Did I not say she was a good ship? She had had good men in her. I got a needle and palm and some sail-twine and mended a rent or two in the seams. They did not carry away for nearly a week.

It is the custom, in the merchant service, to clean and paint on the homeward run. It is a good custom. A man's pride in his ship is measured by the unpaid toil he will put into her so that she will arrive in her home-port "shipshape and Bristol-fashion." But the *Fernfield* was now taking heavy seas clean over the bridge-deck. Her fore-deck was full all the time. Her bows did not rise to the seas. Sometimes the captain put her round, and we slowed the engines, and the carpenter hurriedly sounded the Number One Well again, and found nine inches. We did not bother much about painting the ship.

Nothing we could do seemed to lower the water in that well. The ballast pump gave up sucking. We cleared the line by taking out the valves and sending a sudden rush of sea water back into the ship. We got nowhere. Next morning the water was two feet and rising. We knew, without details of course, that she was leaking somewhere forward.

Iron ore is a dead cargo. It lies like a heap of metallic earth in each hold. It is half rock and half red powder. The discharge from the ballast pump was already reddish. Now, as the water rose to two feet six we knew it was in the hold as well, and when the red mud began to silt down into the well, no pump ever made would lift it. And how could we rig hand pumps on a deck awash three feet deep with raging seas?

So we pushed on day after day into the Bay. It is The Bay *par excellence*, as the Gulf of Mexico is The Gulf, and the English Channel is The Channel. The swell was still there, perhaps, but it was not perceptible under the mountainous waves which came up and lifted the *Fernfield* bodily and flung her down on her ear, as one might say, and left her to be slugged by the next one because the water in her forehold held her head down. It got so that the firemen could no longer get back and forth from the forecastle. They slept on the engine-room gratings and in the 'tween-deck bunkers. They climbed up the fire-room ventilators and going along to the galley received their grub through the galley skylight. Sometimes a sea would catch them kneeling there, reaching down for the pan, as though they were rifling a secret store of food buried in the earth. It would catch them and inundate them, filling the pan and exploding in steam on the galley range.

We, too, had the same experience. The mess boy would seize his opportunity and lower the dishes through our skylight in the mess-room. Then he made his way round and served it. The cook, a gentleman with a white beard, was a prisoner in his galley. He slept on the seat by the fire, the water washing to and fro beneath him. When one caught sight of him through his little skylight, his arms upraised offering a tureen of soup or a joint under a shining cover, he resembled a troll in a cavern, offering the produce of his toil.

Outside it got worse. The ship took a sort of forward-and-starboard list, very uncomfortable in the engine room, for it threw the weight of the rods on the front guides and made the thrust-block run

hot. We were off Ushant when the carpenter reported eighteen feet of water in the forehold. The suctions were choked solid. The captain said it was no use trying to get to Glasgow. We'd be in Dutch before then.

"I'll run her ashore in Milford Haven," he said in the chief's room, staring moodily at a glass of neat whiskey he held in his hand. It was his first command, and he wasn't sure what would come of it. But he knew nothing would come of it if he let her go down under him in the Irish Sea. That was no solution.

By this time the ship and her crew were in an unhealthy state. The only ventilation came down the cowls. The white paint of the bulkheads was streaked with black and rust. Sea water poured in through the skylight lifts and turned to white salt on the once-polished cylinder covers. The smell was bad down there. In the forecastle it was worse. We knew that because we were working on a scheme to reach the water in Number One Hold. We went down into the fore-peak, which is the interior of a ship's bow, and we began cutting holes through the bulkhead to let the water run into the peak and be drawn out by a clean suction bore. It was grimy work, bent double under the flooring and getting one's hair singed by the candle flame. Outside the great gray seas leaped on the forecastle-head, and the shock of them sounded like subterranean explosions. We cut a hole and nothing came out. The iron ore was a soggy mass of red clay in the hold. But we had to try.

When we passed the Scilly Islands the weather became a little better. The water in the hold, when we began to go full speed, came up to twenty-two feet. That was about her draft. She wouldn't make any more. But the Old Man drove her across the British Channel. The glass wasn't rising any. And when we passed the forts at the entrance of Milford Haven and came opposite Pembroke, he selected an easy, soft mud slope and the *Fernfield* slid up the beach and came to rest. Safe for a while anyway.

The captain went ashore and telegraphed to London. The superintendent was on his way to Cardiff in the Fishguard express at the time. A wire from the office caught him on the train at Newport. Fishguard is north of Pembroke about twenty miles. Our boss got out somewhere and took a local train to where the *Fernfield* lay on the beach. He was a small, peppery West-countryman, something like the sort of man Drake must have been, I imagine—clever and difficult. He was fond of meeting complaints from his chiefs and skippers with the words, "If you knew your job as well as I know mine, you wouldn't have let that happen." He did know his job, too, but on this occasion he was wrong.

He came down in a rage. The skipper met him ashore, and the two of them came out in a boat bobbing up and down like two corks. There was a bitter wind blowing off the Welsh hills. The boss clambered up the ladder and began laying about him. We were to get out at once. What did we think we were, passengers on a yachting cruise? This wasn't Glasgow, it was Milford Haven. Who ever heard of a cargo of iron ore coming into Milford Haven? Leak? Then why didn't we pump it out? The chances were we didn't know our connections, after all these years in the damn' ship. There was nothing the matter with the ship. She was a good ship, a damn' sight better than the men in her. Get steam and go to Glasgow and don't let him hear any more about bad weather. We didn't know what bad weather was, in his opinion.

The incredible thing was that when we pulled the ship off the bank and anchored she made no more water. The minute that peppery little chap from Plymouth set foot on our deck she stopped. He made us take out every valve in the suction line and saw for himself they were clean. That was another of his phrases: "See for yourself." Convinced against his will we had our line clear, he turned his back on us and ac-

cused us of leaving a valve open and filling the ship. "She's dry as a bird cage," he snapped. "Get steam and get on out. I'm going ashore. I'm sick of the sight of people who don't know their work."

With that flea in our ears, we went out into one of the wildest gales ever known in that stormy Irish Sea. It was two hundred miles to Glasgow and we did half of it in two days. And off the Isle of Man the water began to gain on us in Number One Hold. It was almost as though the personality of that little man (who knew his business) had ceased to have any influence on the ship. The captain and the second mate (we had no third mate) were almost dead with being on their feet all the time. We pumped and pumped, but the water rose to twenty-two feet again. At last, when we raised the Mull of Cantyre, the gale blew itself out. We put on speed, and next day we tied up in the Queens Dock at our old berth at the foot of Finniestoun Street. And they began to take the ore out of Number One Hold at once.

We were very weary and rather sick as well, for nobody enjoys being told he doesn't know his business. When the cargo was out, with our pumps going hard, we moved into dry dock, and our boss appeared on the gangway. His derby hat was pushed back, his short trim beard twitched as he gave us the once-over. Now we would see who was right. His sharp blue eye saw everything, including our desire to see him fooled. We liked him. Some of us had worked for him for twenty years. And for all we knew he liked us. But this touched our honor. When the water was out of the dock we went down.

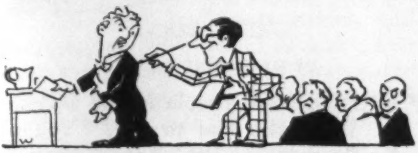
Red sludge was running from a two-inch hole in the well-bottom. The drain plug had corroded and fallen out at sea. A two-inch jet of sea water had been pouring into that ship. When we rode up the beach at Milford Haven a plug of stiff clay had worked in and stopped the leak for a while. Out at sea it had washed away and we began to fill again.

We let him find it and went on with our work. He found it, but it did not fool him. He was contemptuous.

"It might have been worse," he said crisply. "You've got a good job here." He was glancing through the main engine log-book. "A good job," he added, "and you can't look after it. Suppose you'd had a real breakdown, where'd you have been? Let a little thing like that defeat you! I tell you, you chaps don't know when you're well off."

Didn't we, though! If he'd seen us that night ashore in Glasgow he'd have been surprised. We drank his health and that of the old ship, who had carried us faithfully through so much.

The Lion's Mouth



MY FRIEND THE REPORTER

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE CAME up to me on the platform just after I had finished giving my address, his notebook open in his hand.

"Would you mind," he said, "just telling me the main points of your speech? I didn't get in to hear it."

"You weren't at the lecture?"

"No," he answered, pausing to sharpen his pencil, "I was at the hockey game."

"Reporting it?"

"No, I don't report that sort of thing. I only do the lectures and the highbrow stuff. Say, it was a great game. What did you say the lecture was about?"

"It was called 'The Triumphal Progress of Science.'"

"On science, eh?" he said, writing rapidly as he spoke.

"Yes," I answered, "on science."

He paused.

"How do you spell 'triumphal,'" he asked; "is it a *ph* or an *f*?"

I told him.

"And now," he went on, "what was the principal idea, just the main thing, don't you know, of your address?"

"I was speaking of our advanced knowledge of radiating emanations and the light it throws on the theory of atomic structure."

"Wait a minute," he said, "till I get that. Is it r-a-d-i-a-t-ing? . . . the light it throws, eh? . . . good . . . I guess I got that."

He prepared to shut up his little book.

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No," I said, "it's my first time."

"Are you staying in the new hotel?"

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"It's very comfortable," I said.

He reopened his book and scribbled fast.

"Did you see the big new abattoir they are putting in?"

"No," I said, "I didn't hear of it."

"It's the third biggest north of Philadelphia. What do you think of it?"

"I didn't see it," I said.

He wrote a little and then paused.

"What do you think," he asked, "of this big mix-up in the city council?"

"I didn't hear of it," I said.

"Do you think that the aldermen are crooked?"

"I don't know anything about these aldermen," I said.

"No," he answered, "perhaps not, but wouldn't you think it likely that they'd be crooked?"

"They often are crooked enough," I admitted, "in fact, very often a pack of bums."

"Eh, what's that, a pack of bums? That's good, that's great"—he was all enthusiasm now—"that's the kind of stuff, you know, that our paper likes to get. You see, so often you go and take a lecture and there's nothing said at all—nothing like that, don't you see? And there's no way to make anything out of it. . . . But with this I can feature it up fine. 'A pack of bums!' Good. Do you suppose they took a pretty big graft out of building the abattoir?"

"I'm afraid," I said, "that I don't know anything about it."

"But say," he pleaded, "you'd think it likely that they did?"

"No, no," I repeated, "I don't know anything about it."

"All right," he said reluctantly, "I guess I'll have to leave that out. Well, much obliged. I hope you come again. Good night."

And the next morning as I was borne away from that city in the train I read his report in the paper, headed up with appropriate capitals and subheadings:

THINKS ALDERMEN PACK OF BUMS
Distinguished Lecturer Talks on Christian Science

"The distinguished visitor," so ran his report, "gave an interesting talk on Christian Science in the auditorium of the Y.M.C.A. before a capacity audience. He said that we were living in an age of radio and that in his opinion the aldermen of the city were a pack of bums. The lecturer discussed very fully the structure of anatomy which he said had emanated out of radio. He expressed his desire to hazard no opinion about the question of graft in regard to the new abattoir which he considers the finest that he has seen at any of his lectures. The address, which was freely punctuated with applause, was followed with keen attention, and the wish was freely expressed at the close that the lecturer might give it in other cities."

There! That's the way he does it, as all of us who deal with him are only too well aware.

And am I resentful? I should say not. Didn't he say that there was a "capacity audience" when really there were only sixty-eight people; didn't he "punctuate the lecture with applause," and animate it "with keen attention"? . . . What more can a lecturer want? And as to the aldermen and the graft and the heading up, that's *our* fault, not his. We want that sort of thing in our morning paper, and he gives it to us.

And with it, as his own share, a broad and kindly human indifference that never means to offend.

Let him trudge off into the night with his little book and pencil and his uncomplaining industry, and take my blessing with him.

GREAT MAN

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

THERE are people in the Middle West who like to say, "You're familiar with Peter Crosby's work, of course? He used to live here, you know. Yes, indeed. Born and raised here, right here in this town. I remember him when he was *so* high."

They like to tell you of the very little Peter Crosby, the bad, mad, black-eyed small boy; and of the somewhat bigger Peter Crosby, who flunked all his high school courses but English, and went bareheaded whatever the weather, and rode a roan mare like the March north wind through the streets. "He was a queer one," they tell you, owlishly shaking their heads. "He certainly was. But *smart!* My! Well, I always *said* he'd make his mark in the world. I used to say to my wife, 'Mary, that boy's a genius. He'll make his mark, you'll see,' I used to say."

They lie. None of them used to say that. Before Peter Crosby left the Middle West, nobody ever dreamed of saying any such thing.

Nobody, that is, but Carolyn.

Now Carolyn Brown, Mrs. Clifford H. Brown, is a plump, plain woman of forty. She has three sons, and a washing machine, and she trims her own hats, fall and spring. But once she was a girl. Carolyn Hines. A pretty girl, with radiant skin and great gray glistening eyes and a slim, glad body. And when she was a girl like that, she loved Peter Crosby. And Peter Crosby loved her, in his fashion.

He wrote her poems.

He told her of the many things he meant to do, of the glory that he meant

to have for his. "Of course!" breathed Carolyn, shining-eyed. "Oh, of *course* you will, you just can't *help* it!" She was so satisfactory, Carolyn.

They graduated from high school in the same green June, and Peter Crosby went to work on The Paper. (There was only one in that town.) He did editorials and local news stories, and Carolyn was very proud of him. She read every line he wrote, and every evening she crooned, "Oh, your piece to-day was *wonderful*, Peter! Oh, I don't know how you ever *do* it!"

They were engaged. That is to say, there existed between them that vague nebulosity known as "an understanding." There were whens, and ifs, to it. *When* Peter made enough money. *If* Carolyn wanted to wait.

Carolyn did want to wait. Gladly she waited. She kept a hope chest, and gently snubbed all other would-be suitors. She was very happy. But Peter wasn't happy. He was miserable, because the town was so small and the world was so large.

"If it wasn't for you," he told Carolyn, "I'd leave to-morrow. There's nothing here for me. I'll never get anywhere, here. I'm *wasting* myself. Why, if I was in Chicago—or New York—"

He told her this a hundred times, and each time more sullenly, with sharper accusation in his dark moody eyes, until at last she said one day, arms tight around his neck, "Dearest, listen—you must go. You mustn't bother about me. I'm not important, compared to your career. And I can wait. You go to Chicago—or New York—and I'll stay here. And when you're all fixed, and making money, you can send for me. It won't be very long, I know that."

And so he went.

Then there were his letters. And there was the memory of that last starlit evening, that secret, breathless evening. Those two things there were for Carolyn to live on; those, and the assurance that soon she would be joining him.

She grew a little wan and listless presently, and she began to think, "Oh, dearest, *hurry!* You *must!*" But she wrote not a word of this to Peter. "He'd come back," she thought. "He'd have to come back—and his life would be spoiled, and all his chances . . . No! *No!* Wait a *little* longer, anyway."

And one day in the desperate spring she married Clifford Brown, who had loved her patiently for fourteen years.

She bore him three sons, and the second son she named Clifford, Junior. The first-born, the black-eyed son, was called Paul, as was the hero in Peter Crosby's first short story, published about that time.

She is now, as I have said, plump and plain and middle-aged. There isn't any more to say about her. But of Peter Crosby there is more to say. A little more.

He wrote short stories, and then he wrote a book, and then he wrote another book. To-day you can buy his eleventh novel at any good bookstore. He is very rich. He has a house at Provincetown, and a shack in Canada, and a studio apartment in New York. He has a secretary, Mr. Kahn.

Just the other morning Mr. Kahn brought letters to his desk; a sheaf of letters, opened and unfolded. "Letters of appreciation, Mr. Crosby. Shall I answer them?" asked Mr. Kahn.

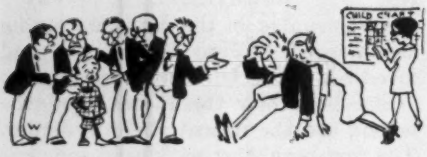
"Yeah. Do that. Bring 'em to me to sign."

"This one—" said Mr. Kahn, indicating the uppermost. "Perhaps you'd like to look this over yourself, Mr. Crosby. It's from a young man who wants you to give him some pointers on how to write."

Peter Crosby idly reached for the letter. He looked at the heading: "University of Chicago, School of Journalism." He looked at the signature: "Respectfully yours, Paul Brown." He glanced over the contents, catching a sentence or a fragment of a sentence here and there: ". . . hope you will pardon . . . seem to think that I really have the

flair . . . although neither of my parents have ever done any writing . . . graduate in June, and then would you suggest newspaper work, or shall I . . ."

Peter Crosby tossed the letter back to the secretary. "Here," he said. "Answer this, too. I haven't time."



COLLAPSE OF A MODERN PARENT

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

HENRY and Edith had always, I knew, been what one calls devoted parents. They had been painfully solicitous to see that Henry Junior, their only child, received the best and most modern training. Their library table was never without several volumes bearing titles such as *The Modern Child*, *The Critical Years*, *Rational Parenthood*, and so forth. It was therefore something of a shock to me on a recent visit to discover Master Henry, aged twelve, smoking a cigarette with the air of an old hand in the gardener's room off the garage, and when I remonstrated with the child to get the reply, "Father knows I smoke. He doesn't mind." This, I thought, may be the modern child—and if so he is not very different from the ancient child, but how does the rational parent fit into the picture?

That evening I sought an explanation from Henry Senior. He spoke in part as follows:

"Well, I hate to admit it, but the fact is that we've been beaten. Not by Henry, but by the experts. After eleven years of unequal struggle with the specialists we have given up in despair. We realize that we are not fit persons to bring up a child.

"Our troubles began right at the start. We thought that the standard books on the care of babies contained all that a mother need know. But we soon found out our mistake. It seemed they were quite out of date. Dozens of formulæ had been invented since they were published. You know what a formula is, don't you? It's the recipe for baby's bottle. You get the stuff all fixed up and you pour it carefully into bottles and then, just as you think you have the rubber cap nicely on, the blamed thing slips out of your fingers and all the precious concoction goes on the floor. That may not be as accurate as a scientific definition, but it's much truer. Well, I've forgotten the details, but it seems to me a new and final formula came out each month. We staggered from formula to formula, and the child had no sooner outgrown formulæ than we were confronted with the great vitamine problem. All I know about a vitamine is that it makes all the difference in the world to rats and apparently also to children. They won't be happy till they get it. We had to make sure that Henry's food contained plenty of antiscorbutic A and antirachitic G. Finally, I think the child was brought up on a diet of tomato juice, lettuce leaves, orange juice, and crushed celery.

"All this time, of course, other problems were pressing upon us. Play, for instance. When you and I were kids we just had the usual toys and the usual games: our parents in their rough unthinking way let things take their natural course. But that is all changed now. When the modern child plays he must play with a purpose, whether he knows it or not. All play is educational, a preparation for the sterner tasks of life. So we got blocks for Henry that developed his feeling for rhomboids, cones, and parallelepipedons, odds and ends of paper and cloth that trained his sense of touch and color, all sorts of devices for educating his judgment of distance and his sense of rhythm. Why, we almost sent him to a eurhythmical school where he would have been taught to express his wants in wriggles and sinuous gestures and prancings and serpentine

convolutions. And then putty! They don't call it that any more: it is plastocene or modelling clay. My dear man, you have no idea to what an extent the education of the modern child depends on putty. Tons and tons of it. This is to give the creative impulse a chance. It isn't enough to read about the Homeric heroes or the *Mayflower:* the child must render them in putty, otherwise he will suffer from that most terrible of maladies —balked disposition or frustrated creativity. Oh, and sand! I forgot sand. One ton of sand and half a ton of putty were Henry's first text-books. I expect him to run away any day, as boys of old ran away to sea, to become a builder's apprentice.

"When Henry was five or six years old we sent him to a small private school conducted in accordance with the latest scientific methods. I wish you could have seen his first report. It hardly mentioned his lessons. But there were about twenty different headings all concerned with the child's habits and giving him a mark of A, B, C, and so on. We gathered that Henry was B on sitting up straight in his chair, A on standing on two feet—whatever that meant, D minus on keeping his desk clean, and only C on sticking (or not sticking) his pencil in his ear. The parents were asked to co-operate in eliminating these detestable habits. I don't know that they talked of bad habits, still less of original sin: I think they called it Improper Adjustment or Poorly Conditioned Reflexes.

"Well, Henry's reflexes certainly needed attention, and we took them in hand seriously. Then we went to a lecture in which the man said that a child's habits are all irrevocably formed by the age of five years, so that apparently there was nothing for us to do but stand helplessly by and watch the march of events. So we abandoned the attack on reflexes and looked forward to a rest both for ourselves and Henry.

"But, alas, we released ourselves from the tentacles of the psychologists only to fall into the coils of the doctors. Henry got a bad cold. The doctor came and took one look in his throat. It seems to me that from that moment they just discovered one damned thing after another wrong with him. I was thinking about this only the other day when I happened to read an article on these questionnaires that are going the rounds. So I made out a little questionnaire of my own. I was meaning to send it to you to see if you couldn't work it into one of your essays. Here it is. It differs from other questionnaires in that I have filled in the parents' answers for them and supplied the doctor's comments on the parents' answers. The whole forms an elegant commentary on the burning problem: What to Do with Our Children?"

This is Henry's questionnaire:

Does he bite his nails?

PARENT: Yes. Why?

DOCTOR: 1. Either insufficiency of chewing gum in his diet
or
2. Melchisidek complex. Wishes he had neither father nor mother. Revenge. Does it to annoy.

Are his teeth crooked?

PARENT: Need you ask? Do you know any modern child whose teeth aren't like a ruined cemetery?

DOCTOR: It will cost you about one thousand dollars.

Has he had his tonsils removed?

PARENT: No. We are saving up for that.

DOCTOR: Poor excuse.

Adenoids?

PARENT: Yes, but they are growing again.

DOCTOR: Good!

Sleep with mouth open? shut?

PARENT: Don't know. Which ought it to be?

DOCTOR: Either is a bad sign.

Does he fidget?

PARENT: Oh, you make me tired.

Does he suffer from halitosis?
PARENT: You make me sick.

(These replies indicate that treatment of parent is more urgent than that of child.)

When I had read it I said, "It's all true, it's all true. But you've left out one thing."

"One thing!" exclaimed Henry. "My God, I've left out a hundred. That's only the scenario."

"But it's one most important thing," I persisted. "The proper position for sleeping. My child came home recently from his weekly session of orthodontia and told me that the man had said he must sleep neither on his right side nor on his left because that would make his jaw crooked, and he must not sleep on his stomach because that would deprive him of air and so ruin the shape of his palate, and we all know that sleeping on your back gives you nightmares. As far as I can see the child must either sleep standing up like a horse or suspended from the ceiling like a bat."

"Well, I'm glad we never ran into that problem," said Henry.

"And now I approach the last act of this tragi-comedy, the great problem of School. We soon discovered that you don't select a school any more: you select a Plan. There is The Syracuse Plan, The Detroit Plan, The Wolverhampton Plan, The Hook of Holland Plan, and God knows how many more. Each stands for a different educational philosophy. The Syracuse Plan, for example, says that the pupil must never be forced to study anything he does not want to study for fear of impeding the free expression of his individuality. Under the Geneva Co-educational Plan the boys are taught sewing, cooking, and nursing, while the girls are taught carpentry, gardening, and business administration. The experts of Wolverhampton require eight hours a day of carpentry, hedging and ditching, lumbering, and so forth, so that in the evening when the physical energies of the body have been tranquillized by exhaustion the mind may be set free for uninterrupted intellectual work. The Hook of Holland Plan, I believe, dispenses with teachers entirely. But I confess I never mastered its details. In fact, I never mastered any of them. The only thing that was clear was that whichever one we chose we should be missing the guaranteed advantages of the others.

"One evening while we were in this state of bewilderment we were invited out to dinner to meet a Mrs. Todhunter whose husband is superintendent of schools somewhere. She spent the entire evening expounding The South Orange, New Jersey, Plan. That was the breaking point. On our way home Edith said to me:

"'Henry,' she said, 'I can't stand the responsibility of Henry's education any longer. It would take a Rockefeller Institute of Experts to do the job as it ought to be done. And as we can't afford an institute I guess we'll just have to leave him to nature.'

"So that is why you found Henry in a compromising situation with a cigarette this afternoon. It's not my idea, of course: it is Nature's Simple Plan.

"I think I can bear it," he added reflectively a few moments later, "as long as no one starts to call it An Improper Adjustment."

RACE WARS AND MARRIAGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE Paris *Matin* has interviewed Bernelot Moens, the Dutch anthropologist, about his prediction of a great war of races unless white men give up their conception of the superiority of the white race. Dr. Moens has just spent fourteen years in these States, so he said, studying the country and the people in it in their present varieties. What has come of it is this warning.

He thinks there is a supremacy of the whites now and there was three thousand years ago, but five thousand years ago the great civilization was Mongolian. He doesn't think the Mongolian and the black and yellow men generally have finished, but that presently they will wake up and are now about it. He thinks that is rather ominous, and talks about the possibility of a great war of the races unless, as he says, it is possible to create an international spirit that will avoid it. Scientifically, morally, and psychologically he says the yellow and black men are capable of obtaining the same level that we have.

As to the yellow man that is almost obvious. The Chinese, for instance, seem to be capable of anything. The Japanese are people of great talent. There are all sorts of people in India. The black races of various grades have some remarkable abilities and both black and yellow races are notably enduring. Of course, they are going on in the world, and equally of course they are in process of a new development and it is high time to take thought of them, both of their immediate prospects and of what is going to happen in the long run.

The white races are not running so much to arrogance as they were. In their dealings with China, India, and Japan they show a new humility. They are more considerate, more solicitous, more anxious to get along with the yellow people and the brown people without getting into trouble. So also as to the blacks. The negroes are certainly rising in this country. Anyone can easily assure himself of that in New York by taking a few rides on the Lexington Avenue street cars. In the long run all these races are coming along. Now as to the immediate need, which is for the white people to get together, arrange their difficulties, avoid wars, be polite, and cultivate the ability to stand off the yellow people if they should become unduly aggressive.

But are the white people getting together? The Navy negotiations at Geneva fell through. At one time there were rumors of wrangling and some excited talk in some newspapers; but in the end, though there was failure to agree, there seemed to be no resulting ill will. One read, indeed, that Mr. Bridgman, who had the leading part as bitter-ender for the British, at parting presented our Mr. Gibson with a briarwood pipe. What obstructed agreement was the different needs of Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain wanted a lot of small cruisers, the United States needed fewer but

bigger ones, and these conflicting needs could not be reconciled to the satisfaction of the negotiators. There is nothing especially ominous about that. The main thing the negotiation aimed at was to save some money by limiting armament. The money cannot yet be saved by agreement, but economy is still possible for the nations concerned and will probably be practiced. Almost everyone admits that sea fighting or land fighting between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable, and most people are somewhat at a loss to understand why it should worry either country to have the other build the kind of cruisers that it thinks it needs and in such numbers as it thinks necessary. It does not look at all probable that either Parliament or Congress will vote money for competitive warship building between the United States and Great Britain.

Gamaliel Bradford, writing in this magazine about Daniel Webster, says that Daniel was an Anglo-American, that the United States of his time and of his mind was a purely English product, and that he was himself an English product, as were Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and most of the Revolutionary fathers. The country has changed since that time. It is not as Anglo-Saxon as it was then, but it is considerably so still. The largest opposing element that we have gathered in is the Irish, and the late war for a time raised up a German element that was anti-British, but since that war is past and Ireland has gained an independent government, it is no longer safe to think of either the Irish or the Germans as anti-British. The real naval problem for the United States is to have enough ships to do its bit, if the world strays on into a great inter-racial disturbance. In such a disturbance, as soon as it got serious, the United States and Great Britain would be on the same side, and if ships came handy Americans would be glad that Britain had them and *vice versa*. You can't get up a very hot dispute about armament of any sort between nations who expect to fight on the same side if there really come bad times in the world.

NOW as to France; we have had all sorts of trials with France. The French papers have called us all kinds of names and you might have thought things were in quite a bad way between the French and us. But no—look what happened when Lindbergh landed! Lindbergh has written a book to which Mr. Herrick has written an introduction—a very nice introduction, too. It exhibits Mr. Herrick as a person of considerable psychic talent. He tells how in his experiences in France, particularly in the early part of the war, everything looked dark to his eyes but still, as he says, at times his "soul would be warmed as by an invisible sunshine." At such times, he said, "when all human aids had apparently failed, suddenly the affairs of nations seemed to be taken out of the hands of men and directed by an unseen power on high." He told how, just before the battle of the Marne, as he stood on the Seine embankment, he had this sense of coming victory for France. About Lindbergh he said he had the same feeling and he felt in every fiber of him that his landing marked one of the supreme moments in the history of America and France. The *Spirit of St. Louis*, he said, was to the French people another sign come out of the sky, a sign that all would be well between us.

So it will. All will be well between France and us; all will be well between Great Britain and us. And as far as concerns making a rampart of Western Europe against the rising tide of yellow people, it is hard to imagine Germany or Italy on the Asiatic side of it.

The incalculable force of all is Russia. One reads that the Soviet Government is out hot-foot to increase military preparation, but war costs money and efficiency in it seems nowadays to depend on industrial development—and

Russia as yet is neither rich nor industrially developed. So though Europe seems very unsettled and to contain seeds enough of trouble and even of war, it is not easy to see who is going to do the fighting. That difficulty, however, does not lull the fears of nations nor prevent their various governments from training soldiers and accumulating war material. They don't want war, but they seem to fear it, and do not propose to let it find them unprepared.

BUT there is another thing that may happen to the world besides troubles from external forces. Even if the nations do not rise up and try to knock one another on the head and so produce terrestrial gloom, our sphere, so susceptible to maladies, may develop stomach-ache. It might, no doubt, have internal troubles spreading around among nations and producing very unexpected consequences. That, of course, is one thing we think of when we think of Russia, because it is something Russia practices to produce, and we think of it more than ever since the world-wide din over Sacco and Vanzetti.

Almost always terrestrial troubles are precipitated by something unexpected. Remedies the same. Lindbergh was a remedy; Sacco and Vanzetti quite the contrary. Their case has been simmering along for seven years and everyone knew it was difficult, and some rumpus no doubt was expected over it, but what has befallen (for at this writing proceedings are still going on) has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Sacco and Vanzetti do not seem to be good characters. If it is still a little uncertain whether they were guilty of murder, it is rather more uncertain whether they were guiltless. Somehow or other an enormous number of people have taken sides on that case and see more or less red about it, and some of the less prudent among them have been careless with explosives in all parts of the world. Certainly that Russian astronomer who said that this was an exceptionally sun-spotted year and that the population of the earth would prove in consequence unusually excitable, hit it pretty nearly right.

Sacco and Vanzetti seem to have come to represent the fight of the big Forwards party all over the world against the established order. It is extraordinary that they should, for they are not edifying characters, but quite the contrary. They look to be a couple of scamps. Nevertheless their case found a weak spot in the defenses of the established order in Massachusetts, where the law has not provided adequately for a review of facts in capital cases by courts other than the ones in which such cases were tried. From Patagonia to Greenland and from China through Europe to California the Reds have put it out that the established order in Massachusetts was about to execute two innocent men. Meetings have been held all over the world in remonstrance, and a good many bombs set off on the doorsteps of various properties of the United States, in Europe and South America, as well as on properties of humbler owners. The men may go to the chair, or to prison for life, or something else may be done with them; but whatever befalls them, their advertisement will be long remembered. It has not only attracted everyone's attention, but it has helped to disclose how many people there are in the world, and how considerably organized, who think the established order everywhere is against them and that they would better themselves by throwing it down.

Well, these are times of change. Each of us can say that to himself every day, but if he goes on and tries to imagine what the impending change will bring us, that is a much more concrete and difficult matter. After becoming duly aware of the extent and intensity of the feeling about Sacco and Vanzetti one naturally asks himself what these Reds want, anyhow. Not that all Sacco sympathizers are Reds. They include very many orderly people

whose concern is not for the individual convicts but for the administration of justice. But the blaze of the Sacco advertisement has thrown a new picture on the world's screen, a new picture of the established order in Massachusetts (which is equivalent to a picture of that order in the United States) that certainly has made many people think of matters to which they have not given much thought before. That is the purpose of advertisement and that purpose has been served by the stir over Sacco and Vanzetti.

IT SEEMS that Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Children's Court of Denver, has not been reappointed as judge of that court. The Ku Klux in Colorado, so one reads, has beaten him at this time and his famous court is turned over to a young lawyer named Steele. Judge Lindsey made his court and has headed it for twenty-seven years. It has a great reputation. But if Denver doesn't want it or doesn't want him to run it, why that is Denver's lookout, just as it was Chicago's lookout to have Dever give place to Thompson. These misadventures usually correct themselves after a while.

Judge Lindsey's name of late has been connected more with "companionate marriage" than with his Children's Court. Only a few people understand what he means by "companionate marriage." Some of those who do, disapprove it, as do also a large proportion of those who do not understand it. He says that "companionate marriage" is simply what ordinarily goes on at present. People get married and if they are not suited they get divorced. Also, they raise families or not according as seems to them expedient. Judge Lindsey says that is what he calls "companionate marriage." He hasn't invented it. He has found it. All that he has invented has been a name for it. He thinks that as long as that is the way marriage is being done, it might as well be legalized, with divorces somewhat more easily procured for those who want them, and birth control free for all. These suggestions scandalize a good many people and it is possible that they have affected Judge Lindsey's reputation in his home community.

When Lindsey says that "companionate marriage" is simply marriage as he sees it going on now in Denver, that is not easily contradicted. Marriage of that sort goes on everywhere and in most communities seems to be increasing. Dr. Caleb Stetson of Trinity Church in New York, who does not like it and would like to keep it out of the church, has made a new suggestion in that direction. He says that the church in its rather exacting expectations about marriage—that it shall last as long as the parties live—seems to count on the persons entering into that state under its supervision being Christian people. Possibly Dr. Stetson thinks that it takes quite an accomplished Christian to live up to the church standard in marriage, and possibly he is right about that. Well, he wouldn't have the church marry anybody except guaranteed Christians, and he would insist at least that all persons who come to church to be married should be baptized. How practical that suggestion is does not appear, but there seems to be some sense mixed in with it. The Protestant churches at present, the Episcopal Church especially, are doing a lot of marriages that don't work. They all marry persons who present themselves and are not ineligible by law or Church rules, and require of them no credentials that they understand the Christian life or are proficient in living it. Having got them married they expect them, or pretend to expect them, to remain married just as conclusively as though they were truly sanctified vessels.

That really is too much to expect. It is to Dr. Stetson's credit to have discovered that it is, whether his proposed remedy is any good or not.

Personal and Otherwise

WHEN this issue of the Magazine appears, the usual freshman invasion of the American college will be under way. The newspapers will be reporting record enrollments, professors will be wondering how they can ever teach anything to such enormous classes, and college presidents and trustees will be worrying afresh over the problem of whether to check the flood of applicants, and if so, how. Last winter ***James Rowland Angell,*** president of Yale University since 1921, touched briefly in his annual report upon this many-sided and extraordinarily difficult problem. At our request he has now consented to set forth his views in full in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Doctor Angell's distinction as a psychologist, his varied experience with academic affairs as professor, dean of the faculties, and acting president at the University of Chicago, as president of the Carnegie Corporation, as chairman of the National Research Council, and finally as president of Yale, and his wisdom in his administration of affairs at New Haven, will all commend his paper to thoughtful readers.

It is forty-five years since ***Owen Wister's*** first book appeared, twenty-five years since he wrote *The Virginian* (which appeared serially in HARPER'S), and twelve years since the publication of *The Pentecost of Calamity;* yet his pen is as skillful as ever. This month he dips it in acid to portray the braggart Americans of this age of self-advertising as they appear to a home-coming traveler (Mr. Wister returned this summer from a visit to Europe). His touch is deft and humorous, but his portrayal is none the less devastating.

The feminists have recently come in for a considerable belaboring in our pages, what with the wallops distributed among them by Mr. Macy, Miss Phillips, the author of "Jane Smith," and others. Now and again it has perhaps been implied that a feminist is a person with flat heels, no husband, and no charm. ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*** comes to the rescue by showing what a normal present-day feminist is like. Mrs. Bromley, a Middle-Westerner now living in New York, has written for recent issues of the Magazine "The Ethics of Alimony" and "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce."

Glenway Wescott is the remarkably promising young writer from Wisconsin whose novel, *The Grandmothers,* has just won the biennial Harper Novel Prize (previously won by Margaret Wilson with *The Able McLaughlins* and by Anne Parrish with *The Perennial Bachelor*). Two or three years ago Mr. Wescott's first novel, *The Apple of the Eye,* attracted enthusiastic critical attention; since then he has been spending most of his time in a fishing village in the south of France working on *The Grandmothers.* "Prohibition" is his first HARPER story.

Lewis Mumford is an American writer who almost by accident drifted some years ago into architectural criticism, but mastered his subject so thoroughly that *Sticks and Stones,* a book expanded from a series of articles which he wrote for the *Freeman,* is regarded by many well-informed critics as the most stimulating work ever written on American architecture. In the past year or two, with the publication of *The Golden Day,* Mr. Mumford has turned from architectural criticism to a study of American history as shown in our literature and philosophy. But he is still interested in æsthetics—even when applied to bathtubs and automobiles; hence his present article. He has appeared once before in HARPER'S with an article on "The Intolerable City" (February, 1926).

Nearly twenty years ago, one of the editors of this Magazine remembers meeting

Lothrop Stoddard in Europe. At that time Mr. Stoddard, still in his twenties, was doing graduate work in history at Harvard. "Do you wish to teach, then?" he was asked. No, he wished to write about modern and contemporary history, to master the whole subject so that he could deal with any phase of it. It seemed an ambition difficult to realize, but Mr. Stoddard has succeeded in doing exactly what he set out to do. To equip himself for the career of a contemporary historian, he not only read enormously but developed a most ingenious filing and indexing system, so that everything that came his way—books, magazines, and newspapers—became available for reference in his library at Brookline, Massachusetts. During the past fifteen years he has written numerous magazine articles and several books, of which *The Rising Tide of Color* is perhaps the best known and *Re-Forging America* the most recent.

No writer's name is more heartily welcomed on the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE than that of ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould,*** whether she appears as an essayist on the genteel or on heavyweight champions or on hokum, or whether (as this month) she turns to fiction. Mrs. Gerould has recently returned to Princeton with her husband, Professor Gordon Hall Gerould, after spending the summer in California, where they both lectured at Berkeley.

Hardly anyone else in the world knows the Arctic regions as does ***Vilhjalmur Stefansson.*** A glance at the paragraph devoted to him in *Who's Who* shows the variety and importance of his northern explorations between 1904 and 1918. Two of his chief expeditions, including the one in which he discovered the white Eskimos, he chronicled for HARPER'S. More recently he has devoted much time to championing the idea which he reduced to a telling phrase in the title of his book, *The Friendly Arctic*—the idea that the Far North is not nearly as cold and forbidding as we have been led to suppose. Now that the attention of the world is turned to aviation, he sets before us new and important evidence showing the possibilities of the Arctic for future travelers by air.

The former editor of the New York *Evening Post* and present editor of the *Nation,* ***Oswald Garrison Villard,*** who contributed to our September issue "A New Adventure for Millionaires," now turns his guns on a lawless and shockingly widespread practice which he believes to be a substantial cause of the prevalence of crime in this country.

All but the newest subscribers to the Magazine will remember the series of articles on the bush-negroes of Suriname which ***John W. Vandercook*** contributed a year or two ago. Since these articles appeared they have been assembled (with other material) in book form under the title *Tom-Tom,* and Mr. Vandercook has been engaged in writing a biography of the remarkable negro monarch of Haiti whose dramatic death he describes for us this month.

For two or three years, as a member of the faculty of Shorter College at Rome, Georgia, ***Jeannette Howard Foster*** has been teaching students how to write short stories. In this case there appears to be nothing in the adage that "those who can't, teach," for "Lucky Star" is not only her first HARPER story, but the first story which she has ever submitted for publication, and—but let readers of the story complete the sentence for themselves.

William McFee, author of *Casuals of the Sea, Command, Sunlight in New Granada,* etc., has been so long a landsman of Westport, Connecticut, that one might almost imagine that he had forgotten what he learned about machinery during his previous career as a sea-going engineer. But he has not—witness the reminiscences of the engine-room brought together for our pages this month.

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The poets are ***Eleanor Brennan Plummer,*** a new contributor whose verse comes to us from Anaconda, Montana; ***Stanley Kidder Wilson*** of New York, who made his first appearance in our pages last month; and ***Granville Paul Smith,*** also of New York, who has appeared several times in the past two or three years.

Once more ***Stephen Leacock,*** known in academic circles as professor of political economy at McGill University and by all the rest of Canada and the United States as the author of several of the funniest books of our generation, leads the Lion's Mouth contributors. With him are ***Katharine Brush,*** whose first HARPER short story, "Night Club," appeared last month, and ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale, who shares with Mr. Leacock an occasional unprofessorial levity.

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In September, 1925, when HARPER'S MAGAZINE first put on its orange dress, the frontispiece in color was a reproduction of a painting by ***Maurice Fromkes*** entitled "Black and Gold." Since then we have reproduced two other paintings by Mr. Fromkes, and this month we present a fourth picture of his with a composition and background treatment reminiscent of "Black and Gold," but with a strikingly different color scheme. Mr. Fromkes, born in Russia, is a New York artist who has done much work in Spain and has been especially honored there, his "Madonna of the Road" being the first painting by an American to be hung in the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid.

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Several readers have written to us in criticism of the point of view toward the Chinese Nationalists expressed in Mrs. Hobart's letters from Nanking, published in our July issue. We quote herewith some salient passages from a letter sent us by Marc T. Greene, one of these critics. His first paragraph shows his qualifications for speaking on Chinese affairs:

I have just been reading Mrs. Hobart's letters from China in your July issue, and, if you will permit me, I should like to make a comment or two upon them. I have recently been Shanghai correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* and associate editor of the *China Press* in Shanghai. In those connections I have done considerable investigating of Chinese conditions, not only in Canton, Hongkong, Shanghai, Peking, Nanking, and Tsing-tao, but in the country districts long distances from any other Europeans. I have, therefore, sometimes entertained the notion that I possess some knowledge of the China situation.

That being the case, I take the liberty of disagreeing with a good deal that Mrs. Hobart writes. For that good lady's literary ability I have a high regard. Her book, *The City by the Long Sand,* was an excellent one, and I remember referring to it very approvingly in the *China Press.* That same literary ability also reveals itself in this series of letters—letters written with a keen sense of dramatic, not to say melodramatic, values. . . .

What I particularly take exception to are certain of her conclusions, and more especially the generally anti-Chinese—or at least anti-Nationalist—tone of her letters. And it is absolutely and unequivocally false to assert that the Nationalist movement in China is either dominated or directed by so-called Red Russia, that it ever has been or ever will be. I make this statement, as I have made it many times before, advisedly and unreservedly. . . .

The great point that these writers who still retain their "superiority complex" in respect to the Chinese—and any other people that is not white—miss is, it seems to me, this: The white man has gone to China with one object and one only (with the exception, of course, of the missionaries and an occasional publicist)—the object of making money. Especially has the Englishman done that, as Lord Grey so naïvely admits. The white man has gone there to make money, and thus his being there is what may be accurately called a commercial adventure, pure and simple. That being the case, the chances that he takes, the possible peril he may find himself in, are the chances any adventurer of any sort takes and expects to take. But the time has now arrived when the European demands that his adventure be protected against any possibility of failure or against any risk whatever. Gunboats and men-at-arms must protect it, in the event that it does not meet with the favor of the legitimate possessors of the land, or in the event that it finds itself embroiled in their own national affairs.

The Europeans, in every single instance, not excluding that at Nanking, have had ample opportunity to get out of the way when they have observed the imminent clash of the opposing forces in China—the forces which, on the one hand, are trying to bring about a government of China by and for the Chinese, and, on the other, are trying to despoil her to their own individual advantage. They refuse to leave because they are unwilling to abandon their adventure—frankly, their dollars! They are, then, quite in the position of any other adventurer who endangers

himself to defend his treasure. The Chinese Nationalist movement is a legitimate attempt on the part of China to destroy the bandits who have recently become, like Chang Tso-lin, "saviors of China against the Reds," and to establish a popular government. The West has opposed to this attempt every possible obstacle, including support of such obscene butchers as the notorious Chang Chung-chang and his Shantung outlaws, for the very logical reason that Nationalist success means an end of Western special privilege in China—as it ought to mean. The Nationalist movement will, however, succeed because it has the support of all of the best elements in China; and it is abominable that the West should take sides against it, either by specific acts or by means of propaganda, however subtle. It is for that reason—and because I am one of the very few journalists to attempt to be fair to the Southern movement—that I make such attempts as I can to refute said propaganda.

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A number of physicians take vigorous issue with Dr. Collins on the subject "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" Let Dr. Wingate M. Johnson of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, speak for the opposition:

For some years I have admired the writings of Dr. Joseph Collins. In the August HARPER'S, however, he preaches a doctrine I cannot endorse. As a physician of nearly twenty years' standing, may I give briefly two reasons for disapproving the article, "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?"

First, I believe that the necessity for telling a patient a lie as to his condition is so rare as to be negligible. It is not always necessary to tell the whole truth, but I know from my own experience as a fairly busy practitioner that the truth can be so softened and subdued that it will not do any serious harm. I have had numerous patients with serious organic disease to whom I have never lied, but whom I have been able to treat for years without frightening. There are ways and ways of telling a middle-aged business man that he has a blood pressure above normal. I know it can be done without bringing on either an attack of angina or suicide.

My second objection is vastly more important: It seems to me most unwise to publish such an article in a magazine as widely read as HARPER'S. What intelligent layman, no matter how well-balanced, who has read it, will ever have quite the same confidence in his own family physician, or in the medical profession as a whole? And how much more must it affect the neurotic or psychasthenic individual, whose cure must largely depend upon faith in his doctor? I, for one, do not care to have any of my patients believe that the practice of deception is common to the profession generally. If Dr. Collins wishes to confess to his own patients that he believes in the therapeutic value of lying, that is his privilege; but I do object to his sowing seeds of doubt in the minds of *my* patients. The confidence a doctor's patients have in him is his greatest asset, and anything that shakes confidence in the entire profession must react to some extent upon the individual physician.

I wish that Dr. Collins had used his gifted pen in some better manner than to weaken the belief of the public in a profession which can do infinitely more with believers than with unbelievers.

It should perhaps be added that most of the physicians who have written to us or talked with us on the subject appear to agree with Doctor Collins.

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In "Bigger and Better Murders," in our August issue, Mr. Merz included Mary Roberts Rinehart among those celebrities who have reported recent murder trials. The statement, based upon that of a usually reliable writer in another magazine, proves to be mistaken, and we join with Mr. Merz in correcting it at the first opportunity. Mrs. Rinehart informs us that she has never done such reporting; that she has received many requests for this sort of work, but has invariably declined them; and that her only two experiences in newspaper reportorial work of any sort were when she reported the political conventions of 1916 and the Arms Limitation Conference at Washington.

THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ELEVATORS

By DONALD WILHELM

Author of
"The Story of Steel"
"The Story of Rubber"
"The Wizardry of the Wheel"
etc.

Demonstrating the first safe elevator

ALTHOUGH the principle of lifting weights by mechanical means is very old (it was used by Archimedes, the father of mechanics, in the third century, B.C.), the elevator as we know it to-day did not celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary until 1927.

To lift weights the ancients applied the principles of leverage. They contrived pulleys, made hoists, energized them with muscular power. And with the aid of such hoists they achieved the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Great Wall of China, as memorials of their prowess.

During the last seventy-five years we have applied the same ancient principles of leverage, along with some principles that are new, and energized our lifting devices with power not of muscle, but of steam, hydraulics and electricity. And so we in our turn have built impressive structures, to be memorials of our time. Moreover, by the use of elevators, we have populated those structures, even to the fifty-ninth floor; have made them pay, pay surprisingly well. And thereby we have achieved the finest union of architecture and industry, of beauty and utility, that we have.

So the modern city came to be.

The genesis and evolution of the modern skyscraper is, in a sense, identical with the genesis and evolution of the elevator. Every new height that skyscrapers have achieved has been preceded by new refinements in the elevator construction—the elevator engineer is the Titan whose fulcrum lifts buildings higher and higher. It has not been the tall building that called the elevator into existence—the elevator, instead, called the tall building into existence.

Excepting cathedrals whose ponderous walls were designed merely to support a roof, to keep out the weather, there were very few buildings rising above five stories or the equivalent seventy-five years ago. Tall buildings were not economic—did not pay—because their space *decreased* in desirability and rental value floor-by-floor as one climbed stairways above the second or third floor. The second or third floor was the point of diminishing returns; because land was cheap it was more economic to build two three-story buildings, say, than one six-story building. To-day the most efficient, most economic, most profitable city structure is the modern skyscraper when it is properly located and is efficiently

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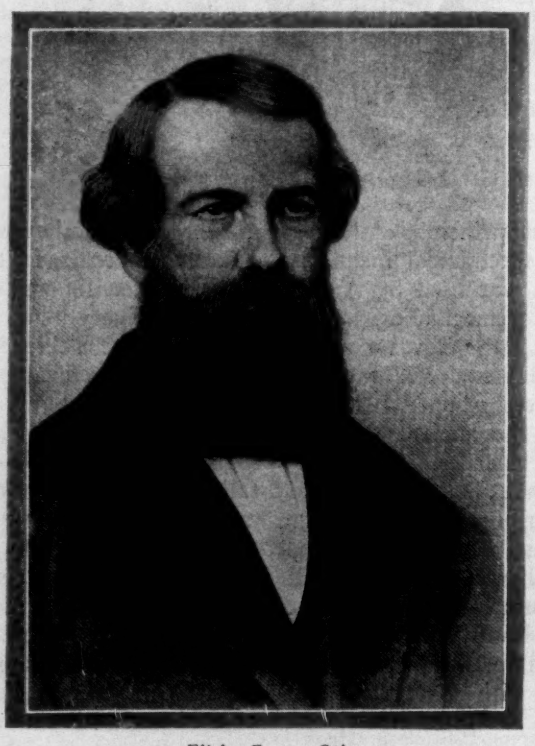
served by elevators. In other words, the elevator has reversed the oldtime ratio between the height of buildings and their rental value, and has, therefore, multiplied land values accordingly.

Oddly enough, we Americans (the millions of us, for instance, who use elevators every working day in New York City) have become so accustomed to mechanical miracles that we take the modern elevator for granted.

Of course it was not always like this.

There was a time, only seventy-five years ago, when land in our cities was cheap, buildings were small, and people looked with eyes of fear upon any device designed to get them off the ground. Since time immemorial they had been accustomed to traveling horizontally — not vertically; their instinct and inclination was to travel, to expand, laterally, as indeed they had been doing for thousands of years. Nor was there much incentive then—since America had more land than she knew what to do with—to encroach upon and to have habitation in the space *above* this land. There had, of course, been experiments with elevators, as distinguished from hoists; and there had been accidents. There was mention in current periodicals of "elevator perils," and no one gave elevator transportation more than a passing thought.



Elisha Graves Otis

Then came a change. The year 1852 brought the first *safe* elevator. In what was then a little town, Yonkers, resting on the Hudson not far from New York City, Elisha Graves Otis, a Vermonter, designed the first hoisting mechanism in which the main hazard of accident was eliminated. In the following year, after President Pierce had officially opened the Crystal Palace Industrial Exposition on the site where Bryant Park now adjoins the New York Public Library, Mr. Otis exhibited a model of this hoist with the safety device he had invented. It was a hoist, and there had been hoists for ages, steam hoists for many years. But this hoist, plus the safety device, comprised the first *safe* elevator.

In view of what we know today, this turned the corner; made the elevator, as distinguished from the hoist, a practicality. It was the first milestone in the progressive improvement of elevators extending through all of three quarters of a century. This first elevator consisted of a platform, moving between guides, which would come to rest if the hoisting ropes should break. It was the first of all

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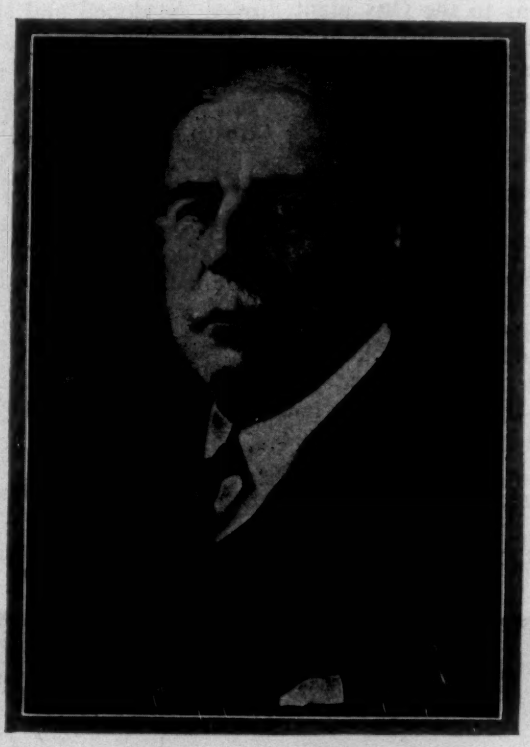
mechanical safety devices designed to function *automatically* to safeguard human life—Mr. Otis may therefore be deemed the father of the Safety First Movement as well as the father of the elevator. Moreover, his safety device was the first brake ever contrived to operate automatically in time of emergency only when activated by difference in potential; therefore it may be considered the predecessor of the airbrake, which came fourteen years later.

To interested groups, Mr. Otis — obviously a salesman as well as an inventor— gave practical demonstrations of the safety of his elevator in his shops. He stood on the platform, had it run up; finally, at a signal, had an assistant cut the rope supporting him. But the elevator did not fall. To the contrary, an old print shows him waving his hand triumphantly, exclaiming, "All safe!"



William Delavan Baldwin

Thus the first chapter of elevator history came to a successful close.

II

THE second chapter of this history was largely concerned with the early development of the new invention. And during this time the business thus started grew into the Otis Brothers & Company, a partnership formed by Mr. Otis' two sons, after their father died in 1861. In those early days there were many questions to be solved. At first, the power used was steam; and then, later, hydraulic. However, steam proving rather unsatisfactory, in the late 'sixties, various experiments were tried with different types of hydraulic elevators but it was not until the late 'seventies that the vertical type of geared hydraulic elevator was put on the market by Otis Brothers & Company. The old Stevens Hotel at Eleventh Street, New York City, has the honor of being the first building to be thus equipped.

This new vertical type was immediately recognized by engineers and architects as a solution of high-speed elevators operated by hydraulic power (this was, of course, in the days before electricity). It consisted of a cylinder of moderate length, with piston, placed vertically in, or adjacent to, the hatchway; and attached to this piston were sheaves over which the cables passed and thus moved the car. The system proved so satisfactory that owners immediately began to erect taller buildings because they found that they could safely and easily transport people and goods to much higher levels than

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formerly, and that it paid. Water pressures were also rapidly increased (usually by means of pumps in the buildings) and many improvements were made in the controling system of the car. In this way, higher speeds, with safety, were made available.

This introduction of the geared hydraulic elevator caused a considerable increase in the elevator business and warranted extensions to the Otis plant. Just prior to this time, the first building of the present Otis factory in Yonkers was erected. This was in 1864, and it is interesting to know that this building still forms a small unit of the present plant.

In 1887 Otis Brothers & Company installed the first successful electric elevator in America, and, by the way, it remained in continuous service for thirty-five years. This type was provided with drums on which the hoisting cables were wound. But it had inherent limitations. It was not a high-rise elevator, for one thing, and its speed was limited to 400 feet a minute. For a time, therefore, the old hydraulic elevator went on performing its mission in the highest buildings until 1904 when the Otis organization, which has originated or developed or at any rate sponsored every important innovation of the long history of the elevator, produced the first gearless traction elevator, installed it in the Majestic Theatre Building in Chicago and again turned a corner in the history of the industry.

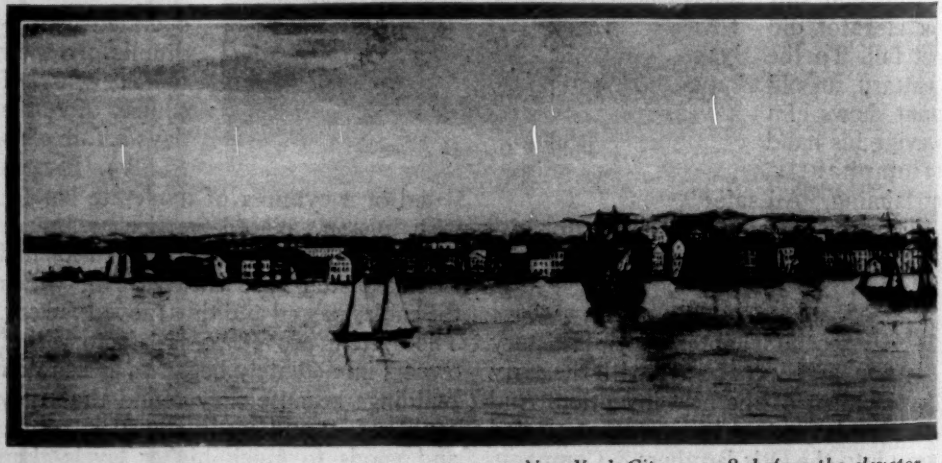
This new type was possible only because the Otis organization had taken over, developed and sponsored the first low-speed electric motor.

Meanwhile, toward the end of the century, steel produced in quantity at low cost, thanks in the main to the invention of the Bessemer converter, came to be.

Architecture new in kind came to be. Horizontal transportation — railroads, steamboats, electric trolleys, even the automobile—increased the numbers in our great centers. New York, surrounded by a band of tidal water, and Chicago, where nearly everyone wanted to be in The Loop surrounded by its bands of steel, along with many other cities, mounted resolutely upward.

So the skyscraper—not of ten stories but of many more—came to be.

So the modern city came to be.



New York City in 1798, before the elevator

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III

DECIDEDLY the greatest era of the elevator, and of city development too, has been the last quarter century.

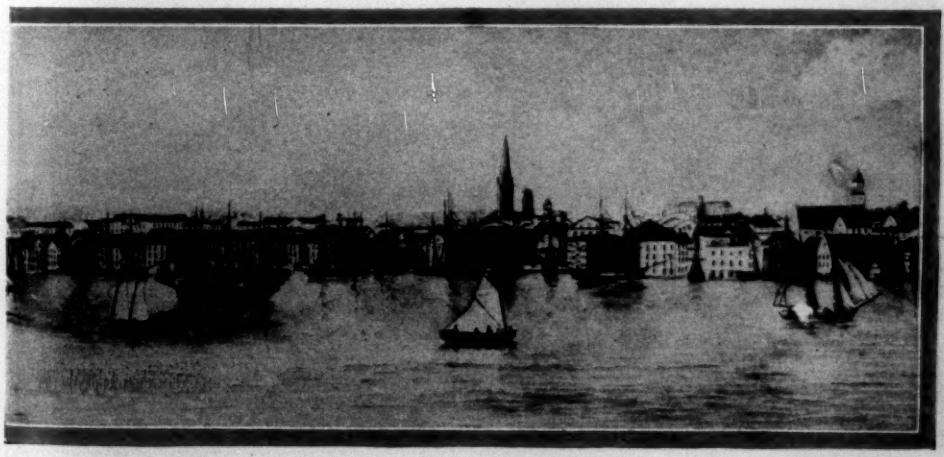
All that preceded this era was, in a sense, only by way of preparation. The skyscraper, economically and in other ways inevitable, had been demonstrated as both necessary and practical. It had vastly increased property values. It had provided a new concept of what city offices and city homes might be, incidentally saved a vast deal of shoe leather, and beyond question established the elevator, the highway of the high building as the primary factor in city change and growth.

Naturally, this series of developments all had the effect of giving much impetus to the business, and there gradually appeared many competitors in the field. Several of them had designs and patents covering important features, and all claimed advantages for their particular design. As this situation developed, it became apparent that much benefit would accrue to both the manufacturer and the public if some of these various elevator organizations could be brought together and be unified under one head, thus giving the group sufficient capital to carry on the much needed work of research, invention and experiment.

In 1898, through the initiative and pioneer spirit of Mr. William Delavan Baldwin, then an officer of Otis Brothers & Company, a number of these independent concerns were brought together, using the Otis Company as a nucleus. Thus was formed the present Otis Elevator Company. This new corporation, with its added power and resources, assumed from the start, under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin as President, an unique position toward the industry and toward the public.

This amalgamation gave Mr. Baldwin and his associates the vehicle whereby a great and unique organization was built up and devoted to the gathering together of many patents and improvements in the elevator art. Thus gradually was evolved that miracle of American invention and practical mechanics, known to-day as the modern elevator, a thing full of meaning to the whole world.

In the long run this amalgamation accomplished two great results:



"called the tall buildings into existence"

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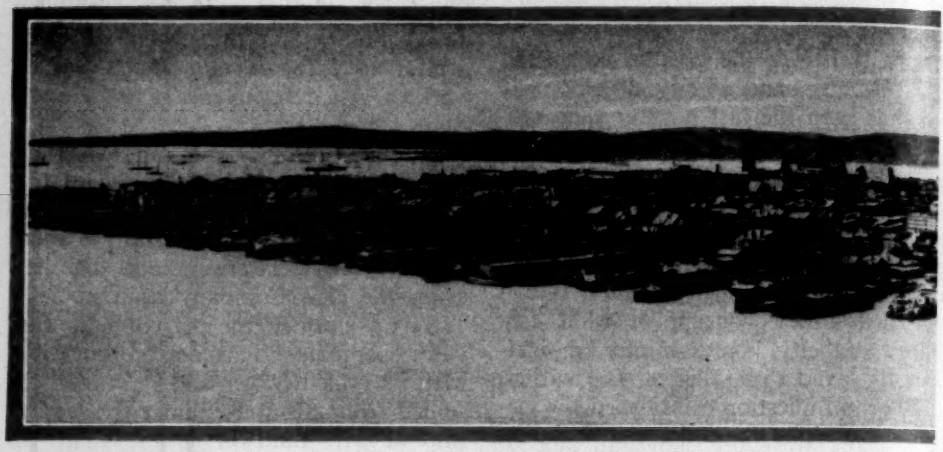
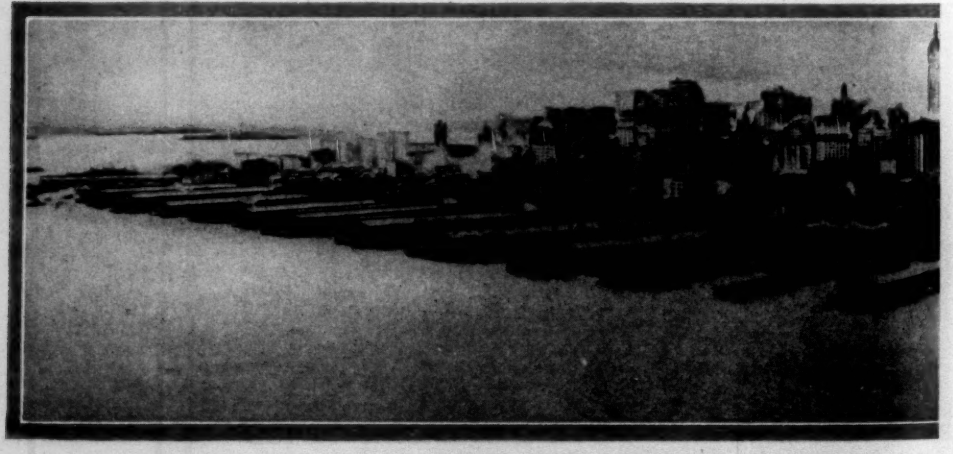


A generation after Elisha Graves Otis invented

(1) It made the Otis Elevator Company what it has ever since been—a central gathering point at which the best engineering and managerial brains could be assembled. It provided funds and authority for one of the first of our great industrial laboratories, made of this company a kind of scientific institution, a kind of Bureau of Standards. And if we had an endowed scientific institution with a public-service record comparable to the Otis record, every writer would proudly take his turn in discovering new meaning therein. One would have long before this stressed the sense of responsibility for elevator safety that prevails in Otis laboratories, offices, and shops. Another would have demonstrated that scientific superiority accounts largely for Otis success. And it would mean much to others that in the emergency of a war we had to win, our Government turned to this Company for help and that the Otis micro-drive or self-leveling



The same skyline in 1908, ten years after Wm. D. Baldwin and his associates

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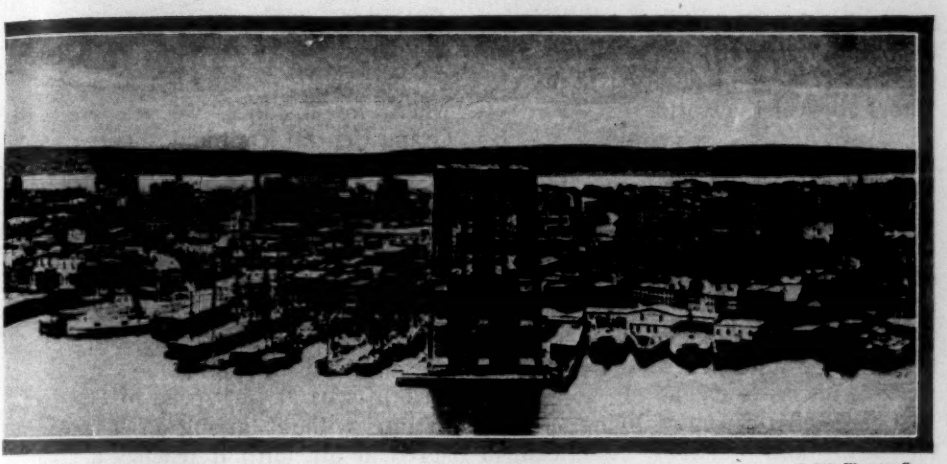

the first safe elevator. New York City in 1876

© Otis Elevator Co.

elevator is the outgrowth of machines designed for use on minelaying ships and for freight service in the large Army and Navy base warehouses at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

(2) It made what had been a one-man business, then a partnership, then a corporation, into a world business. Mr. Baldwin, the first president and still chairman and directing head, personified the larger vision of the type of administrative genius that has made our greatest industries what they are. In America alone there are now more than 130,000 Otis elevators in use and every city skyline we have is an Otis skyline. Our escalators, or moving stairways, first exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and now of wide use and value in department stores, theatres, subways, factories and wherever large numbers of people are to be carried short distances, are exclusively Otis in design and production. The company also produces a

set out to make the elevator "full of meaning to the whole world"

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comprehensive line of spiral conveyors, ammunition, blast-furnace and other skip hoists used in addition to its elevators all over the world.

IV

SHORT of a popular-science book which this scientific institution is altogether "too scientific" to indulge, it is impossible even to suggest, save in terms of a few consequences such as the evolution of our cities, what the modern elevator means to us all.

It represents a way of living, characteristically and inevitably American, in which contacts between people (and they are the life of trade) are facilitated and the city is for its millions made more endurable and certainly more healthful.

It reflects the challenge of horizontal transportation and has saved us from the dreary, footsore spectacle of interminable city areas on which somehow we would have to travel farther, accomplish less and see less than anywhere on earth except on a prairie. Personally, I cannot follow the argument of those who prefer subways, the elevated, and trolleys to the safest, most economical and most congenial mode of transportation we have.

There seems nothing left to be desired when, for instance, we arrive at the Grand Central Terminal, move into the adjoining foyer of the Graybar Building, find one of many cars waiting for us. The guard says, "Floor, please." We answer, "Thirty."

He touches a button marked "30." By the mere pressure of a finger he initiates the closing of safety doors and gates—the mechanism itself closes them, at once lifts us at full speed of 800 feet a minute without giving us a sense of speed at all, until it reaches a zone of from twelve to twenty-four inches above or below any landing signified by a passenger on board or by someone else touching a button in a hall. And there, at a landing approached at high but comfortable speed, this Otis elevator, this "Almost Human Elevator" with Otis signal control and the micro- or self-leveling device, slows itself, makes its own stop, holds itself exactly level with the landing, while its cargo is unloaded or increased, its doors and gates are closed and it is again on its way.

Signal control, by which we give this

The "Otis Skyline" of 1927, "the finest union of architecture

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marvelous mechanism a mandate to stop, and it can do not otherwise, is a story in itself. The self-leveler is another. Here, though, it remains for us to remember when we ride on such an elevator, see a self-leveler used for freight or see the department-store type with its guard free to assist and direct women and children, that these improvements have turned another corner in elevator history. Before Otis engineers perfected them there was no gain in time in having elevators rated over 700 feet a minute; there was a loss, rather, in terms of unpleasantness to passenger. They have changed the skyscraper equation once more—that equation governing the practical height of buildings in specified locations, which architects present, for safe and paying solution, to Otis engineers.

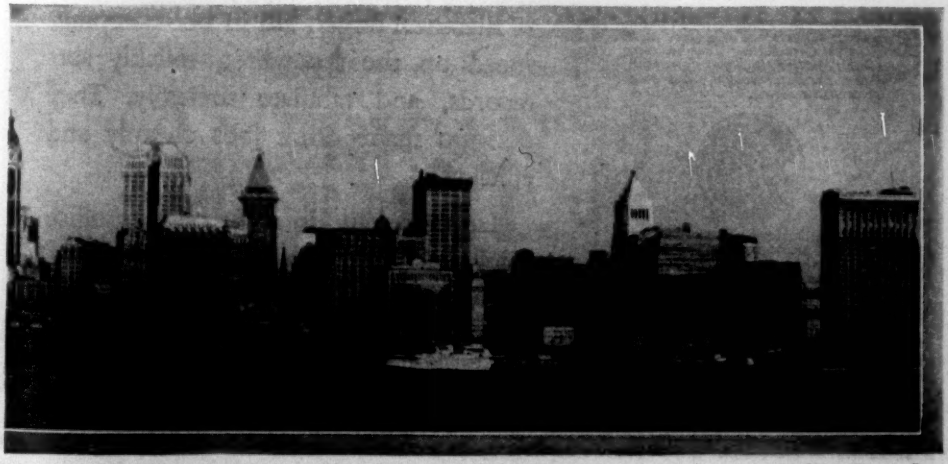
So the race by vertical transportation to meet the challenge of horizontal transportation goes on, with collective automatic control for elevators in modern apartment buildings and other solutions of every elevator need and problem.

Safety has been the ideal of this company through three fourths of a century. Safety implies structural dependability; therefore, in its own factories the Otis Elevator Company makes practically all of its own materials. In chemical and physical laboratories it scrupulously tests them. Its shops display a veritable passion for precision. And in its own experimental towers it tests its own designs. Then, in addition, since the modern elevator is probably the most intricate and refined mechanism in existence, it provides, at almost nominal cost, in virtually every large city of the world, service, even maintenance, of its products.

Now strengthen the situation by an accumulation of seventy-five years of continuous experience.

Sustain that by the highest available order of technical and managerial skill.

Then you can understand, even if you are not at the moment in the market for an elevator, why all city skylines all over the world are Otis skylines.



and industry, of beauty and utility that we have"

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Not as old as the one in the picture

Yet you can find in it a dozen jobs that can be done more effectively by electricity.

LETTER PRESS and glue pot, roll-top desk and palm-leaf fans—memories of the past.

What a change today! Modern systems, more machines, and electricity on the payroll.

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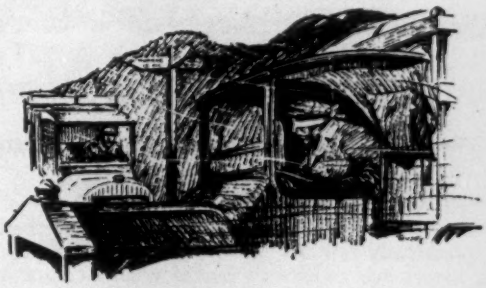
Let electricity do more of your office work.

Electrical Office Aids include: Addressing Machines; Dictating Machines; Adding Machines; Multigraphs; Checkwriters; Calculating Machines; Cash Registers; Card Sorters; Time Recorders; Clocks; Mailing Machines; Typewriters; Fans; MAZDA Lamps, and many other electric devices.

This familiar mark appears on many electrical products, including motors that drive time- and labor-saving office machines.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Why let your men drive blindfolded?



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MUSIC AND RADIO

A Few Comments On The Approaching Season

THE closer and improved relation between the radio and good music in practically all its forms inclines music lovers everywhere to regard with much interest the opening of the Fall and Winter radio season.

In the comparatively short period of time since broadcasting has been developed sufficiently to reach multitudes of listeners, the general appreciation of good music in this country has become much more pronounced.

The educational possibilities of radio in the music field are rapidly pushing themselves forward in the consciousness of the public. One pertinent indication of this is the ever increasing demand for better music. The population as a whole is being educated to appreciate good music and, with all due allowance to other and strong contributing factors, this can be credited to a large extent to the radio.

This growing appreciation of good music is being reflected in various ways. For instance, in the very greatly increased demand all over the country for phonograph records of the finest music recorded, both vocal and instrumental. True, the recent great improvements in the phonograph itself as well as in methods of recording are largely responsible for this, but evidence is not lacking that a fair share of credit is also due the radio.

So far as radio music is concerned, there is an increasing demand for classical music, and much of the so-called lighter music that is being broadcast is of the light opera and light classical type.

There is, too, every indication that the radio programs to be broadcast throughout the coming season are to reach higher levels of worth while entertainment than ever before. Millions will listen to great symphony orchestras throughout the country, grand opera stars, and hundreds of other highly gifted singers and musicians interpreting the finest compositions of the greatest composers, past and present.

Assured of such fine programs and of the greatly improved reception that has been brought about by federal regulation of broadcasting stations, interest centers more and more upon the latest and most improved receiving equipment now available.

Hundreds and thousands who will attend the great radio shows in New York and elsewhere this fall cannot fail to realize the great improvements and refinements that have been achieved within a few short years in radio receivers and their accessories. Today it is possible to choose from receivers that insure very high quality of reception, the minimum of care and attention in operation, compactly and durably built and attractively designed. Indeed, the beautiful containing cabinets that have been specially fashioned for them leave little to be desired by those who wish to make their radio an ornamental as well as highly enjoyable addition to their home.

Attractive appearance is, of course, an important point. But the first essential in buying a radio, as in buying a phonograph, a piano or any other musical instrument, is to be sure first of all of its fine tonal qualities. And this is especially important to all who would enjoy to the utmost the wealth of fine musical entertainment that will so strongly feature the coming season.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

"They Say"

By PAUL TOMLINSON

HOWARD FARNUM worked in an office in the financial district of New York City. The Stock Exchange itself was not far distant from the site of his labors, and he always regarded the people whose business was in some way connected with that busy securities-market as rather more fortunate than the remainder of mankind. He knew many of the members of the brokerage houses by sight; he copied their manner of dress; he talked glibly of "Big Steel," of being short of the market, of being long, of what So-and-so was doing; and he usually was personally interested in some stock, though scarcely to the extent he would have liked people to suppose. Every day after lunching in a hurly-burly cafeteria he dropped into the customers' room of a brokerage office, where with knit brows he scanned the figures posted on the board, examined the quotations on the ticker tape, and chatted for a few moments with several of the habitués whom he had come to know. He had made a few dollars on occasion from his speculations; he had also lost, and his losses exceeded his gains, but with as yet unshaken confidence he felt certain of making a "killing" some day.

ONE Saturday he entered his usual luncheon place and spied, standing at the counter, two men who are partners in one of the largest brokerage houses in the "Street." He took his position at a vacant place beside them, hoping that he might overhear some gem of their conversation which could be turned to his own financial gain. Now it so happened that these two men were getting a bite to eat before leaving for a week-end of golf in the country and, at the moment Howard Farnum arrived, were discussing the son of a friend who had played with them the week before. Having finished their lunch they were preparing to depart, and the snatch of conversation which Howard Farnum overheard was as follows:

"Frank is certainly a good boy," said one of them.

"One of the best I've ever seen," the other agreed.

Innocent remarks certainly, and not calculated to raise anyone's blood pressure. It is said, however, that we see

what we want to see, and hear what we want to hear.

Howard Farnum saw two men who are big figures in the financial world—and what he heard was this:

"Blank is certainly a good buy."

"One of the best I've ever seen."

HIS heart beat faster; he was so excited he could scarcely muster enough concentration to order his lunch. He had heard of Blank, knew that the company's business had to do with railway supplies, and that the stock was quoted somewhere between forty and fifty. And here was a red-hot tip. If only this were not Saturday he would switch his Hokum stock to Blank right away; now he would have to wait until Monday morning when the brokerage houses and the Exchange would be open again.

ON THE train which regularly carried him to his home in the suburbs Howard Farnum met his friend, George Carver. They were kindred spirits in the matter of their stock operations, and when they saw each other their talk was usually of what they were doing in the market personally, and of what they thought its future course would be. Also, like most people interested in stock speculation, they were generous with information which they thought might prove valuable. They sat side by side in the smoking car, each engrossed in the financial page of the newspaper.

"Market fairly strong this morning," said Carver. "Do you think it's still a buy?"

"Depends on what you buy," said Howard. He was fairly bursting with the information he thought he had

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The management of the Associated System is endeavoring to promote the profitable growth of its business by increasing the uses and benefits of electric service in the home. It has made a substantial beginning through its recently enlarged New Business Department.

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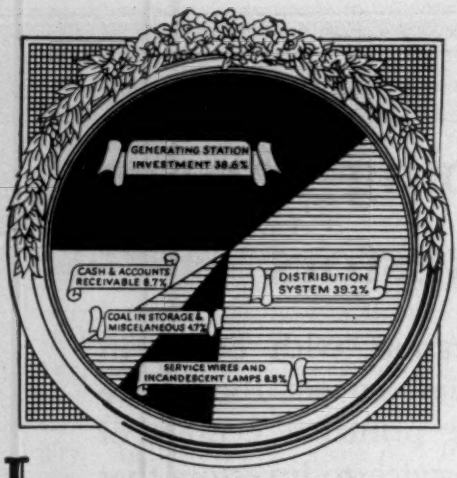
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The 1927 year book of the Company shows that 38 cents of every Edison dollar is invested in its five interconnected generating stations—the greatest steam-operated central station system in the world.

A little over 39 cents is invested in the maze of underground cables which, with the Company's 99 substations, comprises the distribution system.

During 1927 the Company is spending many millions of dollars to meet Chicago's growing service demands. More than 90% will be spent in additions to generating stations, and for extensions and improvements of the transmission and distribution systems.

The existence of these great tangible assets explains in part why dividends on the capital stock of the Commonwealth Edison Company—one of the many public utility companies we represent—have been paid without interruption for 38 years.

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acquired concerning Blank, and his manner showed that he had something special in mind.

"For instance?" George suggested.

"Well," said Howard in a tone of assumed indifference, "I hear that Blank common is due for a rise."

"That so?" exclaimed George, and he consulted the quotations of that morning's dealings. "Closed at forty-three and a half; only three hundred shares dealt in. Where'd you get your dope?"

"J. H. Harter told me," said Howard. "He is the floor member of Byam and Selham, you know." He returned to his paper, as if this momentous item of news was all in the day's work for him. He waited tensely for the effect on his companion, however, and for the reaction to the implication that he was a friend of this member of the Exchange. He did not have long to wait, nor was he disappointed in his friend's response.

"He did?" exclaimed George, much impressed. "What did he say?"

"Oh, you know those fellows," said Howard. "He didn't say anything definite, but he led me to understand that there is a pool interested in it, and that they're going to start putting it up pretty soon."

HE KNEW that pools did operate in stocks and frequently manipulated them to their own advantage, and it had always been one of his ambitions to be able sometime to plot his course in the wake of one of them. He did not mean to say what was not true, but having overheard—or at least having thought he had overheard—these remarks about Blank he had decided in his own mind that of course there must be a pool backing the stock. He merely gave his friend what he considered the proper explanation for the prospective advance.

"You got any of it?" inquired George. He had let his newspaper collapse on his

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ONE of our customers recently had proved to him the value of a banking connection that affords resourceful service in the unusual situations that are inevitable from time to time.

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knees, and was now all attention, an eager gleam in his eyes.

"Not yet," said Howard. "I only heard about it this noon."

"Going to get some?"

"First thing Monday morning."

ON MONDAY morning, just as soon as he arrived at the office, Howard Farnum telephoned his brokers and instructed them to sell his thirty shares of Hokum and buy twenty-five shares of Blank common, at the market. He had paid thirty-nine for the Hokum, but its price had declined three points since he purchased it, so that he took a loss of nearly one hundred dollars on the transaction. The twenty-five shares of Blank he got at forty-four. George Carver also purchased his quota of Blank common that morning, and in each case they put up a ten-point margin, that being all the cash that these young men were able to raise.

NOR were they the only ones to "get aboard" Blank common that day. On Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday, both Howard Farnum and George Carver had met numerous friends and acquaintances, to all of whom they had given the glad news of the approaching rise in this stock. Many of these friends and acquaintances had entered their buying orders with the reopening of the Exchange on the first day of the new week, while others, a trifle more cautious, decided to wait a day or two and see how the stock behaved. None of them ever thought of investigating the Blank Company, or of securing expert advice as to whether its stock was a good purchase or not. They noted that the stock was paying dividends of three dollars a share,

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but they did not find out how long this amount, or any other amount, had been distributed. They had a "tip" and that was enough; they accepted it with blind faith and a great enthusiasm.

ALL of this may seem far-fetched and impossible. But is it? Moreover, as the story passed from one man to another it grew, and became more and more highly colored. "Ten points inside of a month" was the way it was reported to one man. Another was told that one of the largest banking firms in the country was buying the shares, and "of course they are not going to see the stock go anywhere except up." Amongst an increasingly widened circle the "tip" became current. "They say Blank common is a good buy," one man would say to another, and this man would tell his friends, his friends would tell their friends and, like all false rumors, the report spread with astonishing speed, gathering strength and falseness as it went.

ORDERS to buy Blank common appeared on the books of many brokerage houses and, although it had been an inactive issue, as these orders were executed the stock began to go up. While most of the orders were for small amounts—ten, twenty, thirty, fifty shares—their total was sufficient to create a demand which influenced the price of the issue. Howard Farnum and George Carver were elated to see the stock close at forty-five Monday on a turnover of seven hundred shares.

"It's on its way," said Howard gleefully on the train that afternoon.

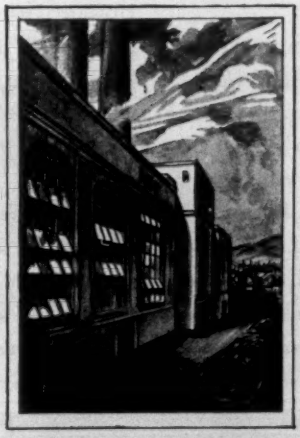
"Looks so," George agreed.

ON TUESDAY some of those who had hesitated to buy the day before were encouraged to add their names to the list of purchasers. The stock closed

Financing THE GROWTH OF *Electric Service*

IN THE TASK of providing reliable electric service, ample in quantity and economical in cost, to small and medium-sized communities, one problem stands out most prominently. That is the problem of providing the necessary facilities to meet all the demands for service made by the public, which necessitates a flow of invested capital into the companies providing this service.

The cost of money is an important factor in furnishing electric service. Five dollars must be permanently invested, on the average, for each dollar of yearly gross income. If, through better financing and credit standing, one per cent can be saved in the cost of capital, there will result an annual saving of five cents out of each dollar of gross income. Furthermore, new capital must be readily secured. Electric service facilities must be expanded constantly as communities grow and as electricity is required for an ever-increasing number of uses.



SMALL COMPANIES operating in limited areas or single communities, without wider affiliations, are restricted by the difficulty of securing new capital on advantageous terms. Their financing is expensive and largely limited to local capital. The expansion of their service to the public is limited to their ability to raise capital.

When such companies are united under the control and direction of a public utility investment company, they gain the tremendous advantage of ready and economical financing. The equity investment—the common stock investment, which assumes the maximum risk—is supplied by the investment company's raising the capital for that purpose by issuing its own securities. The Middle West Utilities Company, an outstanding example of the investment company, is enabled by nationally recognized financial standing and the diversity of its holdings to secure this capital on favorable terms. Thus the subsidiary companies' securities which have preference over the common stock are strengthened. Protection of investment creates confidence of investors, and as a result new capital is readily and economically secured.

IT IS THIS solution of their problems of financing that has enabled electric service companies under investment company control to build the efficient generating stations and extensive interconnected transmission systems with which they have supplanted inadequate local plants, to achieve greater reliability of service and lower costs of operation, to encourage community growth by undelayed expansion, and to extend the benefits of electric service to more users and more uses. To these advantages are added the efficiencies and economies of group management—all directed toward constantly increasing service at constantly diminishing cost.

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at forty-five and seven-eighths that day, and on Wednesday still more of the people who had been informed of this wonderful opportunity to increase their capital became owners of the shares. All that week the stock held strong; when the Exchange closed on Saturday noon it was quoted at forty-eight and a half.

"They're putting it up slowly," Howard Farnum told his friend Carver. "Good business, too; it wouldn't do to shoot it up too fast at first."

"You haven't heard anything more about it from Mr. Harter, have you?" George inquired.

"No," said Howard. "I don't know him very well myself, and just happened to be in a group he was in when he told about it." His implication of the previous week that Mr. Harter had personally assured him that Blank common was a good buy had rather troubled his conscience, and he was glad of this opportunity to set himself straight.

"They say he's a very keen trader," said George.

"One of the best, I believe," said Howard, who knew nothing whatever about it. "I'd like to be able to trail him in everything he does. I bet it wouldn't be long before I could forget my present job."

THEIR enthusiasm for Blank common grew over the week-end. They advised those who had neglected this opportunity so far to "get aboard" while the stock was still low. "They say it's a second General Motors," they told

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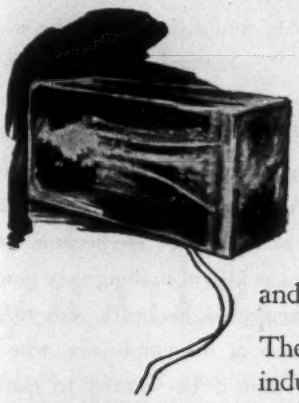

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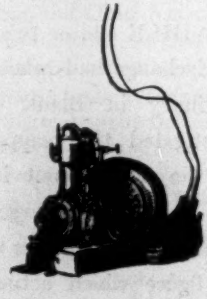

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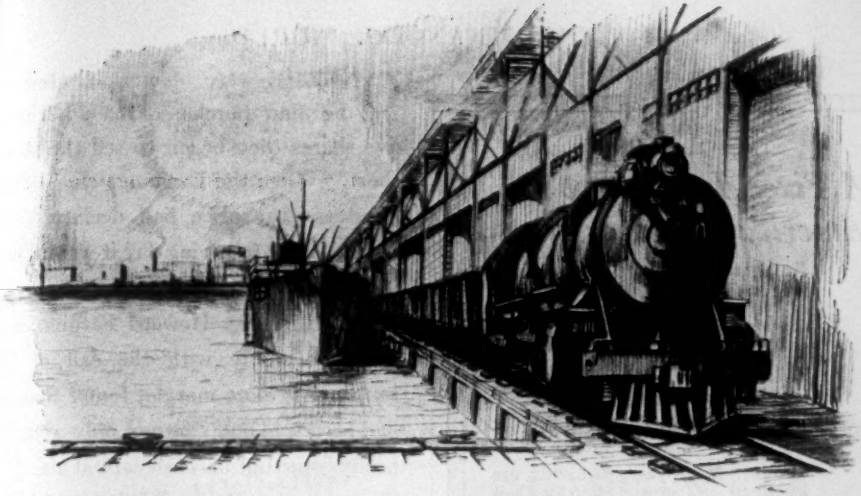
their friends, and by some curious psychological twist of their brains actually believed that what they said was true.

THE next week the stock climbed to fifty-one. Howard Farnum actually had a profit of nearly one hundred and seventy-five dollars. But he scorned to take it. Instead of that he added five more shares to his holdings, using his profit on the original twenty-five as margin for this new purchase. He stayed longer in the broker's office each day after lunch. He became so excited over the idea of making easy money that he neglected his work and earned the censure of his employers, who warned him that if he wanted to continue in their office it would be advisable for him to keep his mind on what he was doing.

MEANWHILE one or two men on the Exchange had taken note of the little flurry in Blank common. They investigated the company and discovered the truth about it. They found that there was a large bonded indebtedness, that inventories were carried at a figure which actual values scarcely seemed to justify, that notes payable constituted a big item, that good will had been capitalized rather extravagantly, and that while dividends of three dollars a share had been paid the past year earnings amounted to scarcely more than half this sum. They decided the stock was selling too high.



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ON THE very day that Howard Farnum purchased his additional five shares they began to sell the stock short. When the Exchange closed that afternoon the price had declined four points. The following day it went down four points more, and when the sun set on the third day Howard Farnum, unable to comply with the call of his brokers for more margin, found that he had been sold out; that not only were his profits gone but his cash capital also had disappeared. He avoided his friends during the remainder of the week, took different trains to and from the city from those he was accustomed to ride on, and with a sad heart threw himself into his work at the office.

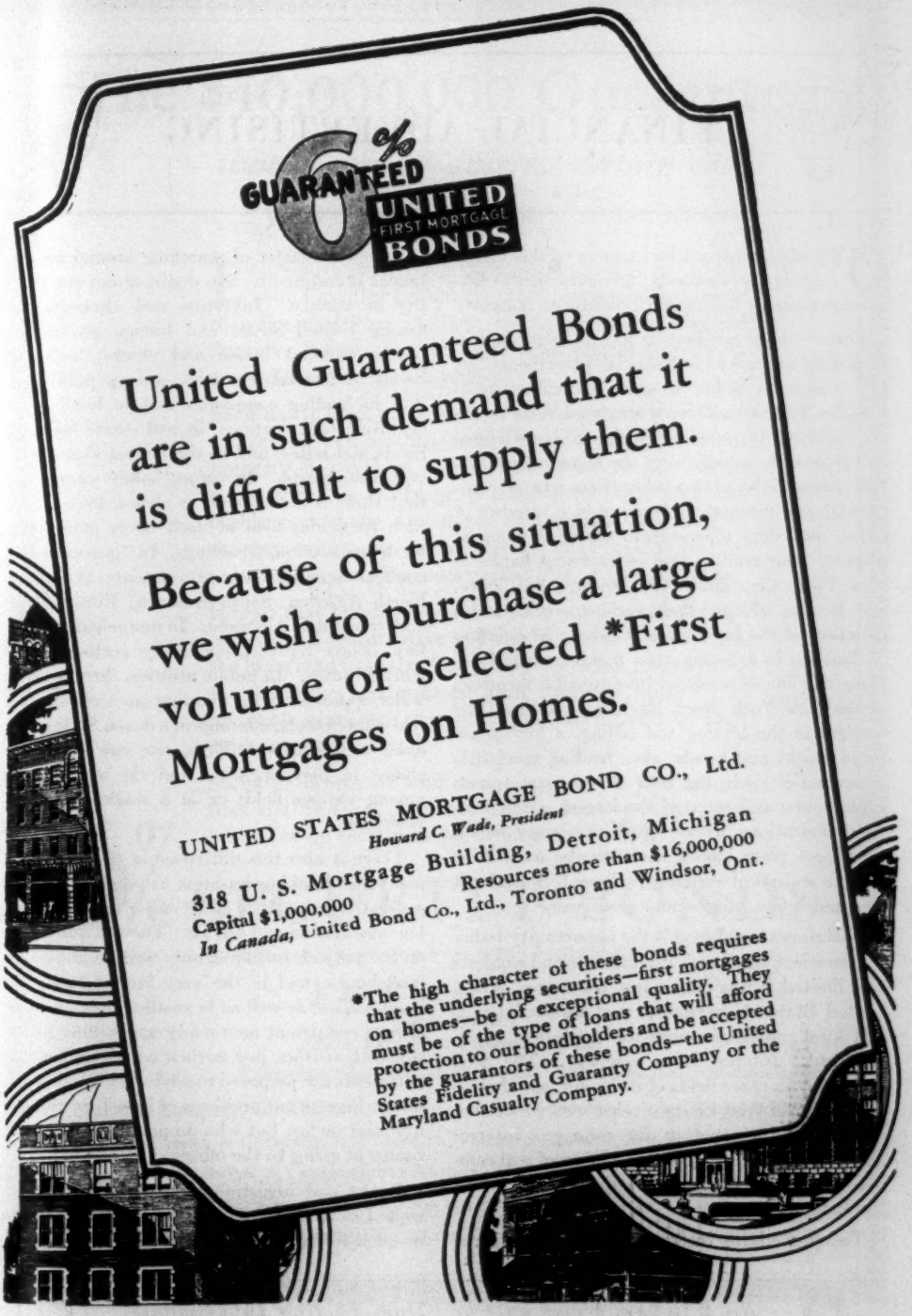
SATURDAY noon he was consuming a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the lunch counter while he mused on the harshness of fate, when he suddenly looked up and saw the two brokers who had been the cause of his speculative debacle about to occupy stools next to his. They gave their orders to the waiter, and then Mr. Harter's companion put the question:

"Have a good week?"

"Not bad at all," said Mr. Harter. "I picked up three thousand on the short side of Blank common."

"That was easy picking, wasn't it?" his companion remarked. "I wonder who the suckers were who bought that stuff, anyway."

"Well," said Mr. Harter, spreading his napkin across his knees, "you know they say there's a new one born every minute."



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FINANCIAL ADVERTISING

ONE of the distinctive features of this magazine is its financial advertisements—announcements of banks and investment houses.

Certain daily newspapers are distinguished in their field as leaders in financial advertising, but this magazine holds a quite individual position, for while a local newspaper's advertisements are mainly of its own city's banks and bond houses and represent usually only one financial market, this magazine contains advertisements of commercial and investment bankers in a number of cities, and thus represents a national financial market. Our readers find enterprising banks in New York, Cleveland, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Boston offering their various services; also members of the Investment Bankers Association of America in a dozen cities making suggestions along the line of seasoned investments; members of the New York Stock Exchange offering their services in the buying and selling of high-grade listed stocks and bonds; also, leading specialists in several cities in the field of real estate mortgage bonds; and some of the largest public utility organizations, whose securities occupy such a prominent place among investments; as well as certain statistical concerns, whose technical advice and information are of great value.

This shows how broad is the opportunity today for the selection of one's investments and suggests how limited it was only a few years ago. Then, United States Government and railroad bonds and local mortgages were the mainstays of investment. Interest rates were low. The need for money in other fields of endeavor, speeded up by the World War, brought other securities to the market-place competing for money. Interest rates rose and there came a condition of real competition among bankers and their securities for the funds of the people.

Today, we have the embarrassment of riches. It is now a matter of searching around for particular investments. No doubt about the quantity or variety. Investors seek diversification among United States and foreign government bonds; railroad bonds and stocks; municipal bonds; industrial securities; among public utilities in leading companies and in holding and operating organizations; in real estate mortgage bonds and notes; and in the newest element, investment trusts. Investors surely cannot say that there is not enough to choose from. Even each particular field in itself offers opportunity for diversification of holdings. In "governments" one can scatter one's investments throughout North America, South America, Europe, Asia, and even out to Australia. In municipals, one can buy bonds representing every section of the United States. In public utilities, there is even a wider opportunity for dividing one's risks; and in real estate bonds, offerings in a dozen States await one's examination. Thus, one can take one's choice in diversification and do well whether among various fields or in a single field of investment.

There is also this difference in today's investment and banking business as compared with a generation ago: It is much easier to secure reliable information and advice. There is a literature on the subject, including ably-written and easily-read books, and in the very largest banks and bond houses, as well as in smaller ones, there are always competent men ready and willing to consult with visitors, just as their correspondence departments are prepared to advise with and to handle the investment problems of investors who may live near or far, but who do not have the opportunity of going to the offices.

Banks and investment houses which are accepted as advertisers in this magazine are recommended to our readers.

No. 2 in this series will be "How To Buy Investments"

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Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

BONDS THAT PARTICIPATE IN PROFITS: A pamphlet describing a long seasoned investment which has regularly paid participations in addition to regular bond interest. Offered by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

6% BUILDING AND LOAN CERTIFICATES: Details of this state-supervised, non-fluctuating, convertible investment furnished by Guaranty Building & Loan Association, 6334 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CONSERVATION OF YOUR WEALTH: An informative booklet describing the benefits of a Living Trust, and how to create one, is offered by the Bank of North America and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(*Continued on next page*)